



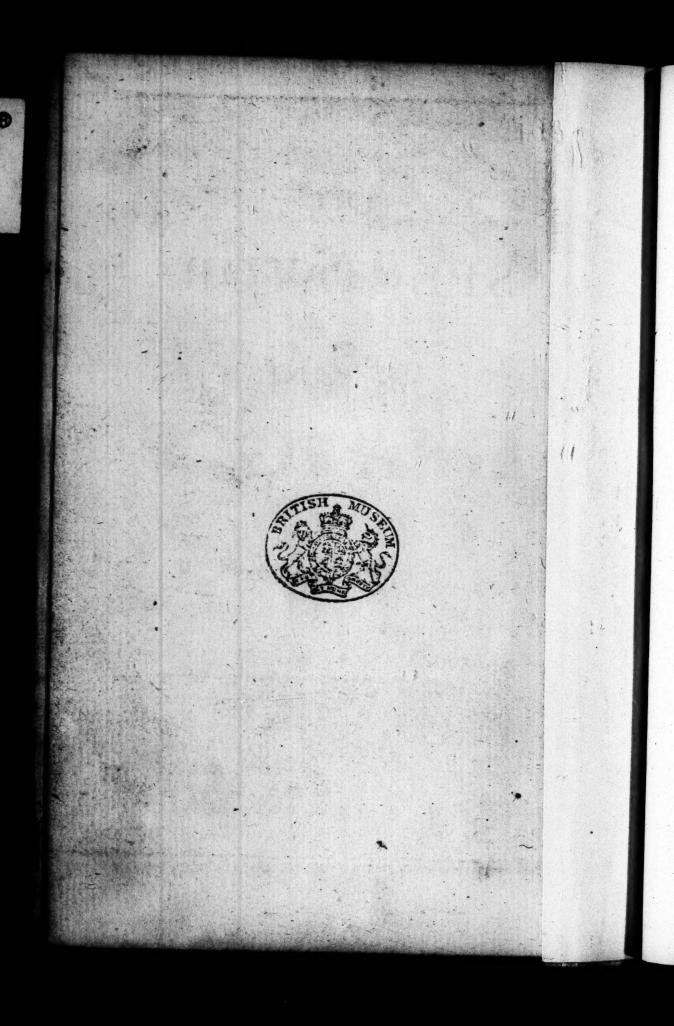
SPECTATOR.

VOLUME the NINTH.



LONDON:

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MDCCLIII.





To the Right Honourable the

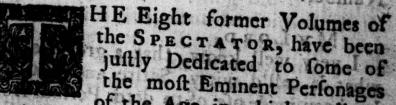
LORD VISCOUNT

GAGE.

note definerably Himself another all

Princes of Easy, or his year

hath thought lit, to make I at who are ally d to to many evolution, One of their ally d to to many evolution, One of their



of the Age in which we live:
Either those, who have been of the most
Ancient Nobility of this Kingdom, and
whose Actions made them equal to their
first Great Ancestors; or else Those, whose
Merits

Merits were fo fingularly conspicuous, a to render themselves the first Men of a Family, which rose into Note by their Means, have been the constant Patrons of the SPECTATOR. This therefore, which is the Ninth and Last Volume, could not, in my Opinion, be possibly Inscribed to any Person so properly as your Lordship; who have, in the first Place, the Honour of being descended from a Family, which, for a long Series of Time, has, by very many Noble Alliances, got the Blood of some of the most Illustrious Peers of Great-Britain running in its Veins and who have, in the next place, personally acted fo many Things perfectly worthy of your great Birth, that a PRINCE, the most distinguish'd Himself among all the Princes of Europe, for his vast Capacity in distinguishing the real Merit of his Subjects, hath thought fit, to make You, who are ally'd to so many Noblemen, One of their Number.

My Lord,

I very well know, that a great deal of what is call'd witty Satire and Rallery, has been made use of to deter Persons from speaking concerning Family and Birth, in a Dedication: But I must beg leave to affert, That it is a false kind of Wit, and that the Rallery is unwarrantable; and I can

can by no means yield up even my little Share of Realon, to an Error, merely because it is grown Common. To put a Person of Honour in mind of his good Birth, is placing before his Eyes the Worth of his Ancestors, and giving him fresh Incentives to continue the doing of Things, that are truly Great and truly Noble. Hence I can't help thinking, that the first Man, whoever he was, who difcountenanced this elegant Practice in a Dedication, was either addressing a Man who placed a wrong Degree of Pride in his having sprung from no Family at all; or else writing to some degenerate and unworthy Peer, who had been happier in not being distinguish'd by one, and on whom it would have been a severe Satire to be put in mind of any Persons of Worth, that preceded Him. Whoever will read the Ingenious Mr. ADDISON's Maxims upon Nobility, (a Person who had a great Share in writing the SPECTA-TOR,) will find, that he joins with me in this Opinion. That celebrated Writer, after having given, according to his wonted Manner, feveral weighty and convincing Reasons, why he is of that Opinion, tells us at last, that for those Reafons, " He thinks a Man of Merit, that is derived from an Illustrious Line is very justly to be regarded more than

a Man of Equal Merit, who has no

I shall therefore in this Place take the Liberty of making Honourable Mention to Your Lordship Honourable Mention to Your Lordship of one Great Ancestor of Yours, whose very Character, by being only written down in the Words of that Noble Historian, the Lord Clarking on, will, perhaps, excite a commendable Thirst of gaining the like Fame hereafter, in many well-born Young Contlemen, that shall read it; and it must be very pleasing to You to find, in so great a Writer as the Lord Clarking Characters in the whole History, given to a near Relation of Your own, who can't be said to be before you in Worth and Merit, but only to have preceded You in Point of Time. This Impartial Historian speaks of Colonel Gage as follows;

"He was, in truth, a very extraordinary Man, of a large and very graceful Person, of an honourable Extraction, his Grandsather having been
Knight of the Garter, besides his great
Experience and Abilities as a Soldier,
which were very Eminent, he had
very great Parts of Breeding being a

es very good Scholar in the polite Parts of " Learning, a great Master in the Spa-" nish and Italian Tongues, which he es spoke in great Persection, having scarce " been in England in Twenty Years be-66 fore. He was likewife very conver-" fant in Courts; having for many Years been much efteemed in that of the " Arch-Duke and Dutchels, Albert and " Isabella, at Bruffels, which was a great " and very regular Court at that Time; se fo that he deserved to be looked upon " as a wife and accomplished Person. "Of this Gentleman the Lords of the " Council had a fingular Esteem, and se consulted frequently with him whilst " they looked to be befieg'd; and thought "Oxford to be the more Secure for his " being in it, which rendered him fo ungrateful to the Governor, Sir Arthur Afton, that he crofs'd him in any Thing " he proposed, and hated him perfectly; as they were of Natures and Manners, as different as Men can be.

"He relieved Basing, when it was besieged, and was next made Governor of Oxford; but enjoy'd the Office a very little Time; for within a Month, or thereabout, making an Attempt to break down Culham Bridge, near Abing"don where he intended to erect a Royal "Fort,

Fort, that should have kept that Garirison from that Side of the Country,
he was shot through the Heart with a
Musquet Bullet: Prince Rupert was
present at the Action, having approved,
and been much pleased with the Defign, which was never pursued after
his Death. And in truth the King had
a wonderful Loss in his Death, He being
a Man of great Wisdom and Temper,
and one among the very sew Soldiers,
who made himself to be universally
loved and esteemed."

all this Geneleman the Lardy of the YOU fee here before You, my Lord, those Virtues exemplify'd in Your Anceftors, which ought to be the constant Companions of Nobility and Honour, and without them, the Wearer of dignify'd Appellations enjoys but a dead Title. You fee it was by the Virtues of Generosity, Affability, Courage, and Loyalty, that Your Ancestors got their principal Renown; and the glorious Character (which I take greater Delight to hear frequently, as I do, that You have already obtain'd in the World, than to speak of it here to Yourself) must continue to be kept alive by the constant Repetition of those Virtues, as often as proper Occasions shall demand them.

lavolla incip orbehanin

of Al Perion, like Weder Lordhig, Vision

My Long will sittly some as find

· Meha-

THE Eminence of Your present Station, places you in such a Point of Sight, that many good Actions, which you performed as a private Gentleman, and which fingularly adorn'd you, nay, and were too, perhaps, Acts of Supererogation, at that Time of Day, are now become necessary to you, as a Nobleman. And truly it is a no less rare than great Felicity, which I congratulate with You for, that You have habituated Yourself all Your Life, to those Actions, which make Dignity sit graceful and easy upon you, and render Grandeur, at its first Approach, familiar. And here I must further congratulate with You, upon some late Accessions of Fortune, with which You are enabled to do Justice to the Greatness of Your Mind, and without which Your Largeness of Soul might, perhaps, have tempted You into some beautiful Errors, and made You, out of Generosity to others, do some Wrong to Your own private Fortunes. I am, my Lord, glad at my very Heart, that while I am only describing to Your Lordship, what a Nobleman ought to be, Numbers of People will be ready to proclaim, that You are, what You ought.

A Person, like Your Lordship, who hath at once within him, those Qualifications, which usually recommend their Possessions to the acquiring of Honours, joined to the Advantage of having been derived from an illustrious Line, the frequent Consequence of which is an hereditary Worth, is certainly very far above being willing to receive any Flattery. And when I shall have fatisfied my own Ambition, and boafted the Honour of being related to You, You will like me for afferting, that I am my felf, above offering Flattery to any Man breathing. Truly here I must take the Opportunity of speaking of one amiable Part of Your Character, (the like of which Mr. Dryden took handsom notice of in a Nobleman of his Time,) that will probably guard You from having that worst of Things, Flattery, obtruded upon You by any other Person. It is this, that You have none of that Haughtiness, which too usually attends Persons advanced to the Nobility. But whenever You converse any private Gentleman, You plain-ly shew by Your Behaviour, that You never forgot that You had been one Yourfelf.

BUT to return to what I was faying above: As these elegant Parts of Your Beha-

Behaviour, are what You owe to Your Forefathers, so since those, that come after You, are to wear a Title from You, You owe the same to them likewise, as a Duty, and by way of Example, the Imitation of which may make them worthly of being Nobles, and the Glory of which may enable them, many Centuries hence, to boast of the Virtues and Merits of the Person, on whom the Dignity was first conferred, and by whose Means it was transmitted down to them, and so to be doubly honoured by the latest Times, for Your sake.

ner (speak of, to Pokerity, is the bearty YOU see, my Lord, I only plainly put you in mind of one Debt, that You owe to those, who lived before You, and of another, which You owe to those, who are to live after You. For the' I have been, with fingular Satisfaction and incredible Delight, present my self, and a Witness in private to some mighty wellplaced Acts of Munificence done by You, yet I shall take more Pleasure, in hearing (as I have done frequently) those, on whom they were conferred, speak publickly and feelingly of them, from their own Experience, than I could in mentioning them here my felf. The Streets of

Behaviour, are what You one to Your Poses schere, ifo fince the R. P. L. What are

YOU may have from hence this pleafing Thought, to confider, That some future illustrious Youth descended from You, will, as I have now mentioned to You your Heroic Ancestor, have the Honour to be told of My Lord GAGE, as a PAZ-TERN of true Merit: to flood of somed

of the Perland on whom the Dignity was THAT You may live long in the continued Exercise of those Virtues, for which You have already acquired an early Fame, because then You must live, in the manner I speak of, to Posterity, is the hearty TOU het my Lord, I onlyforhiw

orie to thofe, who fixed before You, and of another, which You, And In who

been, with fingular Satisfaction and fin-

credible Delight, prefent my felf, read a -11 Your Lardship's most obedient, placed Ads of Muclicente Cone by You.

ver I finil take more Pleafure, in hearing and most devoted, bumble Servant,

whom they were conferred, speak possesby and feelingly of them, from their town Experience, than I could in mentioning them here my felf.

The SPECTATOR.

The Seaf A. Jone 216 636



THE

SPECTATOR

VOL. IX.

Nº 636. Monday, January 3. 1715,

Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,



Have been long a Guardian to a pretty young Gentleman of Quality, and his two Sifters; and I do frequently look upon 'em with a fecret Ambition, as still having an Indulgent Father in me; who am tickled with

Father in me; who am tickled with the Fancy, that, tho' a Barchelor, I am a Parent of a Noble, Virtuous, and Beautiful Offspring, that will keep up my Name, as far as the Family shall extend; which I need not wish them longer to continue unto them, than they can with Honour derive it, from their great Ancestor, down to their Time; to think that these will Talk with affectionate Veneration of me, and be telling their Children's

Children, This was our Old Gentleman's Infruction.
Indeed it delights me anuch: And then again, my
Name will be forest two with the Daughters, and
go down in the Penale Line; slotter, methinks,
I don't servy zerifiels, for having been Peter to

ry of my Self, before I could imagine to please you, with telling you, that, by Inculcating to Them all the Speculations, that tame abroad into the World, from those two venerable Esquires, Isaac Bickerstaff and Nester Iranside, I made them what they now

* The young Gentleman is now going from under my Charge, and I am forty for it; because I dance answer, he'll fet out into the World with a greater Knowledge of it, than some have parted from it, after a whole Life fpent in it; and enters the great Stage to my Credit and his Advantage. When he comes to act fuch and fuch a Part, as even you may think worthy one of your Panegyricks, I'll ad-· minister to you, if I live, one of the greatest Plea-' fures, that a Wife and Good old Man can receive. I'll point out to you the very Seed of that Virtue; tell you when I gathered it from your Collections, and fow'd it in him; how it thriv'd in him by Degrees, till it attained to its full Growth and Perfection. How must a Man, sensible as you are, who are acquainted with the most nice Touches of Passion, the most delicate and exquisite Feelings, be 'mov'd, when you find your felf to have been the s first Cause of the chief Virtues in that very Man, which you, without Prejudice or Affection, chuse out justly to dispose your Applause upon? Continue therefore, Sir, thus to do good to the Publick; the frequent Notices of which, by Letters from all People, but more especially from those that are Guardians, may cheer up your Heart at a Gloomy, Splenatick, Melancholy Moment, and make the unNº 636 The SPECTATOR. easie Hours of Age grow Lightsome on your

I would by no means have you make an End yet. Above thirty of us have affembled our felves lately, and form'd a Venerable Club of Guardian; and, in the Name of the whole Society, I. whom they have elected Problem, am defired to let you know, that most of our fair Work, being very much addicted to Reading, will take ill Courses in their Scholarship, if you should leave off Setting them right, by your Weekly Entertainments: Some of them have been already buying up Novels; others are going to read over whole Folio's of Knight Errantry; fome are about to let themselves hard to the Study of Poerry; and a Lady of the first Quality is going to turn Play-Wright, and brings, for an Example, that renown'd Poetels, the Dutchels of Newengle; and to excel in the Comick, the firmly resolves to make her felf Miftress of all the undecent Scenes written by Mrs. Behn.

Sir, I would have you speak, at large, of the ill Effects these Authors may have upon the Minds of young Ladies: But there are two among our Wards, who have very deprav'd Appetites: The one of an Airy Temper in the Country, gives her Mind entirely to Songs and Ballads; and the other to be verfed in the Town Scandal, stands Tooth and Nail by the Veracity of the Author of the Acadamis, and vows the'll never have done studying it, till the has it all

The Corruption is growing as general, as the present Diftemper among the Black Cattle; and the it has not as yet reach'd my WHITE FLOCK, I beg you would speak of all these, by way of Prevention.

I am Tear obliged Reader,

and Admirer,

The Prefident of the Club of Guardians.

This

The SPECTATOR Nº 616.

This Gentleman's Exhortation, I must own, is so powerful upon me, it has alter'd the Resolution I lately had, to lay aside my Labours, and indulge my self in my old Age. My Correspondent is a Man of Sense and Judgment, and has a delicate Taste of Things which any way concern him in the nicest Capacity, that of a Guardian of tender Youth. The good old Gentleman has himself pointed out the most permicious Books a studious Lady can employ her Time in, and I need only warn them by Examples.

Biddy, the Daughter of an eminent Physician, who had often pleas'd her self with singing Ballads of Goachmen marrying the Daughters of several Knights, with Houses moated round, till her Mind was capable of any evil Impression lightly made, came, at last, to walk into that way, according to her Mind, and dane'd away, with Tom the Coachman, into a Road for Life. A Crack of the Whip in the Court-Yard, was to be the Signal, when all was for the Heires's Removal, and and the whole Family, with her self, have smarted for

that Stroke ever fince.

A young Lady, that has Beauty and Wit too, hath spoil'd both, by injurious Art and Study. She has read over Oromoko and Othello fo often, and with fo much Rapture, the is perfuaded, that, to have a manly Soul, requires the Complexion of a Moor; and nothing will please the bright Eyes of this Fair Creature, but a Man that looks Black in the Face. A firing of Swarthy Fellows ride behind her Coach; but 'tis believ'd. one of a thining Cole Black Colour, and of a more daring and faucy Afpect than the reft, will ride with her in it, at the last; and as handsome a General Officer, as ever went into Scarlet, looks very Bluely, for fear of his Dingy Rival: However, a Relation of Her's, who confults her Good, more than her felf, is in hopes the will compound with him, for a Portuguese of a very Iwarthy Kind, he being a very rich Merchant into the Bargain.

By reading a Book of Knight Errantry, the Fair Scariffs betray'd a Caffle well Estated round, into the Possession of a tall, resolute, brawny Highlander; and for his being strong enough to master, before her Eyes, a Wild Beast, with nothing but his Hands, as she was gazing at him from a Turret, call'd up the Champion, and granted him to lock those Arms, in Embraces, round her delicate Neck.

The Adventurous Lady Dulcinea, call'd a Porter, to carry a Letter, from her Home to his own House, and to his own proper Person: In which he was courted to consider, Whether he would be troubled with Her there for Life. And her Sister follow'd as Romantically, by stepping out of a Window to a merry Cobler, only for whistling Old Walfingham in his Stall, as nicely as his Blackbird.

Tho' once I resolv'd to write no more; yet, in Compliance to my Fair Readers, I have set upon this my last Volume, as a New-Year's Gift.

Nº 637. Friday, January 7.

Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.

Hor

HE Evil, which, of all in the World, the most readily and easily makes its Way into the Minds of the Fair Sex, and, when once gotten in, and brought to bear, is the heardest and last to be rooted out, is Superstition. Any old Matron or Nurse, can fix in a Young Creature, all the odd Maxims of this Fantastical Doctrine, so strongly, as to put it out of the Reach of the best Reason, and the most powerful Erudition of the best Doctors of Divinity living, ever to evince or consute them. This Vice, when implanted in a Woman, is as durable, as a Story of B3

Spirits told to a Youth of Tendernels, which usually commands and terrifies his Memory for Life. The latter intimidates those, who are otherwise by Nature formed the most Couragious; the former, renders a wast Number of the Fair Congregation of the Faithful,

real Infidels.

Many a brave Soldier, that could fland undaunted in the open Day, when Death in a thousand Shapes and Postures stood before his Eyes, has been frighted and scar'd out of his Wits in the Dark, when he could not fee, nor had the least reason to apprehend any Danger near him. He would scale a Wall without a Sword in his Hand; but he dare not go up a pair of Stairs, without the Light of a Taper: He would walk upon Grounds where Mines were springing up all round him; but could not for his Life go cross a Church-Yard at Night: He would gallantly go and stand in a Breach, just after a List brought him of a thousand killed and wounded there; and yet could not lie alone quiet and secure in his Bed, after the Repetition of a Story, that his Nurse had told him five or fix and twenty Years before. In fine, he never was afraid of the most evident Probability of being made a Ghost any Minute of the Day; but was frartled at frange Fancies of feeing one every Moment of the Night.

Thus it fares among the Fair Sex, when once they give way to be begotted to any kind of Superstition.

Lady Betty, who was fo very Pious, that she might properly be termed a Fille Devote in Religion, never did an holy Act in her Life-time, without a Mixture and Dash of Superstition. On Saturday Evening she must be dipping, for sooth, into the Biole, upon the frivolous Belief, that, at the first Lift of the Leaf, she should be by Providence directed, hap-hazard, to the Performance of her Duty on the Sunday following. The Text of the Bible accidentally pointed her out, to observe her Devotions in the Community next day; but an unlucky Dream interfered, that told her, if she went abroad, some Missortune would certainly befall her, The Dream-Book and the Gospel held a Combat

the very next Pew.

Omniamente, who never knew, what it was to be otherwise than Innocent, and bath no Passion, that is Arong or violent in her, but a very Lawful one, which is, what we may call indeed, more than a Month's Mind after Matrimony; has had above four different Husbands of Her's in her Company, by turning her Smicket on a St. dener's Night, and all in four Tears Time; and yet has been to far from having been once a Widow, that she is still a Maid to this very Day About a Year after she should have been a Widow to the Fourth Husband, according to her Annual Calculation, a Gentleman, whom the approvidor, and who really lov dher, and deferved to have been her First, made his Addresses to her. The Match in less than fix Weeks Time was agreed upon. But as the was one Day recollecting herfelf, when his first Love-Letters came to her Hands, the had a Scruple upon the Date of it; upon that the grew more Referved: He was a long Time before he could fcrew out of her the Reason why; till at last she explain's the Mystery to him, and told him in plain Terms. That he began his Addresses on Childermas-Day. She told her Sister a thou-fand Times afterwards, she liked the Man, and wish d his first Letter had been dated on Valentme's Day, and she wou'd willingly have marry'd him. From hence the Infection and Contagion spread, and her Sister came to be possessed with the same idle Freaks and Whimseys. Asly, Crafty, Handlome, and Forward Irifb Spark, being well appriz'd of this, watch'd his Hour, courted the youngest Sister, whom he lov'd for her Money, effectually, and was married to her: The Consequence of this was, that they liv'd very wretchedly together, and parted foon after. Up this Footing the other Gentleman, on the Childerma(sdermale-Day following, renews his Addresses with Vigour, informuch that it is generally believed it will be now a Match; but if she has him, 'tis out of a Superstition, by the Rule of Contraries, that since her Sister was unlucky, by grounding her Marriage on a prosperous Day, her own Marriage will be prosperous, by being sirst founded on an unlucky One.

However, for once, to keep the Ladies in Countenance for what they may have committed in this kind, because I hope their Amendment for the future; I must needs own, that many Great Princes, Wife Statesmen, Gallant Heroes, and very Ingenious of all Degrees, have been guilty of the fame Weakness, and bow'd in Thought, as the Indians do to the Devil, out of Fear, to these false Images of Fancy. I have heard that a poor, but witty English Foet, used often to go the last Day of the Month Dinnerless to Bed, to reserve one Splendid Shilling in his Pocket, against the peeping out of a New Moon. that he might not be Pennyless all the ensuing Month, but have wherewithal to give his grumbling Stomach ample Satisfaction. Time corrected his Error, and he often got very well by missing his Superstition, as he often loft by using it.

Making this the Subject of my Discourse the other Night, I was promised by a young Lady, in Love with a Merchant, to be shewn on next Midsummer-Night, at Twelve a Clock, how Ships can sail over the White of an Egg in a Wine-Glass, and other Mira-

cles of the fame kind.

Another has given me her Word, that any Night of the Week, she will make me turn a very Taster upon the Dumb-Cake, if I will be true to observe my usual Taciturnity during the Midnight Solemnity; join in the kneading of the Paste, and several other Ceremonies, and permit it to lie under my Pillow till Morning; she assures me I shall make very useful and pleasant Discoveries in my Sleep, and that I can't fail of seeing strange Things upon shutting my Eyes, and scitu-

ating

ating my Head upon the Cake in this manner when I

go to Bed. In the fame Company, last Evening, I must remark, that, by the Means of a Twelf-Cake, brought into our Company by a Spark of an Entertaining and Ludicrous Temper, a Coquette was metamorp into a King, and an old Humorist and a Batchelour, into a Queen; I, my own felf, that am as honest a Fellow as any in England, and that have never been at Court, into a Knave; and a Tidy House-Wife, that has exceeded all my Devices in Needle-work, into a Slutt. These strange Occurences may, for ought I know, produce wonderful Speculations in Time to come; which I shall not fail to communicate as they occur.

Nº 638. Monday, January 10.

cought you would not be a second Des vers le O Des certe !

handles and the floor of the contract

the state of the Court was the Virgil.

Have declared it my Intent, upon the Entrance on this last Volume, to dedicate itentirely to the Service and Edification of my Fair Readers; and for this End, I have here fet down the Character of an accomplish'd Lady, and, that it may make a deeper and more agreeable Impression upon them, I must let them know, that the Doctrines, which I Advance, flow'd from the Mouth of an Empress; and are delivered by a Valuable Old Author, in the following Words.

Theophilus, Emperor of Conftantinople, being upon the Point of disposing of himself in Marriage; the Empress, his Mother, named Euphrosina, passionately defiring the Happiness and Contentment of her Son ,in an Affair of fo great Importance, di-· spatched fpatched her Ambailadors thro' all the Provinces of the Empire, to draw together the most accomplished Maidens that could be found in the Circuit of his Kingdom. And truly, for that purpose, she that up within the Walls of Confidentable, the rarest Beauties of the whole World; amenibling a great Number of Virgins into a Chamber of his Palace, called, for Curiosity, THE PERRI. The Day being come, whereon the Emperor was to make Choice of her to whom he would give his Heart, with the Crown of the Empire, the Empres, his Mother, spake to him in these Terms;

MY LORD and SON, needs must I confels, that fince the Day Nature bound me so straitly to your Person, next after God, I neither have Love, Fear, Care, Hope, nor Contentment, but for you. The Day yields up all my Thoughts to you, and the Night, which seems made to Arrest the Agitations of our Spirits, razes not the Remembrance of you from my Heart: I acknowledge my self doubly obliged, to procure, with all my Endeavours, what concerns your Good, both, because I am your Mother, and also, that I see you charged with an Empire, which is no small Burden to them, who have the Discretion to understand what they undertake.

It seems to me, since the Death of the Emperor your Father, My most bonoured Lord, I have so many Times newly been delivered of you, as I have seen thorny Affairs in the Management of your State, and at this Time, when I behold you upon Terms to take a Wife, and when I know by Experience, to meet with one, who is accomplished with all Perfections necessary for your State, is not less fare than the Acquisition of a large Empire; the Care which I have used in all Concerns for your Glory and Contentment, is therefore now more sensible with me, than at any other Time heretofore.

It is true, O most dear Son, that the Praise-worthy Inclinations, which I have observed in your Majesty, give me as much Hope, as may rea-sonably be conceived in the Course of Human Things: Yet, notwithstanding, the Accidents we see to happen so contrary to their Proceedings do also entertain my Mind with some Uncer

ainty.

That you may take some Resolution upon this Matter: Rahold in the PEARL of Constantinople, I have made Choice of the most exquisite Mai of your Empire; and to the End your Majesty may beleat her whom you stall judge most worthy of your Affections, I beleach God, who is the Auther of Marriage, to direct your Spirit in this Choice, and dispose it to that, which shall be to his digreater Glory, wherein you shall ever find Content-

When the had spoken this, the drew out of a Box a Golden Apple, enammelled with Precious Stones, which the had purpotely caused to be made, that it might presented to her, who should be chosen out for the Bed of her Son; and putting it into the Emperor's

Behold (faith fhe) the Golden Apple which I give to the most abso-Henve to your Diferetion, to give to the most abso-late. You have the Commission of Paris in your Hands, but you shall do well to dispose of it more

discreetly than he.

The Emperor, after he had most affectionately given Thanks to his Mother, for fo many excellent Proofs of her Affection, asked of her, by what Note might one know a Wife truly Virtuous and Accom-"plithed, as the with'd?

Emphrofina reply'd, That it was no flight Demand he made to her; but that the would answer it with "the greatest Sincerity, and in the best manner the

could to A me or small to be a second as being

Then after representing in their proper Colours, three forts of Men, who load the Sex with Crimes that they do not deferve, the her own felf addressed horself to the Virgins that stood by, in this Manner; Le Maidens (faith ste) advise in good Time to lay hold on the tenth Rank, for nine of ten, that I shall name, are neither Pleasing nor Landable. The nine Vices are too long to be expressed here; and the tenth Order, which I hope most of the British Ladies desire to be ranked in, is what I shall at present observe

The Gentlewomen that stood round about the Em-Words, the excellent Qualities of a Woman truly Virtuous; and Eughrofina, not to frustrate their Desire,

proceeded in these Terms;

A Lady well accomplished, is like a Star with five Rays, which are the five Virtues of Devotion, Modesty, Chastity, Discretion, and Charity. Devotion formeth the Interiour; Modefly makes it appear in the Exterior, with a requifite Comlines; Chafting crowns all her Actions. At last, the Beauteous Theodora was found to be the bright Polleflor of all these good Qualities; and after an Illustrious Celebration of the Nuptials, was most pompously attended to the Royal Bed, to give Theophilus a Taffe of Happiness, which no other Emperor, without such a Partner as her self, could possibly en-

To make the whole Train of Fair British Nobility Theodoras, I think there is nothing more requifire, than to recommend to them the frequent Perufal of a Book, properly and justly entitled, The Ladies Library; which is presented to them by a Gentleman of incomparable Talents; whose Name alone would recommend the Book as much to our Reading, as the Reading of it would have recommended any Body elfe, that flood in need of Fame, to our Approbation, if any one else but himself, had bestowed it upon the Publick; and that Glory and Ornament of her Sex,.

Carrier Control

who

who is well wedded to fuch an Author, and to whom it is by him Dedicated, is a living Example, for all of them to copy every Rule by that is laid down in the whole Work.

Nº 639. Friday, January 14.

In nova fort animus, mutatas dicere formus. Corpora bul year at an first of malt books Metama

Lighting the other Night out of a Coach, I stepped by chance into a Puddle over my Shoes, and wetted my Feet; which put me, as I am very Old and Provident of my Health, into a great Confernation, and I cry'd out vehemently to the Coachman to shew me any Place with a Fire, that I might dry my self by. The only Accommodation that he could find me, was in a little blind Alchouse: I was glad of any Thing, and fuffered my felf to be Introduced accordingly; all the while I was Comforting my Feet, and Refreshing em with a Rub of warm Napkins, to divert my self a little in this Cirsumstance, that I thought very Disasttous and Do ful, I fell into Talk with a young Fellow in a Threadbare Scarlet Coat, that fat Imoking in the Chimney-Corner. He had a good Look and handsome Carriage, a genteel Accent, and a mannerly Turn of Phrase, which made me suspect him some Gentleman in DIGguile, which feem'd rather to be caused by Diffress than any other Reason; this made me the more willing to talk with him. I found he was desirous to speak in Secret, and would be backward otherwife in revealing to me his Heart, which yet he feem'd ready, frankly and fully to open to me. I gave a Sign to the Man of the House, who till that

Time attended upon me, to withdraw; and then the Gentleman, after a few Panjes of Modefly, caused in him by being unacquainted with the Sharpness required in so Low a Condition, made me the enting Rela-

Sir, (faid he) I am a broken Officer, who bore a Colours, and have fince the Peace undergone a deal of Hardinip and Difficulty, in the various Couries of my Life; I have Children, Sir, - Sir, (fays he) with a Sigh, that feem'd to vent inutterable Grief, I am Married, and here he broke off .- He was mightily deprefied in Spirits at first, till I infused into him a pro-Gaity, and then he told me, in very ludicrous Ferms, that when Poverty began to seize him, his Shifts were as follow;

He boarded fix Days upon his Shoe-buckles.

That he drank up heartily two Pair of Silk Stock-

ings in the same Time.

That this Cloak covered him from the Cold for two Months, after twasgone out of his Hands, and placed him in a very good Lodging.

That during that Time he wash'd his Einen with

two Pair of Gold-fringed Gloves.

That he was a long Time before he could mumble up the Pummel of his Sword, the Hilt being Silver; the Guard fenced against a Famine for a Month, and the Grasp served him with Bread and Salt. His Lac'd Coat cloath'd him with a thin Camblet of the same Colour at the Brokers, for the Depth of Winter, put five Ounces in his Pocket, and placed him in new Credit among the Corps, and furnished him with many a Treat.

His Beauffh Wir kept him up in a Club of Men of

equal Rank with himself.

His Campaigner, being well twiffed, and of a Light Colour, bought him a Black one, which he now wears, of a Valet of the Duke D'Anmont's, and purchased him two os three Pounds of Saubed with this bearing to make the or many

Nº 619. The SPECTATOR.

He toffed his Plat into the Prying pure and Beef-stake of it, and drank up the Hat-band.

He tilened for Pair of new White Gloves into on And being new got a Popular, that coft him half

He made as many Metamorphofes as are in Ovid, and too many to recount at prefent.

He got Credit for this last Fortnight, from his

Landlady, with a Wash he took not long since from a Lady of Quality, and is promised a great deal more for a Pot of Paint; tho she is really a Presbyterian, and the has been fince observed to have more white and ruddy Colour than usually is Natural; but then the only takes it to keep it out of ill Hands it may get into.

He filled the Indie of his cells, this Evening, with what he wore on the Outlier, over fince he left off the laudable Custom of wearing Gloves; I mean, he made a Muff that was form of a Beaver-Skin, into a

And expects to piss out the Silver Ring, by which he hung it upon a Button against the Wall; and is to Morrow to be upon a Level with a Common-Beg-

I found in my Breast a very particular Kind of Feeling, which seemed to result from the Touches of two Paffions at once, I mean, Compaffion and the

The SPECTATOR. Nº 610

Joy of having a deserving indigent Man's Relief in my

He has an uncommon way of Thinking, that is, as elicate as it is uncommon. And fince it feems to be able to entertain others, I thought proper to put him in a way of diverting the World and himself too; I proposed him to write now and then a Speciator,

The poor Malf-pay, is transported with this, intends to grope his Way better thro the World with his Quill, then he could ever yet carrie it out with his Sword, in what he calls the happy Days of War. I begg d of him to take Earnest, and placed in his Hands haif a dozen Gumea's, wrapp'd up in a Note that directed him where to find me; and left him in a very good

So that hereafter, when you fee any of these Papers, written in a more Bold and Daring Manner than ordinary, and with an Air truly Militant, remember then, that Polemicus writes the Spelleter, and to commend him the more, think of his having been a Sal-We got Credit the the fall Fortelgit, from the

Landels, with a Wall derson to long lianglish a fair out force

trans Not of Paints, the fit reals a freshreshing sed study a colour than votally is Natoral Fot these



themakes now Break a view particular Kind of To enclose the cate of a company and a company of the company of t

vot

Monday ..

640. Monday, January 17.

Marriage the happiest Bond of Love might be, if Hands were only join'd where Henris agree. Ld. Lanfdown's British E

O oblige my Correspondent, I shall insert his following Letter entire; which shall serve for the Enterrainment of this Day; tho' I must nwn, I cannot give into his Septiments in every Point; but more of that hereafter.

Mr. SPECTATOR, Control of the second MONG the various Errors of our Lives, whose Reformation falls properly under your Cognizance, I don't remember you ever touch'd upon that common Millake most Parents run into, of not only opposing their Childrens Inclinations, but even obtruding on them, as Companion for Life, (to gratify a Mercenary, or some other Principle as little Justifiable) Persons so disagreeable, that they have no Prospect of ever enjoying, with them, the least Share of Happiness; but, from the Minute of entering into the marrimonial Neofe, look upon themselves, as thence forward, facrific'd to a continued State of Milery.

This is an Evil, which, as it principally regards the Welfare of our Lives, deserves a more particular Animadversion; I shall therefore beg leave to say something on this Head, in hopes, that if you don't think me fit to appear in Print, and therefore deny me a Place in your Paper, I may at least, be so serviceable to the Publick, as to engage your own proper Sentiments on this Subject.

'Tis a Matter of some Difficulty, to divest People of a Prejudice, which they receive from a fordid Adherence to Interest, and a false Belief, that they must be Happy, who are Rich; but furely if a Parent could be once perfuaded, that folia Satisfaction does not consist in Shew or Grandeur, Titles, fine Equipage, or a great Estate, especially when attain'd to at the Expence of the many Inconveniencies he runs his Child into, by his Opposition to a well-grounded Pasfrom, for a deserving Object, he wou'd never venture Subjecting his Child to the many Calamities that flow from a fix'd. Aversion to his Choice, created by the Child's Prepossession for another. This is what the least Reflection may convince People into a just Sense of; and a due Observation of the many unhappy Instances of this kind, may make so obvious, as to give a different Turn to the Actings of Parents, in this important Article of Life, who think they sufficiently acquit themselves, by blindly consulting their Interest, without ever having any View towards their juster Gratifications of their Childrens Inclinations.

All Parents declare, that their fole Aim is the Happiness of their Children; this, they tell you, is the chief End of all their Endeavours in the disposing of them; but how inconfiftent their Actions are to this Profession, is left to the Determination of any unbiass'd Man of Fortune, when at the same time a Booby, with the Advantage of a large Fortune, shall be preferr'd to a Man, otherwise unexceptionable; who, if there were no Competition, might reasonably expect, and properly engage the ready Concurrence of her Friends in his Favour. 'Tis true indeed, that, were it in the Power of a Person, to make the Happiness of another center in the fame Object, that he places it in, then Parents may be allowed to intend their Childrens, in regarding only their Interest; but as 'tis by all confess'd, that Felicity is only leated in the Mind, and therefore reposed in different Objects and Enjoyments, according to the various Inclinations of those, who pursue that ultimate End; so they can no more be faid to provide for a Child's

Child's Happiness, by making a Choice agreeable to themselves, with an Exclusion of the Child's Voice, than one Man can please another's Palate, by fixing, for the other, on what is grateful to himself. If then the laying a Foundation for their Childrens Happiness (of which, in this Atticle they only are Judges) be the Principle Patents are actuated by; as that it is, at least ought to be, will be by all agreed, and also that such an End, is only to be attain'd by kindly indulging em, and complying to their reasonable Defires; how justly do they deserve to fall under Censure, who render the most generous Pallions ineffectual, by oppoling em, only to let a-foot Matches, from which generally spring the greatest Discontents incident to Human

I would not be misunderstood, by being thought to Encourage of Countenance any Lady's fettling her Affections on a Person, under scandalous, or deladvantagious Circumstances, upon a Prelumption of a Parent's being under a Necessity to conform, in order to make his Child Happy; but my Thoughts on this Head may be resolved into this Rule, That as a Child ought not to be forc'd to an Acceptance (an Approbation 'tis impossible she shou'd) of a Man's Addresses wholly disagreeable; nor, on the other Hand, gratified by the Parent's Allowance of an illplaced Esteem; so, where there is a Competition between a Man of Merit of a competent Fortune, and an As of a greater, I would have the Child's Inclinations, in favour of Merit, turn the Ballance; the Advantages of Fortune being Adventitious, the noble Qualities of the Mind, as well as Beauties of the Perion, individual, and not to be acquired.

I am led into these Reflections by an Account I received the other Day from a Gentleman of my Ac-

quaintance, whose Case is this;

There lives an old Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, whose Daughter my Friend has, for time Time look'd on with all the Eagerness of a transported Lover; he has forme Reason to think that his Passion would be

return'd with equal Ardour, and crown'd with Succels, were it not an Obstruction, he is like to meet with from her Father's Approbation of a Neighbour's Son, on no other Account, than that of an Intimacy between the old Gentleman, and that the Father of the intended Son-in-Law, is able to put his Boy (as the Phrase is among the Trading Part of the World) in to a good Way; the Son himself feldom speaks to the Lady on the Subject, the happy in frequent Opportunities; indeed he is not capable of doing it. Not that he is under any Restraint from Excels of Passion, nor that his Love is too big for Utterance; for these being the common Effects of that Passion, where its Emotions are strongest, he were excusable, and rather to be pitied than condemned-No, the only Reason of his Silence, is his want of Senie; for he is a Fellow of so much Stupidity, that had he the Bleffing (which but to think on fills the other with the most Extatick Raptures) in his Arms, he would still continue insensible of its Value.

My Friend is fettled in fuch a State of Life, as fets him upon a Level with the Lady, and will well enable him to maintain her in her Affluence: Add to this, that he is blefs'd with the Fair One's Good Opizion; while the other is her greatest Aversion.

Pray, Mr. SPECTATOR, fince you alone are able to do it to Advantage, set these Matters in a true Light, shew the ill Consequences that must attend this fo unnatural an Union, carried on between the old Folks by way of Bargain and Sale, and not softned by any Degree of Inclination on her Part. I would willingly have your Opinion, how farthere Arguments. of (Marry first, and Love will come after,) or (Pigs Love, by lying together,) so frequently made use of by the old People, ought to prevail; and, whether the last be not applicable only, where insipid Mortals, of the same cold Constitution and Indisterency with my Friend's stupid Rival, meet. Your Observations on these Heads, which by your Value for the FAIR, I conjure you to make, unlefs you think proper to infert this

Nº 640. The SPECTATOR

this long Letter, will be, I'm fure, accept Publick, and very much oblige,

Your, de

a selection of tells his Charmon's Angel, that

Nº 641. Friday, January 21

ex exects with elevel allegations been depressed and

or be chieve her, he is come to be

Inftar Veris enim Vultus ubi tuus. Affulfit Populo, gratior it Dies, Et Soles melius nitent.

Hor.

THO' I am for expelling Clownishness, and Rusticity of Manners from Society, yet I cannot but express my Resentments against that, which the injudicious Part of the Town call Politenels; I mean that, which in the Gallant, shews it self in Ambiguity of Speech and Imutty Stories; in the Fine Gentleman, breaks out into Laced Shirts, Embroidered Cloaths, or Scolopp'd Shoes; in the Coquette, displays it self in an affected Softness of Speech, Flirts of the Fan, or languid Airs; and in the Lover, launches out into radiant Sun-Beams, twinkling Stars, or beautiful Rain-Bows. I have frequently laid open the Vanity of that Politeness, which the three former profels, and the Polite Lover must now, in his Turn, undergo an Examination; especially, since I hear several of my Fair Readers have cast off their faithful Lovers, because, forsooth, they were not Polite enough, to be ever ringing in their Ears, Lillies blended with Rofes, pure Alabaster redder than the Cherry, Celestial Goddesses, &c. I happened one Day to be in Sylvia's Closet, where I accidentally cast my Eye on a Billet-doux, sent her by her Lover, and penn'd according to the nicest Rules of the Polite Love Style. Asking Sylvin's Pardon, I spall corelect my Reader with a few of his choicest. Phrases, fince to shew them, all the little Capids, and sender Deves in it, would take up too much of my Time.

In the first Place, he tells his Charming Angel, that he is shot through and through with the Darts of Cupid; by and by he assures her, he is come to prostrate himself before the Celestial Beauties, of which she, the Fair Deiry, is alone possessed; a little after he hopes those two Radiant Suns of Her's, may ever enliven him with their kindest Influence; and at length concludes.

I am,

My fair Goddess,

fire Confinencia to Lour confiant Adorer.

I could not but reflect upon the Folly of this mad Lover, who went on spending his Time, and straining his Wit, for a Metaphan for the Eye, an Allusion for the Cheek, or an hyperbolical Compliment for the wholeexterior Person, without, in the least, contemning or extolling the baser Qualities, or superior Excellencies of her Mind. With how much more Discretion did the Lover of the Virtuous Thalestris, during the Time of Courtship, proceed? One of his Letters, since they have been married, she was so kind as to shew me; the former Part of which, to the best of my Remembrance, runs thus:

Virtuous Lady,

themselves before their Deities, and the Beaux of our Age adoring their Beauteous Angels; give me leave. Madam, to address my self to you with no other Compliment, but telling you, I amyour sincere Lover and Admirer, but an Admirer not so much of your External as your Internal Excellencies. In the former, indeed, you have

bave shar, which will attract a fund Lover's Vener actions but in the laster only is that, which must render the Canjugal Life, with which I hope shortly to be blesid, sweet and easy, pleasant and delightful. In short, the former may be size, but the laster are admirable, &cc.

Tis a rare Thing, to find a Youth of fuch a happy and different Turn of Mind, who, inflead of Dwellin on the Transient Beauties of his Lady's Face, launches out into the juster Commendation of the more lastin Perfections of her Soul : While, on the other hand, who can fufficiently lash the Folly of that Person, who, in writing to that Woman he defigns for his Wife, stuffs his Letters with nothing but Rain-Bows, Doves, and Violets; falutes her with no other Apellations, than those of Angel, Nymph, and Goddes; and perhaps too, thinks of nothing whilst he's writing, but a black Eye, fine Shapes, or white Sett of Teeth; Still regardless of those Qualifications or debased Humours, which render the fair Sex truly Amible, or truly Despisable, and on which his own Life, in succeeding Ages, must take a happy or miserable Turn? And truly 'tis equally rare, to find a Lady, to whom the Words Angel, Nymph, and Deity, are not more familiar and much more welcome, than those of Truth, Confrancy, and Sincerity. Were it possible for a Man to transform himself into such a Substance, as to view the immost Recesses of one of these Ladies Hearts, he'd find nothing but Doves playing round it Smans fwiming about it, little digels hovering over it; and in hort, every Part of inover-run by fine Lillies, beautiful Rofes, or fragrant Myreles, the Transcript of Hyperbolical Compliments paid them by their Admirers.

I foresee, what I have said on this Subject, will be very displeasing to many of my sair Readers. I suppose by next Post, I shall have Phyllis complaining that she is now no more Angelick or Celistial; and Coquevilla bewailing her Condition, that she is now a Woman like the rest of her Sex; perhaps Damon too will assure me he can no longer write to his Mistress, being

quite

quite bereft of his Love Rhetorick. But what I am most assaid of, is, that they'll say, this was all along of the Spectator. However, for their Encouragement, I assure them I'll permit the least Beautiful among 'em, to pass for a handsome Woman, but am resolved to prevent, as much as in me lies, the most Beautiful of em, from being either a Fair Goddess, or a Beauteous Angel. So that I hope several of the Fair Sex will concur in the Sentiments of her Imperial Majesty of Cambridge, who has lately issued out her Royal Proclamation, and commanded me in express Terms to publish it; which I here do.

To our Trusty and Well-beloved Cousin, the SPECTA-TOR-GENERAL of GREAT-BRITAIN, Greeting,

HANNAH R.

Hereas, to Our great Grief We have lately been credibly given to understand, that Angels, Nymphs, Goddesses, and Deities, have been very perniciously imployed, in reducing the several Fortresses, of which the Ladies in this Town are chief Commandants, and our Self having been very vigorously attack'd by the same; We therefore, out of our Princely Care of our own Person, strictly Charge and Command, that all and every of the said Appellations be forthwith banished our Dominions. So that no Student or Students, in this our University of Cambaidge, presume hereafter to make use of 'em in our Presence. And these Presents sail not to notify to all our Well-beloved Subjects, as you will answer it at your Peril.

Given at our Cout, at Ginger-bread-Hall, in the seventh Year of our Reign,

HANNAH R.

Monday,

Nº 642. Monday, January 24.

Арто тв калья и аретис Польс. Πρώτου άγαθου άναμαρτία, δευτερου δε αίσχύην. me Toward doubl emid to salejus? ale Demades.

or or visitobella storia

Y new Printer, who is a Lover of the nicest Embellishments in his Art, said a very sharp Thing upon me the other Day, which I can the more early forgive him, because I know he had no manner of evil Intention in the Doing of it.

Mr. Spectator, fays he, with a merry Countenance, In many of the most celebrated Coffee-Houses of this renowned City, where I meet some of my old Acquaintance, who have been reputed fmart Judges among us Publishers of Literature, I have heard you mightily extolled, for adapting patly your Motto's to the various Subjects, upon which you are wont to treat; and I have made it my Remark, that this kind of Eulogy commonly takes its Run among the Persons of better Heads, at the upper End of the Room; while those of an inferior Class, and that fir, as I may fay, in the lower Form, have been praifing you, in-your plainer Capacity, for a Man that had a fingular Delicacy of Thought, and a fine Turn in the English, peculiar to your self: Since you began with me, and your new Volume, you have not given me an Opportunity of shewing the World how cleanly and neatly I can express your Mind in a Language that I am utterly unacquainted with. A little Greek will adorn the Frontispiece wonderfully. that it entires in any he police, of

The' I don't easily go out of my own Road, at any Time, and was less likely to do so then, because I had not my Greek Spectacles by me, and was unwilling to trust to my Memory, at this Age, in an Affair of lo great Importance, yet, intending to let an Ex-. ample of Docility to my Readers, I comply'd with his Demands. However, for the Benefit of my Fair Difciples, he owns it reasonable, that I may tell it over again in English; but avers, at the same time, that it will spoil the Curiosity of several High learned Men, who will be disappointed in the vast Pride, that they usually take in expounding those Mysteries, without Help, to a Circle of Mercantile Auditors, that never troubled their Heads about that unprofitable Kind of old Athenian and Roman Manufactory. I shall for this once, tell the Ludier, whom the Explication of this Mystery does most concern, That the First and Second Line, which look to be odd Scrawls, at the Head of this Paper, are not Characters in Art Magick, but are the proper Letters of a Language which formerly the Roman Beauties affected as much as to life, as themselves do the French, and some Scraps of the Italian.

And they fignify in plain English, that,

threat boy house over

1. Modesty is the Citadel of Beauty and Virtue.

 The first of all Virtues is Innocence; the second is Modesty.

Modesty is, both in its Source, and in its Consequence, a very great Happiness to the Fair Possessor of it: It arises from a Fear of Dishonour, and a good Conscience, and is followed immediately, upon its first Appearance, with the Reward of Honour and Esteem, paid by all those who discover it in any Bodyliving.

It is, indeed, a Virtue in a Woman (that might otherwife be very difagreeable to one) so exquisitely delicate, that it excites in any Beholder, of a generous and manly Disposition, almost all the Passions, that he

gret,

would be apt to conceive for the Mistress of his Heart, in Variety of Gircumstances. A Woman, that is modest, creates in us an Awe in her Company, a Wish for her Welfare, a Joy in her being actually happy, a fore and painful Sorrow if Diffres should come upon her, a ready and willing Heart to give her Confolation, and a compassionate Temper towards her, in every little Accident of Life the undergoes; and, to sum up all, in one Word, it causes such a kind of Angelical Love, even to a Stranger, as Good-natur'd Brothers and Sifters usually bear towards one another.

It adds wonderfully to the Make of a Face; and I have feen a pretty well-turn'd Forebead, fine fet Eyes. and, what your Poets call, a Ram of Pearl fer in Coral, shewn by a pretty Expansion of two Velues Lips that cover'd 'em, (that would have tempted any lober Man living of my own Age, to have been a little loofe in his Thoughts, and to have enjoy'd a painful Pleasure amidst his Impotency.) lose all their Virtue, all their Force and Efficacy, by having an ugly Cast of Boldness very difcernibly spread out at large over all those alluring Features. At the same Time Modesty will fill up the Wrinkles of Old Age with Glory , make Sixty bluth it telf into Sixteen; and help a Green-fick Girl to defeat the Satyr of a false waggish Lover, who might compare her Colour, when she look'd like a Ghost, to the blowing of the Rose-bud, by blushing herself into a Bloom of Beauty; and might make what he meant a Reflection, a real Compliment, at any Hour of the Day, in spight of his Teeth. It has a prevailing Power with me, whenever I find it in the Sex. I, who have the common Fault of Old Men, to be very four and humourfome, when I drink my Water-gruel in a Morning, fell into a more than ordinary Per with a Maid, whom I call my Nurse, from a constant Tenderness, that I have observed her to exercise towards me beyond all my other Servants; I perceived her Flush and Glow in the Face, in a manner, which I could plainly discern, proceeded not from Anger or Resent-, ment of my Correction, but from a good-natur'd Regret, upon a Fear that the had offended her Grave Old Matter. I was so heartily pleased, that I eased her of the honest Trouble she underwent inwardly for my sake; and, giving her half a Crown, I told her it was a Forfeit due to her, because I was out of Humour with her without any Reason at all. And as she is so gentle-hearted, I have diligently avoided giving her one harsh Word ever since; and I find my own Reward in it: For not being so Testy as Iused, has made me much hailer and stronger than I was before.

The Pretty, and Witty, and Virtuous Simplicia, was, the other Day, a Vinting with an Old Aunt of hers, that I verily believe has read the Atalantis: She took a Story out there, and dress'd up an old honest Neighbour in the second-hand Cloaths of Scandal, The young Creature hid her Face with her Fan, at every Burst and Peal of Laughter, and blush'd for her guilty Parent; by which she aron'd, methought, for every Scandal that ran round the beautiful Circle.

As I was going home to Bed that Evening. I could not help thinking of her all the Way I went. I reprefented her to my felf, as fliedding Holy Blood every time fhe bluefted, and as being a Marryr in the Caufe of Virtue. And afterwards, when I was putting on my Night-cap, I could not drive the Thought out of my Head, but that I was young enough to have a Child by her; and that it would be an Addition to the Reputation I have in the Study of Wildom, to Marry to fe much Youth and Modesty, even in my Old Age.

I know there have not been wanting many wicker. Objections against this Virtue; one is grown insuferably common, The Fellow blushes, he is guilty. Should say rather, He blushes, therefore he is immounted to be seen that wicked Immigration of a Blush's being the Sign of Guilt, represented good Nature to be Folly; and that he himself was the most inhuman and impudent Wretch alive The Author of Cato, who is known to be one of the most Modest, and most Ingenious Persons of the American we now live in, has given this Virtue a delicate National States.

in the Tragedy of Cato, where the Character of Marcia is first opened to us. I would have all Ladies, who have a Mind to be thought well-bred, to think seriously on this Virtue, which he so beautifully calls The Santity of Marmers.

B.

Nº 643. Friday, January 28.

Aquam memento rebus in ardais, Servare mentem, non secus ac bonis; Ab insolenti Temperatam Latitid.———

received a manufacture

Horace.

O be joyful that we reap any Temporal Advantage from the Loffes and Misfortunes of others, is a fordid miferly Pleafure, that can't ak in upon the Mind of any Creature whatfoever, who has any Remains of Humanity left within him, and who has not remov'd himself, as far as is in his Power, from his own Species, and got, as near as he can, to be upon the Level with the Beafts of Prey. However, that fuch is the Temper of some Wretches, who walk apright, and have the Stature, and wear all the beautiful Proportions of Man; Man, that Noble Species, which Gop created to his own Image and Likenels! a flagrant and barbarous Instance appear'd to me, when the Flames were at the fiercest, in the late dreadful Fire, and gave me more Horror, even when I thought I was not capable of receiving more. Just when the Fire had gotten among the Sugars, making Spoils of the Works of many Mens Hands, and Triumphing over the Cries of the ruin'd Behoklers and giving them Notice, by a Burst of every Vessel that came to its Turn, of Destruction; a Man, properly

perly named Anthropophugus, stood by, and answer'd every Crack that told him the News of more Ruins and Loffes, with a Peal of Laughter; and cry'd out, at every Noise, My Stock rifes, and is fafe. His info-lent Joy was, like the Fire, so raping, and so herce, that the Tears of forrowing Neighbours could not quench it; he set on Fire my Soul, loaded as it was with Compunction, and too wet, as I may fay, to enteh; I was to full of Pity, that till then, I thought I could have no Room for Anger and Indignation; The Memory of the Brute has still so great an Effect upon me, that I feel it severely in the bare Relation of it; and I would name him by way of Punishment, but he would not be ashamed of his Name if I should tell it, but rather thank me for recommending him to Customers. He can't be punish'd as he ought, but only by not being permitted among Men, nor admitted into Society. I have great Confolation in receiving a few Lines from the very Reverse of this Man, who makes great and warrantable Advantages from the Sufferings of his Fellow-Creatures.

We may certainly reap great Profit, in a spiritual Way, from such great publick Losses, and so may the very Lofers themselves! It teaches us not to be too much puffed up with Prosperity, but to be upon our Guard; and because no Human Providence can forefee, or prevent the Strokes and Accidents of Time, to arm our felves, in our Good Days, with a Refignation and a Poverty of Spirit, which if we are once rightly grounded in, no Change can mafter us, no Deceit of Fortune, no Calamity be too hard for us. In this Religious Manner we may do our selves Good by our Neighbours Harm, and learn a thousand Virtues out of one Ill Accident. But the most admirable Contemplation, that can arise from this dreadful Subject of the Fire, is very pathetically fer forth in the following Discourse, sent me by a Person of singular Virtue and

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Discretion.

The Perchang of the Greated I brokens, were at the whole waste was grown made; or a few

OUT of all the Evils of this Life, great Good may be extracted by a right Application. For the great Purposes of the Creator incline to the Good of the Creatures; so that nothing is will'd or permitted, but what is for our Instruction, Reformation, or the Satisfaction of his Justice. Upon this Resection, vast Advantages accrue to me from the Memento that came out of the late dreadful Fire; for,

The Cry of the People, was, as the Sound of that Trumpet, that shall call upon every Grave, to deliver up its Dead to Judgment.

The united Shrieks of those, that could not escape the Flames, gave me a strong Idea of the last great Grack, with which the World shallend; for it look'd as if all were lost, and the World surprized in that dreadful Day.

The Terror of every Countenance, in that confused Concourse of People, seemed, as if they were but just let out of their Graves, with their Sins upon their Heads, and they sleeing to the Rocks, into Holes and Corners, to hide themselves from the Countenance of an Angry God, or for Shelter from the Sentence which they expected from the Grave Tribunal.

It's Beginning in the Close of Day, made it look, as if the Lights of Heaven were grown dim; and when no other Lightappear'd, than that, which proceeded from a confuming Fire, it look'd, as if the Lamps of Heaven were quite out, and the last great Period had approach'd us, and we in the Bowels of that Fire, which we are assured shall destroy the Universe.

'The Blowing up of Houses, was like the Bursting of Mountains; and the Reports, as if the Rocks were in Conflict, and beating each other.

The great Fright, the Hurry, Noise, the Lamentations and Confusion of the People, represented our eternal Existence in a Place of Torment.

All this feems to me as perfect an Imagery of the Last Day, as this World can afford, before the Coming of that Great Day; and works with so much Advantage upon my intellectual Man, that I promife my self a saving Instruction from it as long as my Remembrance will retain it; and that the Resection may be of the same Service to others, is the Reason why it is communicated by,

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- all all quality dans them a ser. With Lis.

Monday,

Nº 644. Monday, January 31.

- Nil habet Paupertas durius in fe, Quant quod ridiculos Homines facit.

Juvenal.

Have been frequent in my Animadvertions, upon a Gaming Temper in general, whether found in Men or Women; but, whenever I descended to Particulars, I took the leading Sex to Task, and lash'd off the married Man, for setting so ill an Example to his Fair Consort, and laying the Prosperous, the White happy Hours, nay, oftentimes the very Bread of a Family, upon the Turn of a Die, or the Rowling of a Bowl.

My Reprehensions were the more severe, because I considered the sad Effects, which this ill kind of Hus-bandry had, in one Family, upon two of the prettiest, young, innocent, and best deserving Ladies, I ever knew. The History is but short and small, but the Example and Edification, founded upon the Moral flowing from it, very great and important; and therefore, fince the young Ladies, concern'd in this Relation, have been beholden to Providence in a better manner, for rewarding their Virtues with a happier Difpofal of them in this World, than they could have expected, after the Misfortune of a Gaming and Lofing Relation, I shall tell it in as ludicrous a Manner as such Men deserve, and as if, to the two Beauties, no such Disaster had ever happen'd. Their Misfortunes indeed gave me just fuch Touches, and fuch inward Feelings, as do my own, while they lay under the ill Confequences thereof; the Cause could not take an easy Place in my Remembrance, but it crowded a Flood of Tears:

Tears into my Eyes. And even now they have escaped a Shipwreck in the World, I look back upon those Days, with a kind of Gloomy Pleasure, and with a Transport that bath fomething in it, like an Allay of

Terror, of what might have befallen them.

Eusebins, when he came to Town, came hither with an Ignorance of all its Vices, and with a Knowledge of all those Virtues which a Country Life, well disciplin'd by a plain and honest Chaplain of his Father's could inspire. His Father died, left him a very com-retent Estate, and all the Money, he being his only Child. He married a very virtuous Woman, who left him a Widower in less than a Year, dying in Childbed, and the Child with her. The Remembrance of her was too dear to him, ever to be raz'd from his Heart, and he resolv d to live and die faithfully wedded to her Memory. His Father's Sifter having married a younger Brother, and both of them likewise dying, and leaving two Virtuous, Beautiful, poor Orphans, his Coulins, to the wide World, Enfebius generously took them under his Protection, and firmly and religioufly intended his Money thould make them a Portion, and fettle them happily in the World. For this End he came to Town, took a House, let up, not a glaring, but a decent Equipage, and endeavour'd to play off his Fair Coufins in a different Manner, and to the best Advantage, at all the most harmless publick Assemblies, where the Affections of Men of Honour were most likely to be engaged by their Native Beauty, and charming Simplicity of Behaviour.

It happened Eufebius was betray'd into more Company than was good; and a Sharper, called Dolomedes, that had been upon the hunt after just such a Man ro ferve his Turn, promifed himself to make a Hand of him. This Villain, by artfully cloaking every Vice he had, and pretending all the Virtues, which he bated; became, in a little Fime, the most fatal Friend of Eufebius, by being the most Loving, Fawning, and Doat-

ing Adversary that ever any Man had.

And at last, to cut the Story short, by a great many charitable Advices, he prevailed upon him to lose his

Estate, under the Presence of doubling it.

All this while his Coulins, being given out for handfome Fortunes, a Match was concluded between a young
Baronet, and the Beautiful Lelin; there wanted nothing but the Payment of her Portion, and the was within an Ace of being a Lady, and made happy for her
Life.

Pretty Julia, was not far behind her Sifter, no more in Happine than in Beauty. A young Efquire of a valt Effate, was so smitten with her, that the was

to be married in a Trice.

Nothing was wanting, but the Portions. But, as the Duce will have it, the Low Throws at the Groom-Porters, had brought the Sifter's Condition to be low.

Ames Ace fell fatally between eldest Sifter and her Dignity, and block'd up the Baroner's Passage to her Bed; Tray Duce, almost ruin'd the youngest; and the Esquire would have taken her with the Remainder, but that the second Part of his Wife had eloped too, and run away upon the Bowling-green.

All I shall here say further of the Ladies, was, that the same Gentlemen, after a little Consideration, found them to be Portions of themselves, Treasures hard to be got, and married them; and we will return to

Eufebius.

He dipp'd his Estate three or sour Times, play'd away the Money, for which he now pays the Interest; and, as Mr. Dryden phrases it, like a Scorpion whipt by others to Fury, stings himself in mad Revenge; and by being often nick'd with that Number, always stall to him, call'd Eleven, he has lost the Main of his Estate, by that extravagant unlucky Main; and from those Chances, it came to pass, that all his Fortunes lay at Sixes and Sevens; now he is justly pity'd by all the better natur'd, and by the more Cruel he is laugh'd at, whilst he lies in the Jaws of that lean, slungry, and ravenous Wolf, that he brought to his own Door. All he has for it now, is to turn Villain, like his first Seducer

Seducer, look out tharp for other himfelfs, and to be kept by them as he kept his Sharper before; and then at last it may be said in his Praise, that he has learn'd, by lofing an honest Stock, the Art of procuring in Time a Knavish one.

36

When this unfortunate Temper lights among Women, it is more dreadful: It makes greater Havock among their Virtues, and lays them more open to Contempt and Shame, without putting into their Hands the Possibility of Retrieving it... A Man that is a Gamester may, in Time, by taking up, piece up a broken Reputation; and so he may if he be a Whore-Master; but a Woman can no more get to be again the Mistress of her former Character and Honour, in one Way than in the other.

I write this, because I have Notice given me, that a Gaming-House is newly let up between Bloomsbury and Red-Lyon Squares; which has always hitherto, in a particular Manner, kept the Repute of the most fober and virtuous Part of the Town; where many of em are daily and eagerly running, as if they had conspir'd to lay aside the Deference, which that Sex has to the Judgment and Esteem of Mankind, and make their Court to Destruction.

Upon a large Table, overspread with Cards, there rifes up a Gallery, which is circled round by two Snakes, whose Mouths open wide at the Top, and a round Ball enamell'd, like that fatal one which betray'd the first of the Sex, is deliver'd into the Hands of the fair Adventurer, with the deluding Promise of receiving seven Guineas for one, because, upon her giving it a graceful Twirl with her white Hand, it must probably fall, out of Deference to her Motion, upon any four Cards that she shall nominate, for Luck sake, out of two and thirty; and this is the pretty Game of Rolly Polly.

Infortunia, a sprightly Widow, was one Day led there, by a Female Sharper, who was in the Secret. It was managed by her Confident, that she set her Chances upon Hearts: It happened to be so order'd,

that

that every Ball roll'd on to her Advantage, and the went away well contented and fatisfied. The Hearts encouraged her extreamly, and put her in good Heart to venture the next Time fix Times as much upon a Card as she had before. But the Luck and the Tableturn'd against her, she began to lose Courage, and deserted the Hearts; and set so long upon the Diamonds, till she lost all the Money about her, and was brought to the last hard Stake of pulling off her Rings, and unbracing her Diamond Necklace. In fine, the Effect was, the fold her Jointure, and loft upon the fame Cards most of her ready Money. Upon this she discontinued for a while, but was at length tempted to it, by her old constant Confident; and the Mafter of the Table being unwilling to lose so free a Customer, while she had any Coin left, permitted her to dig up most of her buried For-tune again, by the Help of the Spades. But then he knew he lost to gain, and that she could not give over, till the was quite knock'd down and ruin'd by the rough, unmannerly, outragious Clabs, which gave her fuch a fettling Blow, that the will never rife again, nor be put to the Trouble or Expence of having a second Settlement made her, which she is now too late convinc'd would have been much more for her Pleafure and Emolument.

Any Lady, who, after this timely Advice, shall be taken at any Gaming-Table two Nights, must expect that she will by me be accounted to have a vicious Appetite that Way; and must excuse me, if I'endeavour to draw her Picture at full Length, and to the Life, and lay upon her the same Colours of Ridicule as I have upon Infortunia; this being a Vice, to which, for the sake of them that have hitherto been called the Devout Sex, I declare and vow, fairly beforehand, that

I will give no Quarter:

However, in order to keep them from falling into my angry Hands, I must repeat to 'em what I warn'd them of long enough ago; that Gaming is a nocturnal, and a fretful Companion into the Bargain; and that, if they are never so handsome, their Beauty will The SPECTATOR. Nº 6.

never get them off; but on the contrary, they will grow to deform'd, that they will not be able to allure any youthful Spark, to compassionate them, and take their Part, when I chaffife them. Sitting up late and fretting, turns the most blooming Complexion, into a fickly or dead Palenels; it wrinekles and ploughs up in Furrows the importest Skin, alters the best Set of Features into Diffortion and Grimace, dims the most sparkling Eyes, and finks em like consuming Tapers, dying, and ready to be bury'd in their Sockets.

A cruel Wretch, who lives thereabours, and goes by the Name of Hippotrates, forelaw all this as well as I; but not having the Fear of the Destruction of Beauty before his Eyes, was the chief Author, as I am inform'd, of fituating this unlucky Engine there, with a prepense Malice of Heart, and a double evil Machination, at once to drain, decay, and purge, with a Witness, both the Constitutions and Pockets of the most tender and agreeable Part of the Neighbourhood.

There was a falle Report of his having fairly won a Hundred Pounds there; and I confirm it to be thus far better than what you may call barely true, that he will, in all likelihood, gain many Hundred by that Report. To explain this Mystery, in a short and expreffive Town-Phrase, this is putting the great Bite

upon us, drawing you in, or telling you the Secret.

I must now conclude these my Remarks, with the first and last Words of the Ingenious De La Bruyeres's Book on the Manners of the Age.

I borrow'd the Subject-Matter of this Work from the Publick, and only restore what it lent me. It these Characters do not take, I wonder they

should not.

But if they do take, I wonder they should. of a gadled cook grade dead of white at you work harden I add a man of the entire of I about the B:

the state of the s To y u. 92 alash office and the second Friday,

Nº 645. Friday, February 4.

— The Typere lengue in Ombru.

Aving lately sprain'd my Foot very violently, and been forc'd to pass many sleepless. Nights, and to keep close to my Chamber many Days; I one Day particularly bent my Thoughts upon the most pleasing Place to walk in, that I could form in my Imagination; and, according to my Friend, Mr. Shadow's Advice, compos'd my felf to Reft; where, very successfully, about two this Morning, I took my usual Afternoon's Airing, and never felt that my Foot ail'd, or was likely to ail any Thing, being well foreify'd with my double-foal'd Shoes; I was very much pleas'd at this, and having a Poem by me rurally pleasing, like my Dream, I will approve and publish it,

> From the Banks of EDEN. Jan. 13th, 1734.

Mr. SPECTATOR.

OUppoing my former Letter (much the fame with this) either went not time enough for your last Papers, or never came to your Hands, I shall briefly repeat and affure you, that the Place here dated from, does really exist, and the following Lines form a genuine and true Description of it.

'As I before faid, I always preferr'd the rough and grotesque Works of Nature, to the most finished · Pieces of Art; and still rather endeavour'd to reveal

and bring forth the natural Beauties of the Place, than " make The SPECTATOR. Nº 646.

make others, meerly by the Force of Art and Ex-pence; fo, purfuant to that Disposition, I have fince embellish'd the Grott; which I have also added to the Description. I have likewise pursued my Walks further through the Fields and Woods, the Places, as I think, being not unworthy of Observation. If you are of the same Sentiment, and find the Speculation of them entertaining, in any Degree equal to what they are in Practice, they are freely at your Service, and you may, if you think fit, give your Readers an Airing through them: I shall be very proud to contribute in any Part to their Entertainment and Diverfion; but more especially, to have any thing, I herein fend, approved on by so good a Judge as the SPECTATOR, being,

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LANDSKIP:

The Banks of EDEN.

By the Dake of W HAR TON Surangers Eyes. On Suran Or RA H Western Columns of Tone Surangers Eyes.

Traw ller, fee here a rude majestic Sight.

A Sylvan Scene of warious Rocks and Woods,

Of Grotts and Caver impending over the Floods.

An artiels Tarras first directs your Way: Then winding Paths, descending Steps convey,
'Till see (look down) when on you Rock you land, On this a Flood, a Grott on th'other Hand. Opwards extending Oaks their Arms a erfpread, Beneath lie Fishes in their wat ry Bed. As pleasing there stupendious Rocks project. Variously carv'd by Nature's Archited. In midst of these a spacious Cave is found, Whose Sides and arched Roose one Stone hath crown'd.

Here fenc'd from all Inclemencies of Air,

Of Rains or Heat, you may secure repair Of Rains or Heat, you may secure repair, Not so retir'd, but you will spy around Long changing Scenes of Lawns, and billy Ground: Near this, as in a Landskip, high is plac'd An ancient Abby, now by Time defac'd: Befides a Mill, a Church, a Boat is feen, And Sugeous Rocks a River runs besween,

In open Air the Place your Eye invites, Shifts a new Scene, and gives you fresh Delights; Led from the Cave, unto the Grot you come, Where Trees afford the Pass a shady Doom.

Here Nature summons all ber Force to hero How far she can the Works of Art out-do. High rifing Banks around the Space mount up. New Rocks, new Trees enormous, crown the Top. All, all combine to give an aweful Shade. And falling Waters form a fine Cafcade. Art also bere with utmost Envy vies. Which should at first attract the Strangers Eyes. On Summit of the Rock upright are splat do it Four pendant Arches, which on Columns reft : Deep down four Fountains bend their circling Heads And mourn the Absence of their widow a Beds: With foft Complaints their Conforts Still invite, To reassume their Place of native Right; That Art that forc'd them thence, then forc'd out Tears, Yet each, each Image in its Bosom wears. But the exalted Arches now decline, In Wedlock never more again to join. Yet am'rous Converse keep, and from above, Show'r down pure limpid Streams of liquid Love. And the united Waters their full Vigour prove.

From this proceeds Variety of Change, Where the unwearied Traveller may range, In shady Visto's of unnumber'd Pace, Contiguously join'd from Place to Place;

One

^{*}Note, That the Water falls into the Fountain, from the Top of the Arches; the Stones of which were taken up, and rife out of the same Beds, in which the Fountains are form'd.

Nº 645. The SPECTATOR.

One fide the River's murm'ring Streams confine, High Banks and shelving Rocks the others join. Tall Pines surround the Mountains rocky Sides, The bending Brow shove, a calm Retreat provides: Nor can you in this Place omit to see Great Works of Nature and Antiquity. Cambden's Britannia does not fail to there How much to Holy Constantine we owe; How vast his Labour was, what Pains be sook To bem bis Habitation in a Rock : . Full in your View it stands, oppos'd to Sight Whence Dirds of few ral Kinds begin their airy Flight. The River too fills up its Quota here, And pays the Contributions of the Year; In Looks coup'd up the defin'd Salmon lie, And bound and leap, each few ral Pass to sry, And long resist before they yield to die.

Unfung remains, not distant far from these,
A Place by Nature apply form a so please;
Faintly the Meads where Shepherd sings their Loves,
Dodona's Grove imagin'd, faintly proves
The Pleasures which these mingl'd Beauties yield,
From shaggy Hills, and the more vertlant Field;
Where lostiest Elms on mosty Banks recline,
And with their distant Mates, their friendly Umbrage join.
Subjoining Woods their verd rows Shades unite,
Descending Ranges skill improve the Sight.
While Shades on Shades in pleasing Strangenels vie,
The living Theatre enchants the Eye.

A spacious Glade thus form'd, conducts you on.
By many Steps into a fruitful Lawn:
Th' immortal Fountains gliding down the Hills.
Immerse the Plain, and play in wanton Rills;
Till, in one Place and Body met, they flow,
A gurgling Consort to the Floods below.
Here, were I equal, would I add new Lays,
Sing in sweet Numbers Vermilliana's Praise;

Say bow much She (bright Genius of this Place!)
Out-shimes the best, by far superior Grace.
By Virmilliana, by that beauteous Her,
Above Ten Thousand eminently Fair.
And may I lose each Bliss, if wrong I swear,
If there's an Eden, then that Eden's here.

Nº 646. Monday, February 7.

— Mujarum Sacerdar Tirginibus Puerifque canto

Hor.

To the most Sage Prosident of the Venerable Club of Guardians, the Spectator of Great-Britain sendeth, Greeting,

Mr. PRESIDENT

INGE the Request of your Honourable Affembly renew'd in me a Willingness to continue These my Speculations, chiefly for the Benefit of those going Virgins, that are under your Care and Tuis tion; I think it proper, on the one hand, to fignify to you the Defire that I have, to be inform'd of the Place where you have Establish'd this your Society; and on the other hand, to inform you, that fince it tends so much to the Reformation of Manners, I, in my own proper Person, intend you a Visit shortly after. In the Interim, I would by all means recommend it earnestly to you, as a Matter of high Concern and Importance, and as grown to be now in some measure your Duty, since you defired of me to affist you in your feveral Charges, that you your own felves do read over, with a plain and audible Voice, to your beautiful Disciples, the following Proposals, twice at

least, every Morning, when they are making a Breakand to continue the couble Lectures, for three Mornings together. I will conclude with my hearty Profellion that I am,

To You, Mr. PRESIDENT, and to all Gentlemen of the Venerable Club of Guar-A most Faithful Condjunter,

with the Property and they being And Humble Servant,

The Spectator.

Condition of property of the property of the Condition of I propose, after the renown'd Example of the beautiful Euphrosma, Empress Dowager of Constantinople, to find out, in a fort Time, some very large and convenient Aparement, which I shall call by the Name of PEARL-CHAMBER, in this, the noble Metropolis of

or other consists of Management and the Part Steel morning

Corrections step Trine become and and Confe Day

Great-Britain.

There shall be Room for an hundred and fifty seven Ladies to affemble themselves very conveniently together, besides my self, and all those Gentlemen of the Club of Guardians, who are to be my Coadjutors in this ardous Undertaking.

The End of this is to make easy to the Fair the most difficult Task of Life, that is, the happy Dispofal of her Person for Life, in marrying discreetly well, which the will be certain of, if the defires it, a Year and a Day after being of this Order.

Those that enter into this Assembly are to be of the Order of Euphronfia, who first founded that Invention, and will be presented with Pear-Necklaces, and a Locket, to be wore upon the Arm, with the Picture of that Empress, as it is taken from an Original, drawn in little by a skilful Artist, and plac'd at the Beginning of

a curious

a curious Manuscript, by Theodosius of Malsa, who has compil'd very learned Observations upon this Invention, and much in Praise of the Royal Foundress, in the Greek Language, which I am now rendering into English, for the Benefit of all those of the Orders

of Pearls.

The hundred and fifty feven, that I admit, must be as tollows: An hundred young Maidens never blafted in Reputation, none under the Age of Thirteen, nor above Two and twenty. Fifty Widows, who have lived decently, mourned out their Time, without admitting a new Suitor, and are but just got into their Colours: Seven old Maids, provided there's a Probability of anfwering the End of Matrimony, if they be not above Forty five, and in apparent Peril of the Girls Disease, the Green-Sickness.

I give them any Time between this and Lady-Day,

to stand Candidates for this Election.

Here you are to observe, that no Body shall be reckoned a young Maid that has lost her Reputation, tho' it was only by Imprudence; but after a Year's good Conduct, to make amends for it, she shall be taken in upon the first Vacancy.

No Widow, that is proved, out of mere Prudence, to have delayed marrying only for Decency fake, till her Time was out, shall be allowed to come into the Order, provided that it be proved that the promised her felf, under-hand, during that Time.

No feelish old Maid that hath lost above one Suitor. when the was young, by affecting to be a Prude, or playing the Coquet, is entitled to be a Candidate: Those that Platonick Love really deceived, or that lived fo, to keep their Virginity as long as they could, are Persons I have not only a Compassion, but a Value for: These shall be admitted.

I have, for this End, drawn up some Part of the Form of an Oath, for the Candidates to take. The Instrument is drawn after their own familiar Way of Vowing and Swearing. 'Tis by their making fuch Vows and Oaths Men have been, as I may fay, at a Diffance,

courted

courted into a Mood of Courting them for Wives; and the the Men are called the greatest Vow-breakers, 'tis the Women that have been so, without knowing it themselves. I have therefore shewn them, how their daily Discourse runs, and bound 'em to their daily Oaths in a formal Manner: 'Tis form'd on what somethink trivial; but Persons, of more Penetration, will find, that all the greatest Differences of Marriage arise from the small Breaches thereof.

'Tis what is every Day vow'd, protefied, declared, folemaly profess'd and Iworn in their ordinary Conversation, as to their Conduct in Dress and Manners, as to their Reading, Recreation, Gaming, going to Plays, Regaling, and Behaviour in the Church; in all which is set torth, what a Woman ought to do, and what not, in their own Forms of Speech.

The Oarn to qualify the young Virgins, Widows, and old Maids of Great Britain, that defire to be well married; for their being chosen Companions of the most Ancient and Honourable Order of the Pearl; first founded by the Great and most Virtuous Emphrosima, Empress Downger of Constantinople.

I. Declare I never take up above three half Hours at my Toilet and Looking-Glass; nor, when I am dress'd, review my felf in it above seven times a Day, (being allow'd, the' I have Wisdom and Virtue, to fall so often,) and then I will not spend above three Minutes at a Time.

II. I folemnly profess, I will never drink above one Gallon of Ten on a Visiting Day, nor above a Quart on any other. I Vow, that I think from my Heart, that above a Pint of Coffee in four and twenty Hours, is an Excess; and that more than two Dishes of Chocolate, is an unpardonable Debauch; and we ought to drink those two but very seldom, for fear of Heating our Constitutions, especially towards the opening of the Summer. It is a very great Abuse, to pretend a Fit of the Head-neb above

above once a Week, for the fake of a Dram of Stong-DVaters; or to complain of an Illness in one's Stomach any oftner, that one may have the Benefit of swallowing a Cordial: Sincerely, more is bordering on that Sin, which is odious and filthy in a Man, and deserves the Name of Female-Drunkenness, a Vice that ought never to be named amongs us.

III. I yow and protest, it is a very ill Custom to go abroad in a Hackney Coach on Monnings, to make little Purchases, as cheapening Tea, buying up China and Remnants of Brocade, &c. wish no Body but one's self and a Maid, wrapp'd up in loose Gowns, without Bodice on; that it is highly tending towards ill Manners, and is, wishout a great Crime, impracticable by any one that bath been ever instructed in the Rules of Decency.

IV. I declare, that the Atalantia is a scandalous and unlawful Book; and if one would divert a Body with Reading, it should be with something that is instructive at the same Time; and I think, of all the Books in the World, to be pleased into the Way of being a fine, virtuous, and accomplish d Person, one needs no other Book, than that which contains all others, the Ladies Library; and I could spend all my Hours of Study upon that. I vow I think this, and for my own Part, I intend to

practife it.

V. Recreation I allow of, and applaud, except where it is not allowable and praise-worthy: I forswear all high Play at Cards or Dice; and it is my Judgment, that that Woman is extreamly to blame, who ventures any such Sum, as that the Loss of it should or would create any Uneasiness in ber; or the Winning of it, give ber too much Pleasure, which serves only for Fuel to ber Avarice. As for Plays, I confess it is no Fault to have been at Cato every Time it was acted, and one Should feldom miss Timon of Athens: As to Comedies, the Funeral ought to be a Favourite; for nothing should enter the Mind as witty, that offends against the Chastity of the Ear. No Woman should visit Mrs. Behn's Plays, any more than a Woman should have written them. The Country Wife, and many other Comedies, done

done by eminent Hands, I hear are very full of Wit, but at the same Time very full of something worse: I believe them witty; but I will never know it at the Expence of my Reputation; nor fearth for the Pleasure

of Wit amidst the Displeasure of Ribaldry.

VI. I fwear, I think it a very indecent Thing, in any Woman, to pull off a Glove to show a fine white Hand, or a vast large Brillians upon a little Finger's, or under a Pretence of taking a modific Pinch out of a new-fashion'd Snuff-Box, during the Time of divine Service: That 'tis still more criminal to be looking about for Conquests there, where every Heart, without Distinction of Sexes, ought to be entirely and religiously devoted to an Object of pure Love, a Love far beyond the Love of Women. But to hide the Face by Halves, and not quite cover a Smile behind a Fan, and whifpers with a fair Companion in a Pew: That, I do protest and vow, is most insupportable, and a publick Breach of any one's Credit, that is of the Devout Sex.

Lastly, I protest, I vow, and I swear, this is my Opinion; and that I will frietly act according to every Article, as I defire the Favour and Help of HYMEN,

and as I hope to be well married.

enthalicitati N. B. Many Articles more, are only to be known to

those to whom the Oath is offer'd.

* These Words, I vow and swear, are not to be repeated in a forced Tone of Voice, and in an affected Manner, as Ladies generally used to do on Occasions the most frivolous, but in a serious sober Way, and with an Attention to what they are faying, and a firm Resolution of Performance. in fluid Ai ead Cinidian, this torondological

to the property states in the second B.

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Nº 647. Friday, February 12.

Justum & tenacem propositi Virum,
Non Civium Ardor prava jubentium,
Non Vultus Instantis Tyrunni,
Mente quatit solidà, negue Auster;

Dux Inquieti Turbidus Adria; Nec fulminantis magna fovis manus; Si Toeus illabarur Orbis, Impavidum ferient raina,

of Bone Line I Arthurs . Editating, the other Day, upon the shallow Grounds, on which Human Amity is formed, and how thort liv'd almost all the dearest Alliances and strongest Friendships are, on this our Earth, the Land of Bitterness, and the Vale of Mifery, I began, at last, to despair of finding any true lasting Friend, for a Man, that both deserv'd one most, and stood in need of one most, I mean one, if I may be allow'd the Expression, obstinately Good, and yet constantly and unalterably Unfortunate. But I found my Mistake lay, in supposing for him, those Wants which he had not. The happy Wretch bears, within his own Bosom, the most constant and comfortable Companion, that the Holiest of Mortals can deserve, or the most Afflicted need, the Testimony of a good Conscience. 'An Angel descending from Heaven, and favouring an earthly Creature, burthen'd with any Guilt, that gave him but the Leavings of a Remorfe, with Celestial Conversation, would not be 'able to administer half that inconceivable Delight to

him, as would be unconquerably and interruptedly abide in a Soul that knows no Stain or Blemish of its Purity remaining even when every Particle of the

its Purity, remaining even when every Particle of the Body.

Body, like Feb's, were put to the utmost Rack, and to the most exquisite Torments that could the most

peculiarly affect each Particle thereof.

This is faid, even by a Hearben Pow, speaking of moral Virtue. It is indeed, the most eruly noble Saying that ever was, amidst all the voluminous Learning of Heathen Antiquity; and it is a kind of Miracle, that such a Sentence as this should have come down to us by so long a Tradition, as the Invention of simple Nature, unaffished by Grace, and meer human Capacity. But yet, it is what every Man now-a-days, enjoying the facred Name of a Christian, should not only be able to say, but to prove by his Practice, if has ever call d to the Tryal. It is indeed, the best Saying, of but one or two, of the most morally virtuous and learned Heathens: But I advance it here, as the Doctrine of the most illiterate Christians, That, with the Testimony of a good Conscience, a Man may easily endure all the Miseries of this World, if it was possible for it to be fuller of them than it is.

Sustained and comforted by this All-powerful Companior, a true Christian in the Road of Virtue, which seems of it self so thorny, if, as he is looking forward, and moving chearfully on, he meets with a Tyrant that gives him impious Opposition, with Pistol and Sword in Hand, will not let the arm'd Pyrate rob him of his Christianity: No, he will first lose his Life, and leave the Rogue of Temporal Authority, of earthly Dignity, of vain and transitory Power, to be one Day tried for his Murders and Robberies, at a just and omnipotent Tribunal, from which there is

no Appeal.

He is a Member of the Church Militant, a Soldier under the Banners of Christ, commanded to march onwards to Heaven, where he is to receive his Eternal Pay: He has positive Orders for it, under Pain of being judg'd a Deserter, and dying the everlasting Death of a Sinner; and must therefore go up with a lace, smiling with Joy at doing his Duty, and full of that unspeakable and persevering Intrepidity, which is the sole Gift of

Grace, meet with a bare Breaft the Point of the uplifted Dagger; and he will, amidst the very Pains of his last Agony, receive from Faith this happy Testimony, That the Death of the Body shall be the Life of that and the Soul; and he shall fall from Mortality, to rife an Impaffible and Immortal Conqueror., When he is thus supported in this Life, by this one Friend, a good Confeience, which he can chuse when he will; and keep as long as he pleases, the Grace of God being always ready, and offered to his Acceptance: How great is the Dury of a Christian! how brave is his Character! how glorious the full Signification of his Name! How Noble, how Heroical are the Fulfillings of his yalf Soul! What Obstacles are those which are no Obfracles to him? Over mountainous Heaps of Opposition; thro all the craggy Ways of Passion; thro all the Nets of Vanity, and Alluring Ties of the Flesh; thro' all the Silken Cords of Voluptuous Love; thro the vast Toils of Sorrow and Affliction; thro' all the Infults, Menaces, and Cruelties of a Savage World; thro' all the Spares, Stratagems, Underminings, Deceits and Decoying Temptations of the cunning Fiends thro' Fire and Sword, thro' Racks and Gibbets; he makes and forces his Way to Heaven, and is resolved to take it, even by Violence.

Now, then, let us hear St. Paul, uttering the most Noble and Heroical Resolutions, grounded upon a just Hope of an Eternal Reward, and a Fiery, Vehement, and Impetuous Love of the Fountain of all Being, which ought to be loved, more than even he can ex-

preis.

Who; fays he, shall separate us from the Love of · Christ? Shall Tribulation, or Distress, or Famine, or Nakedness, or Danger, or Persecution, Sword; I am fure that neither Death, nor Life, nor Angels, nor Principalities, nor Powers: Neither Things present, nor Things to come; neither Might, on Height, nor Depth, nor any other Creature, shall be able to separate us from the Love of God, which

is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'

I own I stand amazed, at this Sublimity of Thought and Diction; I can't think, but that these Words were uttered by a Voice more than Human. 'Tisbeyond Study, 'tis out of the Reach of a Mortal Capacity; this transcends the Truth of the Brickell Hillories, and the Fictions of the most lively Poets; and to me it feems to be all over Infoiration. When I go to define the Force of these Expressions, I find a Stop put opon my Genius, which, with the utmost Exertion. it cannot get over. I find it to be so much beyond me, that I am afraid to venture out, and launch forth into the Praises of his Eloquence, to far as my own Reflections would carry me, for fear of being lost in the great Attempt: He was the Doctor of the Gentiles; and 'tis fit his Eulogies should not be presumed upon, but by the greatest Doctors and Orators of the Christian Church; and in that you will perceive, that by them he is not fo much recommended by their Words, as by their Practice.

Were this Aposse now alive, and one was to ask him, at the End of every Suffering. What supported you in this? and this? and this? He would answer, The Testimony of a good Conscience was my faithful Priend, and constant Support, which every Christian may have, for asking, from the Father of Light, from whom every good and perfect Gift descends.

B.

Ferce of Irregiuntion parts nodern cast one of totte Steer, I held been realinged just before, hed sobure 'd and, at reach the Herden Subjection of Spat had Free



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Nº 648. Monday, February 14.

Per varios Cafus, per tot Diforimina rerum Tendimus

demonstration of which the many

Sell hange of party of the selection of Virgil.

NE Evening, after having read over, with great Delight, that Part of a very ingenious Poem, entitled the Rape of the Look, in which a Silph is faid to lie now and then wedged in the Eye of a Bokin, I fell into such a kind of Rasverie, as is often caused in Persons who read those sorts of Poesy, with any Spirit, like that with which the Authors writ them.

Methought a Pin role up upon my Table, and began to have odd Gesticulations, and made upon it many comical Motions, much resembling the Trepidations, that a Needle is observed to perform, when its acute Point glides into various Dances upon the Sur-

face of a Load-stone.

L Prastitions

This uncommon Scene of Action tickled my Fancy very strangely, and at last I was carried so far, by the Force of Imagination, as to believe that one of those silphs, I had been reading of just before, had inform'd and animated the slender Substance of that little Piece of Female Machinery; and this Whimsey work'd upon me so vehemently, that, at last, I beheld it pop out its airy Shape, from the Cranies lest between the two Wires that form the Head of the Utensil, which is only discernable to very curious Eyes, and in a Tone of Voice, mollify'd like the Whisper of a Belle in an Intrigue, that concerns her Reputation, declaim'd to me in the following Manner.

Dear Spec, faid the, very familiarly, you are to understand, that I had my Command from a Privy-Couneil of Silphs, to be vigilant in the Disposition of this Pin, when it first came into the Hands of the Beautiful Sylvia, from the Ingenious Manufacturers. The first Place, which it was honour'd with, was, in the Company of some others; whose Heads were Diamond Crowns, and adjusted her Hair so very becomingly, that it was the chief Realon of Bean Loveair's failing in Love with the beautiful Wearer. Some time after, when Lovesir came to make her a Visit, it happen'd to be misplac'd and degraded from the Lady's Head to the Tail of her Gown, and Sylvin having a new Gown of a stubborn Silk, and my felf, as Ilbluck would have it, being out of my Post; the aukward unhandy Thing of a Maid, who could do nothing without I was her Superintendant, pinn'd her Gown all awry, and utterly undid all that I had been doing before: Sylvia, in a Pet, threw the Pin away, and I was unhappily condemn'd to this Habitation, by the Council of Silphy, 'till the Demolition of the Pin, for my Neglect

The first Person that pick'd it up, was a Coquette, who was a very Slut in her Nature, and having broken the Rivet of her Fan, by giving one of her Admirers too hard a Tip on the Shoulder, who over-look'd her at a Play in the Side-Box, transfix'd it in its Room, and made me undergo the Penance of being an Instrument to those Decoing Sticks, which were under the Direction of a Gnome, which is the very

Opposite to our Species.

When I was let free from that Imprisonment, where I lay, at the Mercy of inhuman Wind and Weather, a poor Poss took me up, and sometimes I liv'd in the Wrist-bands of his Shirt, and sometimes I tack'd together the tatter'd Remnants of his Garment. A little while ago, in a great Crow'd at Westminster-Hell, I was forced from thence, and was taken into Custody by an Understrapper belonging to the Courts, and have fince, by that means, pinn'd together several rough D. 4. Draughts

Draughts, scrawl'd over by an old Sericant, which contain the Settlement now at last agreed upon between Beau Loveair and my Mistrels Sylvia. And being taken by a wild Girl in the Family, to join a Billetdown to the Leaves of her Prayer Book, I was feized into your Hands, to tell you my whole History, and furnish you with an important spectator, to flew how effectual Beginnings of Love are, that feem in themselves very insignificant and trivial; and that the very least Part of Occonomy is not to be neglected. And as I still retain a little of the Spirit of Prophecy, I can foresee it will be the Fate of this Pin, to be hewn to Pieces for small Rivets by a certain Watch-Maker, and buried in a Golden Monument, in a Watch which Loveair has already befooke, for a Prefent to Sylvia; and I stall again come into Post, and preside over every one of their foft Hours. Therefore, dear Spec! when I have related to you a little more in Honour of that petty Machine, in which I was imprison'd. reward me to far as to throw me out of the Window. that I may come into the Watch-Maker's Hands. As little a Machine as it is, it is so great a Piece of British Manufactury, that it keeps seven different sorts of Artificers in constant Employ; and you ought to insist, that not only the Beaus, who have Love enough to spare for Women, besides what they have for them-selves, but Statesmen and Usurers, who pretend to love the Trade and Profit of the Nation, ought to encourage and promote the laudable Use of Pin-Meney. A Pin is not only a great Branch of the Manufactury among the poor People, but among the great ones: It is the greatest Preserver of the Occonomy of the richest Habits, and a certain Remedy against Sluttishness, pricking the Fingers of those who stick 'em in loosly and negligently. I have known a Row of Pins, by being well order'd, join up a Match that was likely to be broken off. I shall tell you one Day, how they difcover'd the Intrigue of a Match, which nothing elfe could have betray'd. Their being in Use among Wisches is a very scandalous Suggestion to depreciate

Nº 648. The STECTATOR.

them in the Eye of the World. And then the finished her Discourse; and I threw it out of the Window to make the best of its Fortune. After this, let any Lady dare to fay this Spettator is not worth a Pin, which shall not be done without the Imputation of Sluttishness.

N. B. Finding that notwithstanding what I have faid, the Ladies about Red-Lion-Square, will, without Apprehension of Danger to their Pockets and Reputations, account the Rolly rolly a fair Diversion; I once more give them fair Warning, before I begin my Attack. Alamira the Sharper, final be the first I will or control is applied to begin withal,

649. Friday, February, 18.

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tie I estate Congression of the section Course in the

Ubique un l'agrant en enti dove Lucius ubique Pavor. ---

Non Possidentem multa vocaveris Resté Beatum, restiús occupat Nomen Beati, qui Deorum Muneribus Sapienter utt,

Duramque calles Pauperiem pati.

1901

while has weenful attace Countries att. O reach out the Hand of Comfort, to the comfortiels of Heart, is the most truly Noble Virtue, which takes Place in the Mind of a Man, who is traly Noble. He is a Co-operator with the Grace of the Almighty, and conveys into the Souls of all Sufferers; those wholsome Aids of the Heart, which lift it up, and support it under the heaviest Loads of Affliction, and conduct it chearfully on through all the long Varieties of Wretchedness, with a couragious Refolution 58 The Spectator, Nº 649.

solution to think the Yoke easy, and the Burden light, till it arrives, where it is to lay it down, for a Re-

pole that knows no End.

A Compassionate Temper is (if possible) more laudable, than Baseness in its Abstract is contemptible: For as a base Creature requires, in the most vicious Wretch living in the whole World but his own self, nothing but a vast Prosperity of Fortune to make him the vain Idol of his Worship; so, to the Affections of a gentle-hearted Man, nothing can recommend a Person truly virtuous and deserving so effectually, as when the unavoidable Casualties of Poverty and Affliction are seen with a cruel Suddenness to overtake him. For my Part, I make the Susterings of my Fellow-Creatures so much my own, that, whilst with Joy I present them with the best Consolation that I, or the most ingenious Friend I have, are able to administer to them: I am much affected with Sorrow, when I know I wish in vain, that all these Papers which come to the Hands of those, from whence arose this melancholy Subject, were so many Bills of Exchange to make up to them their Losses.

SIR.

Person of Humanity and Diffinction came, fome few Days ago, to condole with a Sufferer in the late Conflagration: 'He look'd upon my dejected Friend with the Compassion of a Father; Tears were ready to flart: I could perceive the whole Man was melted into a Commiseration, that fruck upon my Passions with greater Force than the Calamity it felf. We fat down in as profound a Silence as if we were return'd to the State of our first Parent, before he had received the Breath of Life. Our Vifitor's Defire to speak was signified by some Heavings and Agitations; upon which lattempted to make way for Words; I found Refraint, but fruggled with it, and torceda Word or two that prov'd unintelligible, by the Hefitations and Catchings that attended 'em: Tears gushed

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gushed from me immediately, which open'd their Avenues also, and the Abundance of Tears that fell from them, was a farther Demonstration of a mutual Affliction. This unbrac'd our Minds, gave a Liberty of Speech, and then our Vifitor recalling himself faid, I had almost forgotten that we are Men, the first in Honour of the Visible Creation, the Imagery of the Supream Being, Sons of God, Brethren of the second Person of the Blessed Trinity, and, by the Depu-tation of Heaven, Lords of all the Earth.

Under this Reflection, it feems beneath the Dignity of Man, to confert to the Holfilities, with which the Body would break in upon the Tranquility of the Mind; for it is this Body, like an infected · House, that gives the Soul its Inhabitant, the Diseafes that bring it unto Death. Therefore let this Use be made of the Difaster by which we are so

deeply affected.

For You, my Dear Friend, Suppose it the greatest 5 Opportunity that the Hand of Providence has held out to You, for the Tryal and Improvement of Virtue; and that this is the Moment in which the first Steps may be laid to an Eternity of Blifs; for it is in your Election, whether this Accident shall lead to that great End, or not; the Pains that are permitted or appointed by the Rulers of Heaven and Earth, being Means which that great Being uses in the Punishment of Sin, and the Cure of Sinners. . The Minister of Divine Justice is most commonly

nounced the Universal Fist, affures us, that the Divine Love for us generates the Corrections that are inflicted upon us, in order to our Landing on the Coasts of that Country which is illuminated by his Prefence, and invincibly defended by his Omnipotence, from all the Evils that either Time or Eternity can produce, to intercept or invade our Peace.

the Minister of Mercy; for the same Voice that pro-

The Question is, Whether the great God directed, or was passive in this so melancholy a Disaster, comes not within the Determination of Beings that inhabit a Country which is infulted by Mortality; but fas the Means that are used by the Almighty bear a Mixture of Mercy and Justice, mix'd Speculations into his great Purposes, may produce both Hope and Fear, without which it would be impossible for us to reach even the divine Shadow, for in the Balance of these Passions Sin dies, that the Sinner

may live.

"Were the great Law of Consideration a Law to to us, it would oblige our Compliance with what is pray'd for in the Form of Words with which we begin and end the Day, That the drume Will may be done in Earth, as it is in Heaven; which would make every painful Incident of Life a luminous Circumstance that would direct us, not to a Fefus in a cold Stable in Bethlehem, but to a Fesus in Glory with his Father, and a numerous Retinue of beautified Spirits, and be our Invitation to an endless Festival of an Epiphany, in Joys that Iwell vaftly beyond human Comprehension.

'My poor Friend interrupted, in an anxious Way, and faid, Sir, Mine is the painful, and yours only is

the speaking Part in this Tragedy.

Sir, faid our Visitor, the Operations of the Mind in the Things we are to do, and in what we are to 'fay, may be allowed to be under the same Direction; therefore let me beg that you would take the Measure of your little Body, and you will find it to be the Tenement of but one Soul; and that what remains to you, will keep it in very good Repair, and that is all that is wanting to it; so that the Flames have taken nothing but what you can spare; and if you lay what you have lost in the Scale against the least Particle of eternal Blifs, it would be as nothing in the Balance.

The Ethnick World had your Cato's in it, your. Seneca's, and your Socrates's, who, upon the Vanity. of fixing their Names in the Records of Time, gave a Balance to the Mind in the trying Circumstances of

Life, and defied Death, even when it was attended with its most formidable Circumstances.

The Demolition of their Bodies argued not their Minds into an Overthrow, while what they called Glory was in the Reach of their Ambition, and that but a Glory which they knew must expire with their Lives; for it could be no longer fuch to them, than they could live to fee, and regale themselves in the Admiration which their Constancy had rai-

fed in others. I mi that he believe and we hope to find our Names in the Records of Eternity. Then shall the Glory that expired in the Day that gave it Birth, raise to surprizing a Fortitude in the Ethnick World, when we that have those Celestial Views shall shrink like Cowards from our Colours, without regard to the Example of our Gru-

cified Captain.

'They were not within the Fortifications of the divine Grace; and the Love of themselves was the Soul and Life of all their Actions, yet for themfelves alone, and at the Instant too in which they ceas'd to be, they supported the Dignity of Manwith the utmost Bravery, and stamp'd upon their Pride the Characters of a Virtue, which neither the Love of our felves, nor the Love of that God, whole Bounty has cast our Lot into a Life that is capable of endless Felicities, will raise in us an Emulation to.

The great Bufiness of human Life, is the Acquifition of fuch Emotions and Aspirations as shall ward off the Difficulties that attend our Journey through the World, and upon the Certainty that we have of God's being in the Battlements of Heaven, inspecting and recording all our Actions, our Wills should be ever ready to act the Parts that he has appointed; for as Epictetus very well observes, Praise is not the Debt of those that act the more splendid Parts of the Duty; but of those only that act well, whether it be in the Part of the Prince, or of the poorest Peasant.

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Sir, faid my fuffering Friend, your Argument has given me a Revolution of Thought, that reproaches me with the highest Ingratitude to a kind Provi-dence, that has given me Grace, as an Auxiliary to the Force of Nature; but I now purpose to receive * this Reproof, with a Bravery that may confid with the Dignity of Man, with the Relignation of a Christian, with the Constancy of a Member of Christ's Militant Church, and with the Perseverance of one that would be faved; for I know that the Delight of Heaven, to look down upon a Nobleminded Man, that grapples with Sorrow, and can fee his Riches born away, without any Agitation of Spirit.

If you, Mr. Spectator, who best can tell, shall : think this may be of Ule to the Sharers of this Misfortune, you are defired to give it Place in one of your Papers.

Dalled Maleda Barrie

divine Graces, and the fleve of themserves was the soul and Life of all their Assissances, vot events and

Tour bumble Servant; in the second dispersed the Design of Call.

N.B. That my Office, for the Elections of the Fair Candidates to be of the Pearl Chamber, was opened on Monday laft, and that some are already chosen, who think that Day next Year a proper Coupling-time. The modest Simplicia was the first that was Elected: and the' the Pretty Virgin blush'd, when I told her she was my Valentine, I will endeavour to make one Old Man happy, that shall never make her otherwise; and I may hope for Forgiveness from Ladies of my own Standing, if I marry with a young Woman, be-cause, I crowded hard to get Elbow-room for the Old Maids, who came in whole Flocks, that we might be fure to find among them all, Seven worthy Members. An account of these Elections shall be given from time to time.

Monday,

Nº 650. Monday, February 21.

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and the thin mode parallely to be best with the fire.

the engree deal of the Will and laver been countries Who generally sleep so found as seldom to dream, had last Night a very extraordinary one, at the Critical Time: I was, I know not how, in my Sleep, convey'd from this Place to London; and, as my Curioficy led me, I went to Guildball: I mix'd my felf with a great Crowd I found there, waiting when their Tickets should arise in the present Lottery. It was no finall. Amazement to me to observe the different Humours and Alpects of Men in that Place: to fee how the Passions of Hope and Fear role and fell in their Countenances, as the Wheel of Fortune alcended or descended; in one Man might be seen Hope, and pleasing Expectations sparkle in his Eyes, and fit brooding on the Smiles of a lively Countenance; others, with Fear and Care, contracted their busy Brows; fame, indeed, (and those but few,) were pleased with their good Fourtune, which they expressed by their Eyes swimming with Delight, and serenely expanded Foreheads: I sell into many ferious Reflections on the Humours of Mankind, from the great Variety of Objects which prefented them selves to my Eyes; and whilf I was wholly taken up with thefe Things, and with Unconcernedness viewing the Fates of others in their Countenances, my own happened to be determined, which, to my fudden Aftonishment, prov'd the Great Prize: I thenobserv'dan univerfal Dejection in the Countenances of those who were prefent, as if every one had expected to have been that happy Man, whom Fortune would so highly favour: For my own Part, at that Juncture, I was in a perfect

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State of Infensibility, and as my good Fortune was greater than my Expectations, so it exceeded even my Wishes. I was perfectly Fortune dulci ebrius, quite furfeited with my good Fortune, so that I had no Tafte or Relish for it; and my Joy was so great, that I was past feeling any: I whispered a Friend of mine who was with me, that it was my Ticket: I was over-heard; the Whisper flew round the Place, and all Eyes were fuddenly turned upon me. I finding a great deal of Ill-Will and Envy bent against me, left the Place. The first Thing I did was to subscribe for Mr. Pope's Homer: I read fome of the Lines. view'd the Sculptures; I admired every Thing as Fine and Excellent: I thought with my felf, that my Prize was finall, in comparison of that great Prize of Fame he had gained for himself, and made his own Name as great and perpetual as Homer's. I received the Congratulations of my Friends, which took up the whole Day; at Twelve of the Clock at Night I went to Bed, but could not fleep: The Hurry of my Joy was then over, and I fell into cooler Thoughts and ferious Reflections, which employed me the best Part of the Night: I laid very wife Schemes for the Conduct of the future Part of my Life; and fince my Circumfiances were not the fame. I began to look upon my felf as another Person; and fince I was to act another Part, than what I was born for, I resolved to do it with the best Grace: I shall therefore accordingly acquaint you how the first Week was employed.

Tuefday, Bought my felf a long Wigg, Sword, and Laced Hat. Item, a Gold Watch, Gold Snuff-Box, &c. Borrowed good of a Goldsmith upon my Ticket.

il troffact intrins. 14

Thursday, Changed my Snuff-Box, because I did not like the Fashion of it; bought another with a Looking-Glass in the Inside. Item, bought a Cane: Loft my Watch at the Plan-House, whilst I was talkprodigiously smitten: I enquired, and found her Name was Calia: Drank two Bottles of Right French, to drown the Pain she gave me.

Friday, Role next Morning very late, very uneafy, thinking of the charming Galia; hum dover Furcell's Song, Celia has a thousand Charms: Bought another Watch, a Diamond Ring, and a fine Silk Night-Gown: Went to the Play-Houle; faw my charming Calia; went into the fame Box, talk'd fine Things to her, as the Play offer d'Hints: Waited upon her home.

Saturday, Rose early; did not know what to do: Went to a Bookseller's, laid out 200 l. in Books: Borrowed a 1000 l. of my Goldsmith upon my Ticket; went to visit Calia; Bohea was very strong: Went and bought a fine Chariot, and a Pair of curious black Stone-Horses; was plaguly cheated in them; did not know what I did, because I was in Love. Quarrell'd with my Father, because he took upon him to reprimand mefor my Extravagance; Ifwore I would never fee his Face: He figh'd, and faid it was the first Time he ever heard me Iwear : I told him it might not be the last. Went to the Tavern; French very good: Reveal'd my Passion for Calia. They all laugh datine, and said she was a damn'd intriguing Bitch: I could not believe it: Drank three Bottles, and a Dram afterwards; forgot to go to Bed; lay in my Cloaths all Nights; had strange Dreams.

Sunday, Very tick in the Morning: Drove in my Chariot in the Afternoon to Church; faw my charming Calia, made her a very low Bow; was return'd with a respectful Courtely, and a kind Look: I paid all my Devotions to her, the observed me; I resolved to marry her. Item, to learn to dance next Day. I dreams of her all Night and a multi trac

Monday, Agreed with my Dancing-Mafter; put Three Footmen into Liveries; went to wait upon Calia; she was not at home. Borrowed a Thousand Pounds of my Goldsmith. Bought a new Suit of Cleaths, Wigg and Sword, Gold Tooth-pick Case, Pocket-Book, Silver Candle-sticks, Silver Standish, a Fine Cabinet of Mr. Gumley, &c., and resolved, if I could, to get a Knighthood. I shall not trouble you with any further Account of many odd Particulars; these were the least of my Follies: I was to be married to my charming Gelia, (as I call'd her;) but one Merning, by accident, I faw a Spark of her's in his Night-Gown very familiar with her. I had travelled over some Years of my Life in a mad unaccountable Manner; I frequented all Places of much Company, and fell into the fashionable way of the Town; and, as they call it, made a Figure, fuch as it was: I fell into such bad Company, that I think it no Honour or Arrogance to fay I was the best; I found my self Flattered and Carels'd by fome, who made a Property of me; and despis'd by others, either out of Envy, or because I made no better use of my good Fortune: I was grown giddy with my Height, and acted my Part in this way of Life very aukwardly, which did not become me, nor fit well upon me, but rather like a great Coat, very clumfily, because too big : I spent a great Part of my Fortune in a little while, and, in order to recruit it, I made my Application to a Buch Heiress, who, with much Wealth, might make amends for the Deficiency of Beauty and good Senie: She very gracioully received my Addresses for a long while, but at last thought hit to reject me, after I had run out great part of my Fortune to glitter in her ugly Eyes. With much Delpair and Delpondency, I went to the Groom Porter's, and refolved, once for all, to strike a good home froke, that gave my felf a plaguy Wound. was at length reduced to a poor 2000 L with which I intended to buy me a Place for Life, and to secure something; and just in a Juncture, as I was buying it. I waked; but it was a long while before I could believe

my felf awake; my Imagination had worked fo ffrongly, and my Fancy had been under fo ftrong a Delufion, that I could not in a great while perswade my felf but that all this was real, and not a Dream: At length, being well convinc'd of the contrary, and being recover'd of my Perturbation and Confusion of Mind, I fell into their Reflections:

What (faid I to my felf) is this Dream, but an ex-act Picture of human Life? Do not Men which are. awake, and with all their Senses (such as they have) about them, act as foolishly and unaccountably as I have done in my Sleep? How do they dream away their Time, and spend their Fortunes before they enjoy them, or squander them away as soon as they have them? If they are poor, how uneasy are they, and repining? if an Estate fells to them, how insolent are they, and extravagant? how do they strut with imaginary Grandeur and senseless Ostentation, and glitter in Plantes, which will not long be their own? How do they then give up themselves to all Licentiousness, to roll in Senfuality, and dissolve in unmanly Pleasure? Vain Man! what dost thou think of thy self? How dost thou build Castles in the Air, while thou standest on this fluggish Easth: And what will be the End of all this Folly and Extravagance, but be forced at last to live as much below thy Fortune as before thou lived'st above it?

Whether this Dream of mine portend any Thing I know not: I have gaz'd at the Stars till I am almost blind, but cannot be any Thing there: Some People chuse Tiders which they call ominous, enter such as were successful in the less Laters, or such as contain the Number of their Age, or the Number of any Prize they have set their Thoughts upon: As for my Part, I have (as I am a little skill'd in Algebra) split the Numbers, and multiplied them by themselves, then extracted the fquare Root, but cannot make it fquare with any Thing; I might as foon, I believe, have squared the Circle: I have turned the Numbers Infide. out, but cannot make any Thing of them: I therefore

apply

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apply my felf to you; for I remember a Relation of yours, one I aac Bickerftaff Efg; who was a great Fortue-Teller, and an acute Interpreter of Dreams, whose Opinion in this Case I very much desire.

I cannot yet help thinking there must be something in this Dream: My Desires are not great. I have, however, prepared my felf with all my Philosophy, that I may not be surpriz'd and overcome by my good Fortune; but whatever my Circumstance may be, I will fill be the fame, nor furfeited with my Plenty, nor diffracted with my Joy.

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Nº 651. Friday, February 25.

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OUR open espousing the Cause of Virtue, and generous Declaration, that you avowedly labour and intend the true Interests of Mankind, has encouraged the present Attempt. If you shall judge the Inclosed to have the same happy Tendency, that it may awaken any just and religious Sen-timents in the Minds of any, and is not too indelicate for the Polite, too serious for the Gay, nor too open and unguarded for the Nice and Cenforious, please to honour it with a Place in your Papers. But if it should not pass your Approbation, be so kind as to let it die under your Hands, and you'll either Way extreamly oblige, to the party and a supplied to the last firm and ing, and the year alcomitte Brepy's, and a cityel that he've-

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WAlking by my felf in Westminster-Abby, and viewing the Venerable Assistation ing, and that aweful Pomp which dreadfully besets its Tombs and Monuments, I fell into the following Meditation.

How feeling a Lecture do these filent, but striking Spectacles of Mortality, yield to a thinking and reflecting Mind; more moving than all the Arguments,

Passion and Solemnity of a Funeral Oration, or the most mournful Periods, and pathetick Accents of any living Monitor. Not all the Tears of weeping Relatives, not all the Rhetorick of commanding Pens, have half the Power to affect and move as this aweful Silence! And are these the utmost Bounds and Boafts of Earthly Grandeur? Are Crowns and Sceptres, and Imperial Sways come at length to this? Are these the mighty and aspiring Monarchs, whose greedy Arms could grasp the universal Orbs, that here lie cover'd with a Span of Earth, and mingled with the Dust from whence they sprang? What famous and convincing Inflances are thefe, of the Poverty of this fublunary State, and the fleeting Vanity of unimmertal Joys! What can possibly be pretended, which comes up to the Dignity of the Intellectual Being, the Limits of whose Capacities are fo vast, and whose Duration funs parallel with Eternity! How thick a Cloud of dark Oblivion will vail at last the brightest Sun of mortal Glory? Thankston Redeemer! here's nothing amidst all these Triumphs of Death, and folemn Inflances of Mortality, that can give me the least Disturbance or Surprize. This gloomy Building, and its yet gloomier Scenes, can't expel those delightful Rays which beam from the Face of my glorified Saviour! How joyfully could I now take the Flight of this mouldring Fabrick to those Heavenly Mansions that are always new! When I see the Footsteps of devouring Time upon the Walls of this antient Cathedral, how I exult to think I have a Building, whose Architect is God, Eternal in the Heavens! While I tread among these Tombs, methinks I tread upon the Confines of a bleffed Immortality! how thin a Veil now feems between me and the invisible State! how short a Remove from Heaven! that, Oh! methinks, I could even grasp the Crown of Glory, in my Arms, and fet Foot upon the Pavement of the Celestial Paradise! What Honours, what Hallelujahs. are due to a redeeming Saviour! How glorious and surprizing are the triumphant Conquests of his Cross,

which enable fuch a filly Worm as I, to infult the Darkness of the Graves, and to welcome, with the gladest Airs, what is horrid, strange, and terrible to Na-ture! And whilst I am surrounded with these glittering Tombs, and contemplating these illustrious En-ligns that are hung up to perpetuate the Memory of frail Mortals; Immortal Saviour! Divine and Glorious Love! what eternal Monument of Celestial Honours, shall I rear to thine adored Memory? Could I erect a Pillar of Brafs or Marble to the Clouds, and with a Pen of Adamant, carve my Redeemer's Name, and his wondrous Acts from the Top to the Bottom, how dumb and lifeless a Story would that be of his Infinite Perfections! how brittle a Memorial of his Immortal Deeds! how stender a Tribute for his matchless Love! how unfurtable to the Nature of his Archievments, and the Largeness of his deserved Fame! Such imperishable Monuments should alone wear the In-Scription of a Redeemer's Praise, as will out-live the Foundation of the World, and endure to Eternal Ages! How then, thou dear and adored Saviour, who inhabitest the Praises of Eternity! Holama'd by Legions of warbling Cherubims! encompais'd with Immortal Light, and enthron'd in Infinite Glory! how shall I attempt to celebrate thine amazing Love, and tell the Intellectual World the glorious Wonders of Redeeming Goodness? I have nothing that I can offer but my felf, who am thine ten thousand times already, my Soul, which thou haft won with infinite Endearments. O inspire her with heavenly Wifdom, and enrich her with the Treasures of Divine Knowledge. Ennoble her with thy blefs'd Refemblance, and indelibly engrave on her thy Righteous Law. Lead Captive her capacious and immortal Powers, possess all her Faculties, and engross her Love; irradiate her with larger Manifestations of thy Glory; endow her with richer Effusions of thy Grace, that she may reflect thine Honour with a brighter Blaze! Then shall she recount and fing the Wonders of thy Bleeding Love, reflect the Glories of thy Mercy, and bear The Spectators Nº 651

the Eofigns of thy victorious Power, amidst Thoufands and Millions of wondring Scraphims, when all these fenc'd and guarded Splendors, brazen Pillars, and marble Tombs, shall be blended with common Dust. Oh! that my Soul could wing away from this finful and this transitory State, and flee to youd Celestial Regions! the Place of her happy and immortal Birth! where the shall live the Life, and learn the Rhapsodies, and wear the Rerfections of Angels, and bear them Company in their loftiest Praises, profoundest Searches, and noblest Flights, and bath her then glorified Faculties in the Joys of beatifick Vision! How wide and foreign are the common Conceptions of true Happinels! How besides themselves the Gallants of the Age! that they can relish no Sweetness in the Fountain of Pleasure, apprehend no Charms in infinite Beauty, nor Honour in Resemblance of their Maker! No Glory, no Greatness in trampling on all the Splendors of a glittering World! No Happiness or Delight in walking upon the Confines of immortal Blifs! Is it not pleasant to be at Peace with our Creator, and be in due Subjection to the supream Being? Is it not pleasant to throw away the Weapons of Rebellion, and run into the Arms of divine Forgiveness? Is it not pleasant to behold an incensed Judge chang'd into a friendly Advocate, and that eternal Throne, which fent forth nothing but Thundrings and Lightnings, Terrors, and vindictive Wraths, calm'd with the Voice of the stupenduous Sacrifice? What folid Satisfaction, profound Contentment, and feraphick Joy, is the natural and necessary Consequence of a pardon'd State, and Hopes of Glory! And whereas I find in me a secret Consciousness to a future Immortality, and irrefistable Dictates, that I must shortly be confign'd to everlasting Bliss, or everlasting Woe; is it not pleasant, utterably pleasant, to have that grand Affair determined well in my own Bosom, and to posfels the Pledges, and enjoy the Foretastes of an happy and eternal Life? And is this the Way? is this the State, the Life, unhappy Youth so fondly censures? Is

this indeed that serious Piety, for which they frame so strange an Image, and place in such harshand disagree-

And it is so wonderful entertaining to the thinking Mind, to reflect upon the different Ages, which here present themselves in this solemn Prospect, and to recount the vast Variety of Travellers, the numerous Stages and Passages of Life, brought on at length to one common Period? Is the reasonable Nature delightfully taken up in musing on such small Antiquities as thee, and looking back upon the Course of a few hundred Years, what culminating Joys, and uncontain'd Delight will overflow Beatifick Minds above, when they shall survey the Records of Eternity, and in those dateless Ages, shall find their Names enroll'd in the heavenly Register, in Characters never to be defac'd! When the Antient of Days shall unclass the Book of the divine Decrees, unlock the Treasures of his Council, and unfold the Mysteries of his eternal Love, and shew to every happy Soul, what Room they had in his Heart and Thoughts, Myriads of Ages before he created them! What Eagle Wing of Human Thought; what higher Soar of Mind Angelick, can look into that amazing Conduct, and fully tell its glorious Ori-gine! From this eternal Spring proceed those Streams, which swell the Ocean, and o'erflow the Banks of the Redeemed's Blifs; and as often as they reflect on the wondrous Happiness and glorious Joys with which they are furrounded, they must rise in their adoring Thought, to this fovereign and eternal Love, as the first Link in the Golden Chain, and very Source of all their Bleffedness! Happy Creatures! twas for you that this flately Frame of Nature was erected; and those Heavens bespangled with such glorious Orbs! "Twas for you that this goodly Structure of the World was form'd out of undigested Chaos, as a Stage or Theatre, whereon to transact the vast and important Concerns that relate to your eternal Happiness, till, by the various Methods of Grace and Providence, you are train'd for an immortal State, and made ripe and ready for Supernal

Supernal Blifs. And as much as good Men are now mock'd and banter'd by an impious World; 'tis for their fakes, the Sun still shines in you Celestial Sphere; and those innumerable Stars still rowl in such beautiful Order. 'Tis they that uphold the tottering Pillars of the Universe, and reprieve it from its final Overthrow and great Catastrophe: They are the Lots and Abrahams that keep off its differring Flames. When their Number is accomplished, and their Work is done, the Almighty Creator will, as it were, fay, 'What have * Tany more to do with that World below? My chosen I lewels are all of them gather'd out of the Ruins of the great Apollacy: The Councils and Purpoles of my Grace and Wildom are now finish'd; I'll lay afide the Sceptre of Mercy, and put on the Severity of a Iudge, and turn the Throne of Grace into a strict " Tribunal; I'll arise, to the Vindication of mine Honour, the Confusion of my implacable Adversaries, and avenge the Quarrel of my Covenant. The World grows Old in Corruption, and calls for purifying Flames: All the Creatures grown to be delivered into the Liberty of my Children: The Spirits of my Saints long for reunion with the Bodies, and to reembrace the dear Companion of their Blis: The " Cries of the Souls under the Altar, How long, Lord, Holy and True, are ever founding in mine Ears: Sun, frop thy Progress, veil, and be extinct for ever. Let the Moon withdraw her fhining, darken, and diffolve in Blood. Ye Stars, relinquish your Spheres, and fire Universal Nature: Let the Foundations of the Earth be loofed, and the Heavens be folded together; e let the Throne be fet, and the Books be opened: Attend, all ye Angels, the folemn Pomp of my · dread Tribunal; Gabriel, assume the Trump, and o found the General Alarm: Arise, ye Dead; awake, O World, awake ! and come to Judgment. And that piercing Trumpet, that fhall rouze the Dust of Kings and Princes, and shatter all in Pieces

And that piercing Trumpet, that shall rouze the Dust of Kings and Princes, and shatter all in Pieces those Regal Monuments and Magnisicent Tombs; when thou shalt-see the Battlements of Heaven on a

light

tight Flame, and the Air crouded with dazling Cherubims, and bright Attendants, the Glorious Train of a defeending Judge! When thou shalt hear the great and universal Groan of dissolving Nature, and see all the Noble and Beautiful Furniture of this spacious and stately Theatre, perish in the mighty Conslagration! When Hell shall yield up her Apostate Legions to their Doom, and the Seas and the Graves pour in upon the boundless Plain! When the united Shricks of despairing Worlds shall burst the Skies, and rend the Bowels of the Earth; 'twill he all to thee, my Soul, but the Joyful Signal, that that fair immortal Morn is come, in which this Body shall gloriously tife, and be reassumed to thy compleat Beatitude.

Nº 652. Monday, February 28.

Nimium ne crede Colori. Alba Ligustra cadunt, Vaccinia nigra leguntur. Virgil

HE Pearl Chamber being open'd on Monday last, for the Election of the Fair Candidates.

The Elections were as follow:

The Beautiful Simplicia, who is my Valentine, flood for the first Place, without any Opposition, and receiv'd first the unanimous Voices of all the Electors, and the Applause of the whole Assembly; so great a Command has Modesty over all the rest of the Female Virtues. She redden'd even at the good Opinion which the World entertain'd of her Virtue, and was in a great Consternation at her happy Fortune and just Success; what would have created Ambition in another, threw her into an amiable Confusion, who, in the pure Humility of her Heart, put a less Value upon her own Merit, than every one of her admiring Beholders

holders, that were proud of having fuch an inimitable Pattern of their Sex to grace the new Society.

I, with my own Hands, placed round her Neck

the Necklase, and upon her Arm the Locket.

I was ashamed of myself, that during the Execution of this Office, I should be seized with so inordinates Fit of Trembling; and just at that Time I arm'd my Countenance to undergo the Shock, with this Confideration. That tho' the Eyes of all present were fixed at that Time upon us, her Beauty might entertain 'em fo as to keep me unobserv'd, or, at the worst, that if they discern'd those little Convulsions upon me, they would effect it as:a Palfy, and caused by the Infirmities of my old Age; the I dare own, without thinking it any lessening to my Years, my Wisdom, or my Gravity, to love so perfect a young Lady, that those Tremblings proceeded from an Infirmity more incident to Youth. In fine, let the World of old Maids call it Dotage in rac, as some have already begun to do out of Spite, yet I declare I have a passionate Feeling within me, which my Love Casuist is pos'd to find an expressive Term for, whenever Simplicia is the Object of my Eyes or Thoughts; and I write this, because I don't care who knows it, if Simplicia will but hear of it among the rest. If she can esteem a Person, whom all the Old Maids, and, I may fax. without Vanity, some discreet Toung ones, could not part from but with some Regret, I shall presently be bound to leave off writing SPECTATORS with Variety, and forc'd, like Ovid, to one foft Subject.

In the next Election that came on, two Old Maids oppos'd and rival'd one another for the Priority of Admittance, because all the Ladies of the Pearl take their Places according to their Seniority in this Order, as is usual in others.

Mrs. Afterwit was heard; and she spoke as many good Things as could be expected from a Woman tha did not begin to make use of her Senses till after Forty

nor think in what Station she would lead the short Day of her Life; till late in the Afternoon, when Darkness was within an Hour or two of overtaking her.

Penitentia oppos'dher, but was excepted against by ... Mrs. Afterwit, as having been an insufferable Goquette, and laid about her unmercifully, when in full Power of blooming Beauty, and more tender Years...

Penitencia had a Tear standing in each Eye, and with a shrill and changeable Voice, she not minding her own Defence so much as Revenge, accused Mrs. Afterwise of having refused two or three suitable Matches, and brought one Evidence for what she said.

Mrs. Afterwit, to invalidate her Evidence, called in several Witnesses to her Reputation in that Point. Above all the rest, a Woman appeared, who owned her felf a Match-Maker, and faid the would be upon her Oath, that the had received three confiderable Sums of Moncy to procure her a young handsome Irish Fellow without a Groat; but all would not do, Penitentia caft a sharp fidelong Eye upon the Match-Maker, and not being able to contain her felf from breaking out into one of her discainful Airs: And pray, Mrs. Match-Maker (faid the) was not be brought to ber on. purpose to be refused? Did she not set off her prudential Conduct by it in all Companies, for ten Years together? If I ben't mistaken, Temploy'd you to get me many of the fame kind. At the fame Time the Match-Maker could not well deny it, but faid, the believed the Reafon was the Man didn't like ber. However, being loth, in such an important Affair, to rely altogether upon the Veracity of a Woman, whole Buline's hath been to make false Oaths and Vons for other People all her Life-time. I approach'd Mrs. Afterwit, and putting on ray, Spectacles, I faw the Decays and the Ruins of a very fine Face, that I knew, and upon a little Recollection. I called to Mind that she was Two and twenty Years ago deep in the modifi Affectation of an errant Prude.

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They were both of them thrown out, and idjudged unqualified, and went away with very doleful Countenances; and an beneft ugly Maid, that really could not get off, was choien. Their Pleadings on both Sides were to long and tireform, that when they

ended, our Affembly rule for that Day.

We have, fince that, at a new Meeting, thought it proper to dispatch the Young Virgins first, then the Widoms, and the Old Maids last, because they are like to be so very tedious and vexatious, that I am afraid I shall scarce be able to find out seven right ones by Lady-Day. 'Tis just, that since they have stay'd so long without any Reason at all, that they should have a little more Patience, when there's so good a Reason for it.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Remember you formerly found fault with my Handy-Work, for representing, in too effeminate a manner, some of those Military Persons, whose Effigies I made, and whose Monuments I erected in the Abbey. In that I commonly follow'd what I thought the Genius and Fancy of the Person when alive. There is a famous Knight of the Fraternity of the Sword, who has really behav'd himself so well abroad, that he deserves a Place in the Abbey, and he is so very ancient, that I am perswaded he will be very shortly where he deserves. I know I am to make his Monument; and that Posterity may not blame the Artist's Baney, if the hardy Knight be placed in a Wooden Coach, 'fapan'd and Flower'd all over with Golden Figures of the New, the Half, and Full Moon, the Sun, and all the Stars of the Firmament, strangely mingled with Birds and Butterflies, instead of an Old Roman Chariet, that carry'd upon it nothing but two Scythes of Destruction, screw'd on each fide, to mow down Armies. I do affare the Publick, and you, Mr. Spectator, that he is to be feen in it every Day he lives. (15 day but on I apply of

are ar he as a with Your Servant,

W. B. Eriday,

Nº 653. Friday, March 4.

Drury-Lane, Feb. 28. 1714.

SIR,

OR the Benefit of those that are under your Direction, I crave leave to erect for their Imitation, the Characters of two of the most God-like Women, that the present Age has given Existence to; and these Ornaments to the Posterity of Adam, happen'd not to be Moderns only, but of the very Country that gave us our first Breath, which an Honour that other Nations in After-ages may Dispute with this, with the Fervour which attended the Ancients in their Disputations upon the Birth of Homer, if the Story should be transmitted to them, You are to know, that a Nobleman, of one of the best Families in this Kingdom, was blest in Marriage with a Lady, who by the Benevolence of a kind Providence, was the Repository of all the Qualities. of Body and Mind, that are defirable by one that. would find Friendship and Felicity in a Wife; but it; ' so happened that, in respect to her Affection and good Manners, were wanting in his Lordship; but she. by an happy Education, being Mistress of her Dury towards God, never, not under the severest Usage, · flackned that Obedience which she had Religiously contracted to pay to her Lord.

'In Process of Time, a Separation was suggested to his Lordship, who took a speedy Occasion of signifying it to his Lady; who at the first hearing ceased to be Mistress of her self; but a little Recollection restored her the Life again, which this Severity had taken from her; and after some Tears had lessen'd the Weight that was upon her Spirits, she threw her self at the Feet of her Lord, and faid, I deserve a Discipline from Heaven, and it may be the Will of God, that I should undergo this Punishment; but it does not appear to me, that I have deserved it at the Hand of your Lordship; but since I cannot doubt of its being your Desire, to which it has been the Care of my Life to pay an exact Conformity, to this, the most unwelsome Reproof that ever did attend me, my Compliance is ready, and in respect to Time, your Lordship ' (hall be obey'd.

'Separation succeeded, and my Lord allowed her in proportion to her Quality, for a Time; but at length he shorten'd that, commanded her to retire from her Acquintance, and to renounce her Quality, that it might not be known in her new Neighbourhood, who she was: The poor Lady, who had read many hard Lessons in the School of Obedience, resign'd without Complaint, to the Will of her Tyrant; but my Lord by Clipping her Allowance in a gradual Way, deprived her of the Convenience of a Ser-

vant, and in a short Time a Report of her being Dead circulated through the Town.

When common Fame had kill'd her, my Lord mourn'd in Form, and with Decency; but affured her at the fame Time by the Hand that convey'd her Quarterage, that he would totally restrain, even that, if ever she offered to rise against this Report:
Obedience she very well understood, and observed, so that no Question was made of her Death.

'In some time after, a Gentleman gave my Lord an Invitation to a Supper: An Accident led him through the Kitchen, where he saw a Lass, that immediately struck his Fancy: His Passions rose, and brought

brought him back to her, and a Salute was attempted; which she relisted with so much Modesty and Good Mamers, as gained upon him to a Degree that kindled a Desire of making her his Wife, and he immediately proposed it to her; to which she said, My Lord, the wast Disproportion that is between me and your Lordship, with the Stain that must accrue to you, renders it almost impossible for me to believe it your Intention; and I trust that the Goodness of God will skreen me from the Sin and the Disgrace of an immodest Action. The good Sense, the Simplicity and Gandour of the Woman strengthen'd his Propensity, and he ardently reply'd, that he intended nothing worse to her than Marriage, which, if she consented, should be consummated within the Week.

The Ceremony pais'd in a few Days, and her Deportment, grac'd with Piety and profound Humility, attracted the Esteem even of those that knew her not; and the Report of the former Lady's being dead never met with Contradiction; so that this was every where received for the real Lady, and was visited and respected by all the Ladies of Dun-

lita

After this Marriage, my Lord totally neglected his former Lady; who for a Time had no Food but what came from a Credit that was given her by a

generous and compassionate Tradesman.

The Neglect of my Lord continued, the Debt well'd to the Sum of ten Pounds, and my Lord's Care being wanting in the Payment of it, the good Lady went to the Creditor, and faid, Sir, I am largely indebted to you, and my next Care is, how to discharge my Obligation; mine is not a common Case, and under a full Assurance of Secrecy on your Part, it is that I tell you, that I am the Wife of a Nobleman, who cahabits with another Woman, and, by Neglect, has reduced me to the last Extremity of Want; but my greatest Concern is for you, and your Advice is requir'd in the Case.

'Madam, said he, permit me to arrest you, and suffer your self to be ill used by the Officers under the Window of your Lord; but assure your self, that it should be my Choice to lose my Debt, rather than you should have ill Treatment; and this should not be my Advice, had I not a View in it to a greater Good to

your Lady hip.

The good Lady confented: The Officers feiz'd her: And as they were leading her over Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, against my Lord's Lodgings in Holbourne-Row; the poor Lady refused to go any further, upon which the Officers in their merciless Way, began to drag her, tore her Cloaths, pull'd her Hair about her Shoulders: The People gather'd, a great Noise ensuing, the Reputed Lady heard it, and ran immediately to a Window of the Dining Room, out of which the law this Afflicted Object: She ordered her Woman down Stairs, to enquire into the Meaning of that-Disorder; who returned with this Answer, That it was a poor Gentlewoman under an Arrest for ten Pounds, and the Officers were leading her to Prison. O flop them, faid the Lady, I'll pay the Debt; bid. one of the Officers come up. When the Officer came, Why are you so cruel, faid she, to that poor Gentlewoman? She is our Prisoner, said he, and because the Debt is not paid, the Plantiff has ordered her to the Marshallea; The refuses to go, and we are obliged to use Violence, for it is our Duty to carry her. over. Here is your Debt and Charges, faid the Lady, and let your Prisoner come to me.

When the Officers were discharged, she turned to the Distressed Lady, and said, Madam, you have the Look and Manners of a Gentlewoman, which aggravates my Concern for your deplorable Condition. Pray tell me who you are, and how I may convey to you, such Relief as you need in Time to come. Madam, said the poor Lady, your Charity will be very welcome to me, but I should be glad if your Ladyship would decline the Knowledge of my Person. No Madam, said she, I must know who you are, for I would

relieve

relieve you according to your Quality. Madam, 'faid the poor Lady, it feems a very hard Fate that a Person of your Virtue and Liberality, Should undergo the 'Affliction, that I am afraid will be given you, b Account which you require. Why, Madam, faid the Reputed Lady, should it give any other Concern, than that which is a Debt from me to every Object? Madam, faid the poor Lady, it too nearly concerns your felf. Nay then, faid the other, I demand it as my Right. If you will know, faid the good Lady, I am to tell you that I am the Lady C-n; and have a Right in your Lord before you, which I am perfuaded you are ignorant of; and if my Lord had continued to me but the bare Convenience: of Life, his Character (hould not have been darken'd by my Complaints; for I know that any Referement on my Part; would not prevent the Sin in my Lord, and on your Part there is no Guilt contracted, for the Report of my Death is your fustification in all that is past; and the Will of my Lord being the Rule of that Part of my Action, which relates to him, I was determined to a Compliance till absolute Necessity should force my Intention.

Madam, said the Reputed Lady, I will know the Truth of this Matter before I sleep; and de assure you, that if it shall appear to me, as you say, I shall not only renounce the Bed of my Lord, but do the best Offices I can toward your Reconditiation. I expect my Lord every Moment, and it may not be well for you, to be here at his coming in; but please to bet me know where you are, that the good Offices I intend you, may not be lost; and it is my Request, you would accept of this Purse, for you will find immediate Subsistance in it.

The poor Lady withdrew, and my Lord came home in a very little Time, who finding the Reputed Lady in great Affliction, asked the Meaning of that Disorder? My Lord, said she, a sad Accident has brought a Thing to my Knowledge, upon which I am to usk you a Question, and must conjure you to an-

fwer to it, as you will answer it at the Great Tribunal. Is your first Lady Living? After some Pause,
faid he, What, have you heard of her, Madam? My
Lord, said she, it is not an Hour since I paid a Debt
to rescue her from the Sherists Officers, who had torn
her Cloaths, and used the greatest Rudeness, because
she refused to go to Prison; and from her own Mouth
I extorted an Acknowledgement of her Quality and
present Condition; but it came from her with a Regret that seem'd to regard the Quiet and Credit of
your Lordship. So that from this Day I must forbear your Bed; but shall never be wanting in the best
Services I can contribute, and shall have no Enjoyment till you Cohabit with your Lady in Comfort.

She renounced his Bed, and prevail'd with him to receive his Ludy; and by her good Offices, their Peace was preserved till the Death of my Ludy. After which my Lord propos'd Marriage to her again; and

fhe then became his lawful Wife.

My Lord fettled 400 l. a Year upon her, which was the most his Estate could then bear; out of which, in Honour to the Family, she gave 300 l. to a Suffering Branch of it; and retir'd to a Cheap Country, that the 100 l. which remain'd to her, might carry her with Decency to the Grave; and about four Years ago she ended a Life that Edisied all that had the Blessing of her Acquaintance.

. This may be received for an undoubted Truth,

from,

SIR;

Your humble Servant,

the the bar experience are all trees T. W

Friday,

Nº 654. Friday, March 11.

Ducite ab Urbe Demum, men Carmina, ducise mount Daphnim, A statest promy Configuracing and Vigi

Sandred and end end of the Sandred - Washington

the Parties in heavy Repleted to the femilia A M now arriv'd at an Age that disposes a Per-fon chiefly to Contemplation; being past those trifling Enjoyments, which captivate the Hearts of Youth, and blind the Understanding; so that the Sense with which I observe human Things having its full Liberty, I can, in a more clear Light, diftinguish between the Passions of Man and Man; and as I see both Sexes furnish'd with Diforders of their own contriving, am naturally led into a Strife of Thought. whether in Justice I ought to pity or contemn them: However that is, Nature inclines me to the former, and I can no more Rifle my Compassion at a Story of a Person's Missortunes, than a Child can conquer his Tears when he is under Correction.

I must own the Follies of the Age, or the modern Fashion of Oeconomy, which is much the same Thing, is some Excuse, at least, for Persons unqualified for the Speculative Part of Conduct; and others are not wholly to blame, either for want of Theory or Practice, fince they only tread in the Steps of their Predecessors; nor indeed is it any great Wonder, that Persons of Sense, when they are young, are carried away by two fuch firong Motives as Custom and Inclination.

What gave me many of these Reflections was, the last Summer, being in the Country, I observed, as I travell'd the different Roads, several antient Seats, beautiful in Structure, and most of them in fine Situ-

ations, either by Advantage of being plac'd on a Hill commanding a various and distant Prospect, or surrounded with a noble Park, whose Pales, or Wall-Fence, in a spacious Spot of Ground, containing here a . Grove, and there a Plain; my Curiofity to know the Families they belong'd to, ever induc'd me to an Enquiry; but that I should meet so often with the same Answer surpriz'd me. In short, they were most of them. abandon'd by the Owners; whose Ambition to shine in our Metropolis, in the Fops Race of Glory, run out their Fortunes, and embrac'd their Ruin. When there is a Necessity for Persons to have Residence at Court, as being an Honourable Member of our Head, the Figure they make is reputable to our Country, and Grains of Allowance are always to be thrown into the Scale; but how ridiculous is it to fee People of moderate Estates, desert their paternal Place of Abode, who have no other End but a great Equipage, and are content to be at the Expence of three or four Hundred Pounds a Year for a Lodging, when they are Masters of a Palace in a fine Country, and can have fuch House-Room for nothing: Some of these who have Families, are attended with fad Circumstances, and one I am fure (not the least) is the poor Children, whose future Subfistance is no where to be found, but in the Accompt-Books of Mercers, Taylors, and Conch-Makers,

Had we a Court of Judicature, that might take Cognizance of fuch Evils, with Power to inflict Corporal Punishments on those who have Families, and live above their Forsumes, perhaps the Pain and publick Shame might be effectual; but then let us consider, if this is only imaginary, there is one to come, not fretitious, but a certain Day of Reckoning, where the strictest Justice will be done, and where, even their smallest Indiscretions, to the Prejudice of others, will be taken

Notice of.

For my Part, I am excessively pleas'd to hear a little Narrative in the Behalf of the Master of a House, when his provident Management, good Decorum, and Care of those under his Charge, is the Subject.

My

My Old Friend, Rurigenus, deserves this Character as much as any one, and it is very justly bestow'd on him, by all that have the Happiness of being his Acquaintance. I happen'd last June, in the Beginming of the Month, to be within a half Day's Journey of his Mansion-House, in the same Country where he lives; he has about Fourteen in Family, keeps a right Proportion of Ground in his own Hands, for Employment, frending his Time for the Profit of his House, and a just Regard for his Children; that is always the Example he has flewn to his Neighbours, who are all Inhabitants in a Country, about fifty Miles from London. One Morning, being very fine, I took my Horse to go thither; but when I was got within two Miles of my Friend's House, I could not contain my felf from alighting, by the fide of a River, to look upon a Profped which pleas it me; my Man walk'd the Horses whilst I continued to take a View of one of the most beautiful Landskips in the World: It was a Hill which I flood upon, and the Riaver ran at the Foot of it, border'd on each Side with a Row of Tall Trees, which grew upon a Pasture of a delicate Green, and even Turf; the Shade of those Trees gave a folemn dark Verdure to the Water, u lefs here and there an Opening let in the bright Reflection of the Sky, and chequer'd her with a sweet pale Blue. As my Eye ran, I could fee the farthest Hills tip'd with Gold from the Sun-Beams, and the Clouds beyond with different Lights, in fo many various Shapes, as it were Rocks and Plains, Groves and Hills, were all blended together; I discover'd new Beauties all around me, for the Soils conjoining, and each bearing an opposite Tincture to the next, became a Foil to set off one another: I had that Harmony of Peace within me at that Time, methought it was almost posfible for my Idea to have some Glimmering of the Tranquility and State of the first Innocents, the Parents. of Mankind.

When we were within Call, he, knowing me at the fame Time, stopp'd and faluted me with his Voice in the most welcome Manner, bidding me come into the Coach, that we might discourse the rest of the Way home: I obey'd, and found only his youngest Daughter with him, who is very pretty, and about the Age of Sixteen. After our Compliments were past, he told me, They had been to pay a Visit to a Neighbour, a wealthy Earmer, with whom he had just then concluded a Treaty of Marriage between this young Lady and the Farmer's eldest Son, who was newly arriv'd from the University, where he had compleated his Studies, and was now every Way qualified for a handsome Benefice, which his Father had provided for him. I could not help casting my Eyes upon this pretty Fair One now and then, as the Story was repeating, tho' I was concern'd to see the Confusion her Balhfulness occasion'd; and yet I own, I had a Delight to observe the little Contrivances she had to interrupt her Father; for the was continually dropping her Glove, her Snuff-Box, or her Fan. My Friend went on, and was pleas'd to tellme, I came very opportunely to do Honour to the Nuptials of his three Daughters: My Eldest, says he, is already betroth'd to a worthy Knight, and the Ceremony to be perform'd To-morrow: My Second I have also provided a Husband for; and though his Father is only a Yeoman of Kent, he has enabled his Son to make a good Settlement upon her; and all Hands are agreed to celebrate each Wedding, according to Seniority, and the Younger to be nine Days after the Elder. Thus, old Acquaintance, fays he, I have, by my Industry, compleated and fix'd, I may almost venture to

Say, a Period to my worldly Cares, my Sons being already married. I have now full Leisure to spend the remaining Part of my Life in Quiet, and give every Day up to the Author of my Being, to return Thanks for the many Blessings he has shower'd upon me.

I was prevail'd upon to stay at my Friend's Seat, and be a Witness to the Marriage of his three Daughters; and I confess I was wonderfully taken with those fair Ladies modest and dutiful Behaviour, who were all of them polite enough for the Town, without Coquettry; innocent, without want of Wit; and chearful, with a

becoming Decency.

P. Cale

What a happy Remain is this Old Man Possessor of, who has employ'd the past, in the several Duties of each Station; making a discreet Batchelor, a true Friend, a Kind Husband, a loving and a prudent Father: His Neighbours, his Servants, and the Country he belongs to, give him the Praises which are his Due; that he is Grateful without Trouble, Charitable without Vanity, and without Pride hospitable.

Monday,

Nº 655. Monday, March 14.

—— Vellent tibi Barbam Laseivi Pueri ——

Hor.

both the Vegetable and Animal Part of the World begin to sprout and blossom in their several Habits and Exterior Ornaments; I shall keep a strict Eye over my own Sex and Species, and narrowly observe the Growth of each Mode and Fashion in its earliest Bud, that I may regulate the Disorders of Dress, eorrest every Excrescence, and prune the Luxuriant.

Branches in the best manner I can.

As for the Ladies, they make such a Party among the Young Fellows, to support them in any Vanity they have a Mind to; that an Old Putt, fuch as they call me, and fuch as I am, with his large fententious Advice, is with great Difficulty admitted to Audience; and therefore I expect no more Regard will be had to me and my Cenforship, in the present critical Juncture of the High-Feather'd Head. (I will not fay what Evils the growing Grievance portends in the State,) than was formerly paid me, in the never-to-be-forgotten Affair of the Hoop'd Petticoat. I pretend not to draw. the fingle Quill against that immense Crop of Plumes, which is already risen to an amazing Height: And, unless timely fign'd by the bright Eyes that glitter underneath, will shortly be able to overshadow them. Lady Porcupine's Commode is started at least a Foot and a balf fince Sunday last; and where the Prodigy may end, it is impossible to tell, 'till after the great

Eclipse. Whether the Court of Montuzema, whence the Original of this Fashion was undoubtedly taken. had a Character for Genius in Dreffing, fufficient to recommend the Novelly to us, I cannot yet learn from any Accounts brought over concerning the Wardrobes of those Occidental Princes. It is however certain, that, as Things now stand, the Grievance of the immeasurable Petticoat, is hereby pinn'd down upon us for ever; it being absolutely necessary, to lay in a sufficient Store of Ballast, by way of Counterpoise for fo Gallant a Topfail. In what Condition the Feather Manufacture now stands, shall be enquir'd at Leisure. and how far the Volatile Species of Creatures, who move in a Region above us, will be able to supply the Tamer Brood of Sempstreffes, Milliners, and Tirewomen, with sufficient Stock in Trade, 'till the next Moulting-

The Sonnetteers and Madrigalmen of the Year enfuing, will have more to say of Flying Nymphs, and the Levity of the Sex, than at any time since the Protoplass: But so long as the Commodity circulates, and the Whalebone of the Petticoat comes round into the Fan, and the Outside of a sine Lady's Head into the Inside of her Pillow; or, if Fate so order it, to the Top of her Herse, there is no great Harm in the Consumption; and both the Milliner, Upholsterer, and Undertaker, may live in an amical Correspondence,

and mutual Dependence on each other.

From this lofty Subject, I descend to my own Sex; and beg leave to offer a Word or two in the behalf of all the well-dres'd People of Great Brisain, against any Innovations, which either the Court, or the Company of Taylors, may possibly meditate to their Disadvantage. The Habits of our Gentry, for these two Years last past, as I am bold to express it, during the whole Time of my Administration, have been so exactly decent and agreeable, so conform to all the strict Rules of Order, Beauty, and Frugality, that I here positively declare, I shall look upon every considerable Alteration, which may be attempted upon the Cont, the Hat,

the Wig, the Cravat, the Glove, the Stocking, or the Shee, now being, as little less than a High Crime or Misdemeanor. Even Canes and Swords shall continue as they were, and not a Patent for any Discovery in Snuff-Boxes shall be issued, after the Five and twentieth of this Month. Experience hath convinc'd me, that every Age of our Sex might come into the established Modes, without being indecent or difagreeable; and every Order of Men, both in middle and upper Life, without being extravagant. given no Indulgence (whatever may be pretended to the contrary) for any Sort of Drefs that might diftinguish between Gentleman and Gentleman; and as for those Knights who have a Title to a Ribbon, or those Esquires and Captains, who are still willing to retain the common Appellation of Mr. I shall not fuffer them to exhibit their Pedigrees or Commissions upon a Pocket or a Coat-Sleeve. There is not a manly Beauty belonging to our Sex and Nation, which may let off a Scene to Advantage in the Dress of One thousand seven hundred and fourteen: All the agreeable Shapes, Features, Motions, Altitudes, and Gestures, which Art or Nature could furnish us with, were placed in the fairest Light, and appeared the most genuine and taking, under that Drepery. The Silken, Woollen, Linnen, and Leather Manufacturies, seem'd to be all work'd up by the most confummate Rules of Painting and Statuary; and shall I, after this, permit the mechanick Managers of the Sheers and Sciffars to firike Strokes, and come with their boafted Airs, Cuts, and Flourishes upon us, to make Mankind the Patterns of their arbitrary Fantastick, and put their Betters into their Livery? Not a Button shall be introduc'd without my Inspection; and let me see the bold Artificer, who shall tie a Knot upon a Free-drest Subject, without good Authority for fo doing! I abominate that wretched Pretention of theirs to fomething New and Pretty. That something New is the standing Recommendation of all the Monsters that ever were imported into Fleet-Street; and the Orator to the great Booch in Smithfield.

Smithfield, draws in Company by the eternal Din of — The like never feen before. A few Allowances shall, however, be made for the Humour of Novelty, and the prevailing Temper of our People: For this Reason I bore so long with the Red Scollop upon the Shoes of the last Year, and with several violent Cocks of the Hat, which are since fallen off themselves. But for the standing Wardrobe of all my candid Readers, upon the first Notice of any notorious Invasion or Imbezzelment which may be offered atto their Prejudice, I will take care to redress them to the utmost of my Power, and let loose all my Censorial Indigna-

tion upon the Heads of the Offenders.

Whilft I am upon this Subject, I must be more particular, with regard to three several Orders of Men: the Fop, the Beau, and the Well-drefs'd Gentleman. who feem to differ as much from one another, as the good Scholar, the police Gentleman, and the Pedant. The well-dress'd Gentleman adapts the Fashion to his Person, his Fortunes, and his Rank among Mankind; and is neither forward to come into, nor is fervile in his Compliance with Custom: He fusters no surprising Alterations to be made in his Manner of Dreffing, nor observes the Extremity and utmost Punctitio. On the other hand, the Beau gives up both his Fortune, Station, and Person, with every Shape and Feature about it, into the Hands of his Taylor and Peruke-Maker, is the exact Copy of what they call the High Mode, even to a Button-Hole, and keeps close to each Addition and Amendment, that every curious Editor of his Person is pleas'd to publish. Hence it was that Beau Hatchet made fo wretched a Figure about feven Years ago, with his three Inches of Face Diameter, under the intolerable Load of Perriwig, which was then imposed upon the Necks of our People; and to this we must impute the glaring bloated Appearance of Dick Blubber in the last Year's Diminutive Robe, that only serv'd as a Border to a Foot and a half solid of the freshest Cheeses that ever arriv'd from Somersetshire. But my Business at present is not with these Sparks:

I descend from them to that wretched Creature the Fop, who thinks he is at the Head of the Fashion, and yet falls as much on one Side of it, as the most aban-

don'd Sloven does on the other.

This diverting Mortal has indeed his Ends, and stands distinguish'd among his Species; but is insensible of the Effect, which that Notice produces amongst Mankind. He leaves the Beau just at the Extremity of the Model, and skips over that Boundary into a large Field of absurd Vanity and Extravagancy. how minute a Circumstance does this important Character depend! His Speek of Entity is no more, perhaps, than a Pair of Fring'd Gloves, or two Pearlcolour'd Stockings under deep Mourning, or a Patch without the Excuse of a Pimple. There is Will Instep. with his red Tops, who passes only for a Beau, whilst the same Colour, carry'd down to the Heel, makes Tom Trippit an egregious Fop. I must dissect this uncommon Butterfly the Fop, to shew him in his full Proportion: But the old Fop being the most extraordinary of his Kind, I shall begin with him, by way of Terror to all unhappy young Men, who may posfibly be seduc'd into the same evil Courses by his Example.

Whether Foppery in old Age be a Branch of the fecond Childhood, I shall not now examine. Some of those delicate Veterans who profess'd an Aversion to a Luc'd Coat at Five and twenty, have been known to Thine in Brocades after their Grand Climasterick; and others have carry'd on the Humour of Dress to Improvement and Decay, through every Stage of Life. We have seen a well-dress'd Gentleman of Twenty, a Beau of Thirty, and a Fop of Threescore, all in the Person of Sir Barnaby Birthnight. What an agreeable, clean, elegant Creature is that Tom Sarcenet of the Smyrna, array'd in all the costly Simplicity of a single Citizen's Shop? Tom has been married these three Years; and yet at this Time, one entire Round of Orrice from the Bridal Petticoat, is most ornamentally affix'd to a Beaver of his Father's, of no ordinary Di-

mensions.

mensions. With what Face can I entreat dear little Dick Dimple, to spare me one of those black Spats, which at present stain his Chin, till I have first remov'd that enormous Patch from Sir Simper's Forehead, where it fits triumphant, upon an Eminence, with two capacious Wrinkles underneath it? Whac adds to the Guilt of these Practices is, that the hardened Crimmals of this fort, are, of all Men, the most severe in censuring Youth, for that very Fault, in which they too closely follow their own Example. Their Partiality, on this Account, hardly suffers them to diffinguish between the well-dress'd Gentleman and the Beau, tho' they very feldom care to trust a Daughter, or an Estate in such Hands. I know they have aften quoted me upon these Oceasions; and therefore I shall make use of the Authority they have given me against themselves, to correct this Exeresence in their Decay, and pursue it through all its minutest Fibres and Branches.

Charles Transfer, of the Alley, fince the filling up of his Plumb, and the Complexion of his fiftieth Year, has taken one fingle Wig three several Times to Pieces. Charles looks with Pity upon every Full-bettom that makes its Entry into Garroway's: And yet I know the Vanity of his Heart; that Stream of Hair which dangles from the Mole under his Left Check, is as dear to him as twice the Number of Hairs to a Spanish Grandee. When I write the Rape of the Whisher, I shall make honourable Mention of Charles

in the Preface.

I have seen the Inside of that portentous Velves Bag, which encloses the lower Half of an antiquated Natural, that has, for so many Summers, shaded the Phyz of Old Rusty of St. Giles; and I here openly declare, that the Locks which lie conceal'd upon his Shoulders, are to the full as well frizz'd, and in as good a Condition as the Foretop; so that I cannot set up the said Bag to the Account of Frugality; and in my humble Opinion it might be more commodiously dispos'd upon the two Sleeves of his Surtous.

Fack

Fack Cavent, of the Commens, is defired to restore that blazing Buckle, which now glitters in the Front of his Beaver, to its Primitive Station at the end of his Lady's Girdle. I give him till Sunday next to make the Restitution aforesaid.

With what Care have I beheld Sir Fames of the Refloration display his Arm before the Ladies; though his Two Iffues lie within Three Inches of his Gun-Powder

Spots.

If Colonel Kaynsom would take the Embroider'd Clocks out of his Stockings, or the Feather out of his Hat, he would be the best drest Fellow of Fifty Six

that ever resided within the Verge.

Cockle, of Covent-Garden, is the only Vertuoso of his Years, who wears an exorbitant Full-bottom always behind. By which Disposition of Things, a very Large Pearl Ring happens to come in View: And this Utenfil is not half the Incumbrance to his own Ears, that the History of it is to the Ears of all others, who think it worth their while to make an Enquiry about it.

The Black String, that falls down fide by fide, with the Cravat of the Oldest Standard in Squire's Coffee-House, would appear to as good Advantage, but not half so much Admiration, if it were carefully divided between his Wrifts, by even and equal Portions.

Old Pikestaff of the Meuse, whose History commences from Marston-Moor, presents you with a large Fring'd Sword-Knot, just as you salute him to the Left. Dost thou know, thou Illustrious Veteran, that the Furniture of thy Sword attracts more Eyes, than ever the Blade of it dazzl'd? What Title can that Trenchant Weapon have to the Garters and Favours of the Fair Sex, that have made so many Women Childles?

Friday,

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Nº 656. Friday, March 18.

Aut cupimus?

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Tuven.

Mongst the Variety of Benefits given to Human Nature, that Thing call'd Hope is one of the most necessary; for without it we should be unfurnish'd, and the Machine of Man must be as useless as a Watch without a Spring, because the Loss of one, as well as the other, destroys the Primogeniture of Motion. But I am perswaded there are such Degrees, that some Persons (from what Cause I know not) possess a much larger Share than others; one fort, which is of the greatest Bulk, proceeds from vain Desires, and it is not hard to observe that Conseit and Opinion are the Parents of such Hopes: However, either of them are bred, each nourishes the Possessor, and those who abound in that mellishous Spirit, distinguish themselves by a Chearfulness peculiar to their Countenance.

In that Part which relates to the pleasing our Inclinations, old Cynthia is an Instance, that creates Admiration in People who are acquainted with her Age and Perfon; and really to find that exuberant Fancy in a Woman quite decay'd, yet daily expecting an Address from some Admirer, when she has not the Shadow of one Allurement; and to see how she builds a Pyramid of Hopes, without the least Basis or Foundation, is preposterously comical, and yet violently entertaining. They say, ever since she began to wrinkle, which is twenty Years ago, her Tours about the Town admit of no Abatement, and she continues sanguine enough still to expect a Lover. This Romantick Creature extracts a Happiness to herself out of the most preposterous Obstinacy

F

in Nature; for the can apply the passionate Letters in a Novel as meant to her; and the reading of one will frequently engendera Delight to pen the An/wer, which, as her Humour happens, shall be either to distain or appland her fictitious Hero: She has a thousand amen rous Verses by heart, that, by often repeating in a mournful Accent, puts her a dreaming, 'tis her own Worshipper in Despair, and continues all that Day transported with this Delution; but upon every Interval, in which she is reduced to the unwelcome Task of considering her want of Merit, Impatience heightens her to have Recourse to any Invention, that may infatuate or supply a Vacancy from Hope, and she had rather flatter herself with an imaginary Performance of her Desires, than yield to Truth, or any Thing Repugnant to her Inclinations. One of her own Sex, a Strong-Water Confident, reported to some who brought the Tale round to my Acquaintance, a merry Intrigue of hers, which was, That this exorbitant old Lady Cynthia, not many Months fince, enter'd into fome verbal Articles with a decay'd School-Master, to invent and pen three Letters a Week, whose Subject was to be Addresses of Courtship to her as from a Nobleman. The Man's Poverty wrought upon him to comply in every Particular: He was likewise to personate the Messenger; to which end the provided him a fecond-hand Livery, to appear before her when he was fent upon his suppos'd Errand: The Pay was to be quarterly, at the Rate of fornething more than eighteen Pence a Week. Thus was this industrious Indigent to exercise alternately the Labours of Mind and Body, for that wretched Stipend.

I can but guess at the Pangs of so unusual a Labour of the Brain, as was necessary on these Occasions to feed the old Lady's Humour, and himself with Bread. But the Fellow, who liv'd at Stepney, and was to walk three Timesa Week to the further End of St. Giles's in the Fields, which were certainly no small Journeys, was to stand the Brunt of all Rants at his Entrance upon Visiting Days, at which Times she would frequently sling something at his Head, and tell him, His Lord

wanted

wanted Respect, after she had given an absolute Refusal, to trouble her so often with two Impertinences, his superannuated Footman, and his odious Declaration.

This feign'd Anger, became at last a real Misfortune, through a full Discovery of the whole Project; for it happen'd, as this poor Proteus was upon one of his accustom'd Perambulations, he was taken sick at St. Catherines, and weary'd and satigu'd out of his Life, expir'd and dy'd a Martyr to her Humour, upon Tower-hill; some Persons who own'd him, sound the following Bill in his Pocket, inscrib'd thus;

Madam CYNTHIA, ber Quarter's Bill, due to me ISANC FERRULA,

Imprimis, for Composing and Writing

Six and thirty Love-Letters in a New and Passionate Style, directed to Madam

Cynthia, at 6 d. per Letter, amounts to

Item, For carrying every single Letter my own self at Three Pence each.

Allow'd me for Contingencies, viz. Shoes

Soaling and Heel-piecing; ditto Ale a

Pint once a Fortnight.

Total, 01 11 7½

I have been inform'd fince, that the Widow of the deceas'd was forc'd to Profecute Madam Cynthia for Non-Payment, and her Counfel having advised her to take new Measures to discover the Fraud, it being not under Black and White; it is now seriously thought it

will come to be a Chancery Bufiness.

With as strong a Power as Hope operates in the Mind of a Person, Fear, on the other hand, where it has the Mastery, shews as great an Authority, and exercises its Dominion so Tyrannically there, that any Body, under this latter Calamity of Passon, ought nost to be the Object of our Pity, especially when it comes by Education; for then, it is hardly to be rooted out; for having been mingled with the tender Senti-

The SPECTATOR Nº 646

ments of Childhood, and receiv'd an Impression, it fometimes grows to long, till it comes at length to

be part of the Constitution.

I am forry, when I behold the untoward Diftemper, that Paffion has rais'd in my Friend Claudio: He poor Man, although he has been always Mafter of a plentiful Fortune, and of sufficient Prudence also to preserve it, has not been able, these Fifty Years, to obtain an entire Conquest over that slavish Companion, which is the only Cause why he is subject to continual Suspicions: Thus not an Accident can come to pass in his Family, but he takes it all for Delign, and obstinately avers, It was done on purpose, in that seeming accidental Way, by the Artifice of an Enemy. He never had a Horse Lame, but he accused his Groom of Bribery, and thought that a Neighbour tamper'd with the Fellow, in a Conspiracy to get him a Pennyworth for himself: He has several times chang'd his Servants all round, and still they are all Rogues, as they ever were, and, I am afraid, will and mult be. Once he told me, he was refolv'd to pull down his Old Country Seat, and build a New one in its room; and did carry it so far as to consult with a Master-Builder. As foon as the Undertaker had fumm'd up the Charges according to the Draught, Claudio would have flung in an additional Part to the nominal Price, which the Builder rejected, unless he would have it done Slight; which unlucky Word rais'd a Conceit in my Friend, that he was a Mercenary Fellow, who, to fave Stuff, would contrive a House that might knock his Brains out when he was afleep, Many times People have advis'd him to Marry, but none could ever gain to much of him, as to hearken to the most advantagious Pro posals, for fear, I suppose, of several other Fears; and this, in my Judgment, is the wifest Thing that a Mar of his Temper could do. A great Part of this Gentleman's Life has been engag'd in the Study of Phylick that, when he may have occasion for a Galenical Pre paration, he may be able to compound the Drugs him self, and not to run the Risque of being sent out of th

Nº 656. The SPECTATOR.

World either Experimentally, or by Design: Your Barbers he looks upon as a bloody Set of Fellows, and will have no Acquaintance, upon any Terms, with

any of that keen Corporation.

Thus this poor Rich Man is in a worse Condition than a common Beggar; for his Suspicions prevent his Enjoyment of the most Innocent Diversions, and what the Wretched can't arrive at, he dares not purchase; so in reality the Vagrant is the happier Creature of the two, for he has learn'd to be Content without, what the other is not fatisfied without or with: Poor Old Man! I pity him, because I know 'tis a Malady in him, which I am fure he himself cannot cure, and which, I am forely afraid, I try in vain to perform.

This Imbecility of the Mind, makes a Person the most Unfociable of the Human Species, living always in an Intrenchment carv'd out of his own Fears, and defended against his Fellow Creatures, as if they were. join'd in a Confederacy, and were resolv'd to try every Stratagem to destroy him. All the Talents he might be Master of for the Improvement of Mankind, are buried in him, and he is of less Use to the Worls than

an Animal.



out the first our list first or wood I as the Water in more Charles I know a figural kind to souther the ferril at landish event from a

reason I to concrate: I am' blover in Passe when-

ted to data make at the storage erowh t

- Lan of red bler line . F 3 careo) deer Monday, the reprov'd are much, and bid me, if I would,

Nº 657. Monday, March 21.

Vulnus alit Venis, & Cace carpitur Igne. Virgil.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Am that unhappy Lover, who groan under the inexpressible Affliction of beholding my Rival in the best Graces of my Mistress. I flatter my felf, that, when I shall have told you my Cafe, you will have as much regard to the Request I am a going to make to you, as my Heart defires. All the Alldresses, which I have long paid to this Witty and Beauteous Maid, have been offer'd to her in a very few Words; but in ten thousand Looks, Gestures, &c. that were the filent Testimonies of that most noble kind of Affection, which is compos'd of Reverence and Ame. I always tremble at the Approach of her whom I so venerate: I am all over in Fears whenever she is present, but wish to be again so in those Fears, whenever she is absent; I speak of her before I think on't, when Lam alone, and it fignifies nothing; but I cannot speak to her when I may, but can only think in vain that I should speak. My Pert Opposer, who has so little Passion for her, that he can express it as easy as any other indifferent Matter whatsoever. hath unjustly got, by a strange Fatality in my Love, this Advantage over me, that He appears to her the wifer Man, and I the Fool. Often has fhe rally'd me, and told me my Character in fuch Words, as I know he must have dictated to her in the Malice of his Heart: Indeed, I took Courage once, and told her so, and-But the reprov'd me much, and bid me, if I would,

take my Revenge, write the Character of my Rival, if I had any Thing to alledge against him, and she would read it.

When I came home, I call'd for Pen, Ink, and Paper: The first Thing I did, and the very first Thing I pen'd, was a Challenge: I tore that, and had just fent another by a Friend: Straight I consider'd 'twas against her Otders; and by that Time he was got down Stairs to the Door, I call'd him back, remanded it from him, and throw it in the Fire. Then I sat me down, and refolved to write his Character: The first Word was, He's an ill-natur'd Fellow; I blotted that out for a fuffy and blunt Expression; next I call'd him an empty Coxcomb, and blotted out that as Ribaldry rather than Satyr; then I nam'd him an ughy Fellow; and blotted that out too, as meer downright Railing. I threw away the Paper, and delpaired of doing any Thing, and took up a French Author to read, in order to cool and compose my felf. Good Fortune threw me upon a Page, wherein the merry witty Author had fet himself the same Task in a fictitious Way, as mine was in a real one: I read it with Pleasure, and the Description of his Riwal fitting mine exactly, I had just Reason enough left to speak his Sense in my own Language, and to defire of you to publish it, for my Benefit.

Callsta, you are the most ingenious Person in the World at tormenting one. Tis a great Pity truly, that you was not Daughter or Wife of one of those Emperors, who made it so much their Business to find out new Punishments for the Persecution of poor Christians: You would have made wonderful Progress in that commendable Profession, and your pretty Inventions would have been Subjects of great Diversion to your Father or Husband: All the Tortures, Crosses, Sufferings, which made up the working-day Practice of those renowned Tyrants, had been but meer Mockery and Passime to the Torments of your Inventing.

Don't

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Don't you go the right Way your felf to fettle in me this Opinion of your Cruelty, by flewing me, that you know so well at present how to persecute those, who profess themselves the Subjects of your Reign? Was it ever in the Power of any Mortal breathing, barely to imagine fo cruel a Task as the forcing a Man upon the Panegyrick of his Rival? However, you put me upon these desperate Adventures. As you found your Adonis would make a good Picture, you order'd it to be of my Drawing; with this special Command, that my Jealousy should not make me pass by the least Ornament he has about him. I have you right, Califta, your Will and Pleasure is for me to represent him the very Man he is in your Heart, the selffame Person that your Eyes represent him to you, flatter his Imperfections, and make his good Qualities more and better than they are. I have all this to do to please you; but is it possible for me to please and displease you in a Breath? Do you know, Calista, what a wretched Piece of Folly 'twould be to form one's entire Discourse to the Mistrels of one's Heart, on the Porfections that are really due to one's Rival? How much more preposterous to shape a Lye to his Advantage?

Do you believe his Defert pleases me, because it charms you? Is it an Article of Faith? And must I needs make him my Idol, as you do? After all, have not I great Reason to put you upon a Footing with the old Tyrants? They persecuted Christians, because they would not fall down in Adoration to a false Divinity; the Injustice you do me, falls but a little short on't. But all that's nothing; you're my Sovereign, you have commanded it, and it is for me to obey, and to do your Commands; there is not one Torment or Affliction which can move me a Jot: Every Day of my Life could I freely sacrifice, and turn the greatest Pleasures into any Labours, that would render your Satisfaction the greater. I am a going to paint you your Adonis, and shall do what I can that my Jealousy

mayn't have a hand in mingling the Colours.

ADONIS,

A DONIS, is of a middle Size, well built, and free, without the least Constraint. The Mischief on't is. it does not hit the same with every Body. A world of Folks fay, They don't know, but he looks very little in their Eyes; but that's no matter, he has this Advantage in't, he need never fear being call'd a great As. He has white Hair, and the best of the Sort I ever saw, very thick, mighty handsome, extraordinarily long, and toppingly curld, even to the Height of the Fashion; and truly he may fay this of himfelf, that he has a very modify Head. A Man would have a fine time on't, to tell you that Hend is none of his own; twere plain Malice, downright Detraction. For my Part, I Vow and Swear, I had this from his Barber himself, who sold him his Perriwig, that he was mighty well paid for it. He has a round turn of Vilage; that may be the Reason, for ought I know, that sets his Head so fre-THE PARTY OF THE quently upon the Twirl.

n and the court belief the Talk

His Eyes are Blue, large and well fet: They don't look to have much Fire in 'em, tho', 'tis true, Califfa, that's when'they are by yours, and one ought to make no wonder of the Sears not shining when the Sun does. His Eye-brows are white, vastly large, and mighty thick, 'till the Tweezers have been in Play, which gives all those Enemies of his the Lye, who charge him with having a Face too effeminate. He has a middling Nose, but rather of the shortest, the very Reason, belike, that he does not smell any Thing at a Distance. His Mouth's very pretty, and blushes again with Red; but how should it do otherwise, and be guilty of so

much Impertmence?

As for Bodily Qualities, I do assure you, he is Master of many advantagious Ones. He has a very handsome proper way of Dress, and he may justly make his Brags, that he does not throw away the four Hours he takes up every Morning at the Toilet and Looking-Glass. He Dances to a Miracles, and there's this to be said of him, that provided he had but a little Portion of Mercury cury in his Brains, he has funk the Principal, with very

great Interest into his Heels.

As for his Courage, he has Heart enough for that matter, because he's a Gascoin; since he don't fear being a Lofer by't, a Trifle will put him upon the Hazard of his Life, because he know's the Hazard it self to be no better than a Trifle. He is Liberal even to Prodigality; he makes nothing of Entertaining daily with Ball, Wine, Musick and Masquerades; but fince his own Talents are not fit for Diversion, he does but de his Duty, by making it up in another kind: He is Candid, the Man is really no Diffembler: But Califta, those Folks, who always fay what they think, don't always think what they fay. 'Tis universally agreed upon by the World, that he is no Lyar; but then again, to lye handsomely, a Man must have his share of lively Thoughts, and the quickest of Memories. For Wit and Ingenuity, his Enemies allow him but a small Share on't; but he replies, he must have more than that comes to, to be in Love with you. Because he's told you are a lovely Creature; like a Bean, he makes himself over to the Fashion, and declares his Love for you, to be like all the rest of the Beaumond. 'Tis certain he is neither vers'd in Philosophy nor Rhetorick; the making a Verse, or any Scientifical Operations of the Brain, are strange Hebrew Things to him; he would perluade every Body, by the same Confidence that makes him think so well of himself, that he knows all this, and very much more; and, if, as one's Happiness consists in one's thinking one's felf Happy; one's Ingenuity and Science may as properly be faid to confift in thinking one's felf Ingenious and a Wit. Never was any Man a greater Wit than Adonis, because, I dare swear for him, no Body has outdone him in the great Thought which he entertains of him felf.

I must needs own, Calista, you're in the wrong, and very much to blame, to be so far accessary to his Folly, as to dandle him into it, out of too much Favour. He's own'd, on all Hands, to be devout enough, because he's always at Church when you are, and that's

pretty

Nº 657. The SPECTATOR.

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pretty frequently. He's as discreet as possible, and says nothing of those Favours which he never received from you. His Gonversation is agreeable to a very few People in the World; but that's nothing, he has the Advantage of pleasing you, and you are all the World to him. One can't well say, without flattering him, that he understands any Thing in the Art of Raillery; but tho' he did, one might say, thus kind of Raillery, take it at the best, is the worst fore of Detraction; and Detraction's always below a Man of Honour. He has one very ill Way with him; he'll hold you out a long Breath in his own Praise, and put in a Passion those very Persons whom he would make Laugh.

There, Califia, there's your Adonis his Picture, as I take it, as like as can be. I fear you'll not find him make fuch a fine Figure in these Colours, as he makes in your Heare. But upon my Conscience, and I must put you in Mind of it, Love is a flattering Painter, and 'tis a great Fault to give too much Credit, and be bigotted to the Pieces of his Drawing. However, it may be, my Jealousy, notwithstanding all I have done to hinder it from singering this Work, has not kept up so strictly to your Intentions. But when all's said and done, thus far the World will give it on my Side, and this will prove the Upshot of the Truth, that my Jealousy is more sincere and just than your Love, and makes me draw the Picture more natural, and nearer the Life.

W.



Friday,

formers of the swists which is the

Nº 658: Friday, March 25.

Non Fumum ex Fulgore, fed ex Fumo dare Lucem. Cogitat, ut speciosa debino Miracula promat.

T is a particular as well as a frequent Pleasure to me, now I am arriv'd at an Age, which makes every Object the Subject of my Contemplation; to get out into a Street of Commerce and Bustle, and sear myself in a proper Light, to take a diligent Survey of all the Living Figures which occur to my Sight.

The World is made up of such an Oglio of Creatures, and different Stations, as well as Natures, are so jumbled together, and intermix'd, either by the Attraction of Business or Pleasure, that I never fail of having all my Passions alternately entertain'd: What still contributes the more to my Amusement, is, that I am perswaded that I have so much Judgment in Faces, that I can read the Temper of every Man's Soul in certain Lines and Features of his Countenance.

I will not let the World into the System of what particular Rules I judge by; but only let them know with what Sentiments I peruse each respective Class of Men: I view one, whom my Judgment determines to be an Usurer, with a Spirit of Detestation: I immediately put on the Air of Serenity, when I perceive the Symptoms of good Sense and good Manners, unallay'd with Vanity or Ostenation: I contract my Brows at the Sight of a Sharper; and find my self touch'd with a sort of feeble Pityat the Approach of the Bubble whom he has abus'd: I contemn the Nonsense and Emptiness of a fluttering Fop, whose Lac'd Coat or Golden Chariot, are the sole Pretensions he can make to Respect:

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fpeet and Deference; then do I begin to think with Bruyere, That nothing should make us better comprehend what little Things God thinks he bestows on Mankind, in suffering them to abound in Riches, Money, great Preserments, and other Advantages, than the Distribution he makes of 'em, and the sort of Men who are best provided. But I am never more strongly mov'd at any Objects than those of Distress: There are Miseries in the World which would melt one's Heart; and I was this Day redue'd to Melancholy by my Compassion, on the Sight of a Fellow so meagre and worn with Afsliction, that he look'd like the very Soul of Powerty, or as if he was just crawl'd out of Trophonius's Den.

This Reflection, I must confess, ministered to my Diversion, as it recalled to my Thoughts, the Title of a Poem, which has sometime alarm'd me in the Advertisements, and is now made publick: As I am curious of seeing all new Productions of Spirit and Genius, I fent out my Servant for the Cave of Powerty. I could not form to my felf any great Expectations from its Name; but rather was at Loss to think how the Author could succeed on so odd a Subject. I have, fince the Perufal of it, retracted that Thought, and am now perswaded that the most barren and unpromising Theme, may be made copious. I have not been, to my Knowledge, more agreeably diverted in this kind, or more charm'd with the Force of Description, than in this Poem: As I have always profess'd my self an Admirer of Shakespeare, so I am ever pleas'd with a good Imitation of him: We have produc'd but few Writers that have labour'd to draw after his Style, or run into his Cast of Thought, and of those few some have come very short of making tolerable Copies. am too jealous of that great Poet's Honour, to let the Pretence only of an Imitatiation deceive me; but if Age hath not quite spoil'd my Taste of Poetry, I think I can discern the Race and Spirit of an Original in this Composition. The Description of the Ship inclos'd in Ice, and the Carriage and Distress of the starving Sai-

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lors, express the Vein of Shakespear so happily, that A cannot help giving 'em a Place in this Paper.

XVI.

Unlike the last Design, tho' next in Place,

A diff'rent Prospect of Distress is seen,

A stately Bark in distant Northern Seas,

Awaits a friendly Thaw, and Sky serene:

In vain she waits, the folid Frost restrains

Her lab'ring Keel, and binds in Icy Chains,

XVII.

Fast in the cold Confinement lodg'd she stands;
Her Crew desponding, on each other stare,
Mourning that Art, nor strong affishing Hands,
Can counsel or avail, as now they fare:
Their Course retarded, and Provision spent,
Prescribe Despair, and fatal Thoughts Forment.

XVWI.

There might you see a Sailor, with his Face
Intending heavy Plight, and wordless Woes,
In-ly debate the Hardship of his Case,
And curse the Cause to which his Fate he owes.
Blame niggard Fortune, that enforced him roam,
And would not grant a Sustenance at home.

Others

XIX.

Others aloft on Deck, One trembling Mate
With Daggers drawn purfue; who feems to plead
Against their murth ring Haste; to deprecate
His Doom, and urge the Guilt of their Misdeed?
Vain is the Rhet rick of his Eyes and Tongue,
His Death, the Life of others must prolong.

XX.

So nice the Painter's Art, it all supplies,
But Words, to breathe his agonizing Pain;
For Words, he drew such Passion in his Eyes,
As far above weak Language does complain;
Calls'em inhuman and ungentle Knaves,
Barbarians, murth'ring Carls, and savage Slaves.

I and a hought of points autmany order Digital-

What can my Blood, the Shadow feems to fay,
To your Relief contribute, when 'tis spilt?
Will staving off Grim Death a little Day,
Before just Heav'n, compensate for your Guilt?
O think, as Hunger will again invade you,
Your Turns will come, and let that Thought dif(swade you-

Nor is he less happy, in my Judgment, when Expressing the Hardships and Dangers which Men thro' Poverty undergo, he varies his Exclamations against her Rigour with these Verses:

Thro

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LXXXIV.

Thro' Thee, the half-stary'd Soldier sheaths in Arms
His rugged Limbs, and in the Casque his Head;
Thro' Thee, sustains the Foe-men's rude Alarms,
The Toils of Watching, and the Battle's Dread:
Now scorching with the Sun, that scal'd his Brain;
Now, stiff with Ice, and drench'd with chilling Rain,

LXXXV.

Thro Thee, the Sea-Boy climbs the giddy Mast;
And hears the furious Winds around him roar;
Beholds the whiten'd Surge; nor Gands aghast,
Whilst curling Billows lash the founding Shore:
Whilst black-fac'd Glouds ride o'er the troubled Sky
And murm'ring Deeps proclaim the Tempest nigh.

I had Thoughts of pointing out many other Descriptions, that equally engage me; by speaking of the many Topicks he has introduc'd; and the Variety of Inhabitants he has plac'd in his Cave: But I must make these Heads the Subject of some future Paper:

A fore jed. Here in, companishe for your Cast?

O think, as Harger will again invade you.



Monday,

Nº 659. Monday, March 28.

When for force Helley, to their felves und oc

--- Haret lateri lethalis Anundo.

to Lawford's intertaine full ordine the molecular to the

HE Lady-Day being now past, I am proud to let the World know that the Pearl-Chamber is full, and full too of Women the most celebrated for Wit, Virtue, and Beauty. These, sitting in their Order of Election, form such an agreeable and (plendid Assembly, that the Eye of Man can never look out any other Prospect, that will meet it with such sensible Pleasure. I am pleased to find two Men of Discretion are already touched by two of my PEARLS. and that they are so far gone, as to express their Minds in these kind of rapturous Versifications, which I did once look upon, as prancing upon a Pegasus, and making Love, as Spaniards do, a Hosseback. But I shall make great Allowances for the future, to the Extravagance of young Lovers, upon the bare Confideration, that Simplicial could make a Man of my Years write sparkishly, and beau it over again in Rhime. These poetical Performances of my Friends shall make up the Entertainment of the Day.

The first addresses me with the Extremity of Civility, and that soft Way of Expression, which is peculiar to a Lover; which from being continually used to his Mistress, grows to be in him so natural, that he betrays it to every Manround him whom he respects, without knowing it himself. However, as agreeable as his Speech seems to me, the Lady thought something, either in that, or in his Behaviour, not so to her, and deny'd her self to him. He, to regain Access, and reinstate himself again in her good Graces,

114 The Spectator. Nº 659. begs that I would infert the following Apology to his Clarinda.

To CLARINDA.

A S Souls when freed from Bodies, think to rife, Sure of the happiest Mansion in the Skies; When for some Frailty, to themselves unknown, Headlong they are hurl'd, like fall'n Angels, down; Startl'd, amaz'd at the unexpected Doom, Grieve at what's past, and shake at what's to come; Knowing no more the Guilt their Thoughts conceal, Than the uncertain Anguish they're to feel; (As Papists hold amidst the purging Flame, Which clears'em for the Bliss at which they aim;) Tortur'd with Absence from the bright Abode, Sight to return, and try the Heav'nly Road.

So I, if guilty of some venial Crime,
To me unknown, must suffer for a Time;
If deep in Flames of Love I'm doom'd to lie,
Flames pure as those with which the Martyrs die;
May hope, at last, amidst my dismal Pain,
To feel your Mercy, and my Bliss regain:
May hope, that when whole Streams of Penitence
Flow from mine Eyes for giving Yours Offence,
They may be bless'd once more with Joy to see
What they adore next to Divinity:
If I have err'd, this humble Boon I crave
Of You, too good to kill what You can save,

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To grant one Audience more, and hear me plead;
Why I should live, before you speak me Dead;
If after that you think I've any Guilt,
At Your bright Altar let my Blood be spilt.

The other sent some very good Lines to me, suppos'd to be written by a Friend of his, who express'd his Passion more to his Advantage, than he could have done with Modesty, if he had been forc'd to make mention of himself to her; and 'tis really an accurate and artful Way of Address; and therefore I will not say that those Verses, pretended to be done by a Friend, were entirely his own.

On PURVASIA's Singing.

NCE more the Fair Purvafia I address, And with her Name my joyful Numbers bless The Vulgar Nine, let others blindly chuse, Purvasia shall be both my Theme and Muse; The Arm'rous Ovidine ar had fuch a Choice. Angel in Pace, and Scraphim in Voice. Methinks when in the plainer Notes the fings The liftn'ing Angels, with expanded Wings Stir not a Plume, but rest amidst the Air. And in deep Silence learn to Copy her; But when the plays the Warbler with her Tongue. Myriads of Cherubs blend the double Song: Thus that the might the wond'rous Sex excell, Nature has form'd a double Miracle; Alike with Songs and Features you subdue, And all the Seraph is configu'd to you,

The SPECTATOR. 116 Like theirs, your Eyes are Flames of Heavenly Fire. Like theirs, your Mouth does Heavenly Strains inspire, Ev'n * P. whose thrilling Flure does all surpais, Not less admires your Musick than your Face. You vanquish'd him by his own Rules of Art, His Ears enliven'd, and yet kill'd his Heart. As when a Nighting ale that long had been sout a The First Musician to a Fairy Green; Heard Colin touch his facred Violin; Thro' all the Labyrinths of Sound did glide, But when the spending Breath no more supply'd, Forc'd out a last expiring Note and dy'd; Down on the fatal Violin did fall, And bleft with its last Voice its Funeral; So P. if with his daring Flute he vies, With your inimitable Harmonies; As fure upon your Breast he falls, and dies

I dare not now publish, as I intended, my own Verses upon the beautiful Simplicia. I am commanded to defer it to a further Opportunity.

A double Victim to to your Voice and Eyes.

'y Lan'ng Avgels with expanded Wings

* A very great Master in that kind of Musick,

Thus that the night the mondrous Sex ence

Nature has found to daille hilleds a

while our versual har goods laby will

Friday,

The SPECTATOR. 117

Nº 660. Friday, April, 1.

Landsto of the Whole before ton Eyes, and was

the images, there I was perfiveded I beard the March

then by relating the Impreficors it made upon me;

There is one I cannot more properly commend.

Captus Amore legat.

Have receiv'd feveral Letters within these four Days, reminding me that I am indebted to the Publick by a late Promise; and that my further Thoughts on the Cave of Poverty are impatiently expected. One of my Correspondents sends me Word, that he is strongly tempted, to remit me a Paper on the Subject, but that (to use his own Words) I had touched the Matter already so agreeably, that he was afraid of interpoling to the Prejudice of my Observations, and was willing the remaining Beauties of the POEM should be set out in the same advantagious Light.' Another, who fays, 'he is a constant Reader of my Papers, and has been a Traveller both by Land and Sea, tells me, the Description I quoted of the Ship's-Crews Diffress is very natural; for he ' and his Mates, in one Voyage he made, were so hard put to it for Provisions, that they began to talk of Eating one another,

I have made it an Observation, that Descriptions, work'd up with Art and Nature, affect all Capacities with equal Force; and he that has not enough of the Sublime in his Soul, to reach all the Poet's Art, will still have a just Sensation of the Painting, that comes down to the Level of his own Understanding, and represents Objects to him which are founded upon Nature, and his Mind is acquainted with. I took notice, in my former Paper, that there were many more Descriptions in this Poem, which are equally agreeable to

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me. There is one I cannot more properly commend, than by relating the Impressions it made upon me; the Situation of the Cave, the Haziness of the Air, the Wildness, and the desart Barrenness of the Profeet, are so aprly described, that I seemed to have a Landskip of the Whole before my Eyes, and was drawn into such an actual Resource by the Delusion of the Images, that I was perswaded I heard the Magpies chatter, and the Ravens croak, as the Author has fancied in his Third Stanza.

III.

Oft o'er the Moody Dome hoarfe Ravens fly,
The chatt'ring Magpye, and the Ribald Crow;
Oft hungry Weazels shriek, and Padocks die,
Thro' Famine, in th' unfurnish'd Vales below:
The Vales no V ital Nourishment produce,
Scant is their Grass, and venom'd is its Juice.

I thought I saw the horrid Retinue of the Goddess, and was introduc'd to her meagre Presence; then did I smile at her Throne of matted Straw, her Locks clotted with Filth, her homely Furniture, and her Glow-worm Illuminations. Could any Colours express the Idea of Poverty more to the Life than these of extream Need, and extream Nashiness?

From the Situation of the Cave, and the Description of the Goddess, the Author gives us a View of the various Pictures which spring round the Walls of her State Room. I have given you that already of the Sea Distress, and, I think, the Sketch of the Robberry, tho' more succinct, has a peculiar Beauty and Propriety,

note the content of the transfer of From

XXIIX

From pictur'd Ocean the delighted Eye Skips o'er to Landscape of some verdant Heath; On whose long Skirts full oft in Ambush lic The Sons of Rapine, threat'ning bloody Death: There, treach'rous Hedges and the winding Road, Befpeak the Robber's Haunts, and Theft forbode.

XXIII.

Torn from his Steed anon you might behold The frighted Traveller, befet and pale; Whom four-fac'd Ruffians that demand his Gold. With sharp Rebukes, and sharper Swords affail; Force is their Law, and pressing Wants inspires Their Breafts to lawless Acts, and foul Desires.

From the Pictures, by an easy Transition, the Poem flides on to a Detail of the Effects of Poverty; where the Smiles of the The falian Witch, and Cretan Labyrinth, are interwoven with much Justness; and the Descriptions of the Man embarassed with Debts, and the other purfued with Wants, which he labours to conceal, are truly poetical, and breathe the very Soul of Shakefpear.

XXXII.

Hence one, with ashy Cheek and haggard Eye, The inward Labour of the Soul betrays; While Debt does with incessant Horrors ply The haunted Wretch, and curses all his Days; Rides him in Dreams, and harraffes his Nights. With Tip-staves, and imaginary Frights. Hence

XXXIII

Hence one, with fallow Face and gloomy Air,
Turns to the Earth his discontented Eyes;
The Jaundice of his Thought-distracting Care
Makes him abhor the Sun and gaudy Skies:
Grim Begg'ry holds the meagre Wight in Chace,
Whose Pride contends to cloak his dire Disgrace.

I could willingly be much more large upon this Head of De criptions, but that I have two Subjects more in View, neither of which I must pass over in Silence. The Inhabitants of the Cave come first under Consideration: I cannot come to a Resolution with my self, whether his Fancy is most copious, or his Judgment most correct, in this Part of his Machinery. It cannot be expected that I should point out my Favourite Passages in this Place, unless I would transcribe twenty entire Stanza's together. There is a Fineness of Satyr in pleasing the ungrateful Inhabitants of the Cave; the Misers and Prodigals are here sharply reprov'd, nor would he make a more just Observation, than he had done on the Poets:

Others in Balance weigh'd with Skill profound, The Force of Sense against the Charms of Sound.

I must close this Head, with assuring the Readers, that they will be as pleasantly entertained with his Bedlams, Philosophers, Fortune-Hunters, and the rest of his imagi-

nary Inhabitants.

I have now gone thro' the first Part of the POEM, which is sufficiently enrich'd with Descriptions, and enliven'd with uncommon Invention, The second Part has it's Beauties of a different kind, and is fill'd up, in a great Measure, with Variety of Topicks, such as are no less pathetick than agreeable. Images and Similitudes

are

are liberally sprinkled thro' the whole, and pleasantly relieve the Gravity of the Sentiments. The Author has here propos'd to himself to set out the Plagues and Charms of Poverty; the unlimited Power and Advantage of Gold; and the Baseness and Villainy, to which the Desire of it betrays Mankind.

The Thought that Poverty will never let People Sleep by Night, nor Enjoy themselves by Day; is Spun out in a couple of Stanza's, that, to my Taste, have a par-

ticular Elegance.

LXXXII.

Thro' Thee, O rigid Queen of Phraseless Woe!

(Here previous Sighs prepare the sequent Sorrow,)

Our unhush'd Cares no gentle Requiem know,

Nor soft Reprieve from Slumber's Aidance borrow:

Like discontented Ghosts, in hideous plight,

Teazing the dreadful Dead of dark Midnight.

LXXXIII.

Nor when the hot and fiery pointed Sun
Has drunk the Morning's Silver melting Dews;
Is the fad Term of our Afflictions run,
But when the varied Time Distress renews:
Like gross and hardy Sp'rits that dare out-stay
The Verge of Night, and brave the glaring Day.

The Apostrophe to Gold, is the most exact Imitation of Shakespear I have seen; and every Line of it conveys a Moral, or speaks its Influence.

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XCL

O mighty Gold! Thou second Cause of Fate!

Thou blood-fought Blessing! Honour purchas'd Prize!

Thou precious Nourisher of sierce Debate!

Thou Idol of our Souls, and Joy of Eyes!

Great Mistress of our Passions! Price of Vows!

The gladded World thy rightful Sway allows.

XCII.

Blind Goddess of Desires! Thou Bane of Woe!
Balm of Affliction! Monarch of Content!
Nurse of Repose! Night-waking Sorrow's Foe!
Seas'ning of Health! and Pleasure's Instrument!
Possessing Thee, the Tear-distained Eye
Forgets to weep, and puts on Gaiety!

XCIII.

Possessing Thee, uncouth Events are check'd;
Time's Spite o'er-rul'd and Envy's Edge rebated;
The Death of Parents made of slight Respect;
Distress exil'd, and Dolour subjugated:
Possessing Thee, heart easing Comfort reigns;
Age feels not its Decays; nor Sickness, Pains.

No Body, I believe, can be less affected with the following Verses, that set forth what horrid Crimes are committed thro' a Thirst after Wealth, and how Virtue it self gives Way to its superiour Attractions.

CVI.

For Thee, the Robber's facrilegious Hand
Plunders the Shrine; for Thee, the Murth'rer stains
His Arm and Soul with Blood; at thy Command,
Sudden Rebellion frights the peaceful Plains:
Traitors, for Thee, in hortid Council sit,
And sconc'd in Night, on Kingdoms Downfals meet.

CVII.

For Thee, cold Modesty throws off her Veil,
Disdains the rosy Blush and down-cast Eye;
Wishful she listens to the Lover's Tale,
And fans his Ardour with an Am'rous Sigh.
Pernicious Gold, Thou Pois'ner of the Mind,
How do'st thou cherish Guilt of ev'ry Kind?

There are many more Topicks, which, oppos'd to one another, give great Variety to the POEM, and diversify the Entertainment. The Praises of Poverty are not less engaging, the Inventions that owe their Rise to its Inspiration, and the Ease and Tranquillity of a Mean and Obscure Enlivement, have the Graces you could wish, and instruct whilst they please you.

L.

Nº 661. Monday, April 4.

Homines ad Deos, nulla in re, propius accedunt, quam Salutem Hominibus dando.

Sudden Rebellion Higher the powerful Pit

Cicero.

Ανδρός δικαία καρπός αν ἀπόλλυται, Ανήρ δίκαι ες τος και ο μὴ ἀδικών, Αλλ' δσις ἀδικεῖν δυνάμεν Ε, ε βάλεται. γνωμαι έκ διαθόρων τοιητών.

Day rejoiced my Heart, when I found that Virtue, which hides a multitude of Faults, universally Reigning amongst them. They all of them recommended to me earnestly the Theological Virtue of Charity, as a Theme which I ought the more Elaborately to treat upon, because it is one of the chief of those bright Perfections, which are by the Imperial Foundress of our Order, requir'd most Eminently and Conspicuously to shine forth in a Lady, before she can be justly said to be Accomplish'd. It is indeed a Virtue peculiarly suited to the gentle Nature of the Sex, and in their Bosoms, like a Celestial Nosegay, it may flourish to a very great Advantage, and spread and grow charmingly and beautifully Fashionable.

Accordingly there was a particular Relation made to me, by one of those Beauties, which really dissolved and melted me into Tears. Taking me aside, Old Gentleman, says she, with a Face sull of Anxiety and Concern, I beg you would attend to the History which I am going to tell you: Then she sighed deeply, and thus she

did proceed.

A Person

A Person, nearly of Kin to me, a Wealthy Merchant, to whom, on many Accounts, I owed a fingular Deference and Respect, being a single Man; and in all Probability of advancing his Fortune, be-' youd what he thought needful to give him all the Satisfaction and Pleasure, which he coveted to Taste and Enjoy in this World; by a Generous and Vo-· luntary Act of his own, made over to me all the Advantage, which should accrue to him from great Ventures, which he expected should return to him in two feveral Ships, with no Inconfiderable Emolument and Interest. Pursuant to this, he took, in the mean time, all possible Care he could to better his own Stock at home, and lived very Frugally up at the Product and Income arising from it.

In small Process of Time, it so happened, that he cast his Eyes upon a Discreet and Beautiful Damsel, who touch'd him inwardly, went to his very Heart, made him know (tho' he was confident that he never fhould) how Violent the Fits of True Love are upon the most moderate Minds and Tempers, which they affail. To be as short in the Matter as I can, he courted the beautiful Young Creature, eagerly and effectually, and Married her. He Labour'd industrioully, and having a good Fortune of her's added to his own, he lived happily, and fo handsomely, that he refused my Offer to return to him the Grant which he fo generously had made over to me. His Lady grew with Child, and he grew Happier still, and still I proffer'd him back his Gift, and he refused it still.

'He one Day catch'd his Fair Spouse all drown'd in Tears, and often asking her the Reason, could get on Answer: He insisted warmly upon her Discovering to him the Real Cause of her Grief; and, at last, after much ado, with Tears starting out of her Eyes at every Syllable she spoke, she made him the following Confession. O my dear, dear Husband, said " she, my Heart has always taken Joy to please you; Heaven gave you to me to be my Life's Comfort;

and Heaven gave me to you to be your Life's Com-

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fort; and it grates me very forely, and makes my
Heart sad, that the first Affliction we ever had should
come from my side; and that I must make you a
Partaker, a Sharer, and Copartner with me, in that—
I would it could be otherwise—— He look'd as if
he Commanded it—— Why then, said she, with
a good Sob, you are my Lord and Master, and I
must and I will Obey in all Things, as you know I

have done unto this very Day, and will in every Thing, if please God, to the last I have to Live.

'My Brother, who is come from the Indies, having lost all his Fortune, which was very considerable, by a fatal Shipwreck, and narrowly escaped the merciles Occan with his Life; he no sooner arrived at London, but the News being told of his Loss, some Creditors, more cruel than the Element from which he was deliver'd, have Arrested him, and are sending him forthwith to Gaol, from whence I know not how he can have Redemption.

'At this she wept bitterly, so did her good Husband' too; and having not Power to utter one word of

. Comfort, he parted from her in Silence.

'He ran up and down the City, like one out of his Wits, to find out a proper Person to be Bail with him for his Wife's Brother, and, at length, light on one, who agreed to it upon having from him (what the Lawyers term) a Bond to Indempnify him. When they arriv'd to the Unfortunate Gentleman, thus spoke my Kinsman to him, whom he had never before seen, Brother, let me salute you: And since I have Marry'd your Sister, throwing down a Bail Bond sign'd, iaid he, accept this as the first Earnest of my Affection, to one so nearly ally'd to her.

'Tears of Friendship and Joy stood in both their Eyes, but the Tongue of the Redeemed Prisoner was fill a Captive, and Astonishment would not let him have a Word to say. When they both came home to the Wife, the Scene is too tender for me to represent, or you to fancy. However, in some Time after, just when his Wife was a going to be deliver'd of his

· Firft-

First-born, my Kinsman and his Brother-in-Law, were both seized, and sent to Prison. I went my self thither, and was making over again to him his Deed of Gift to me, which all lay in Ventures at Sea, and were

then faid to be near Home; when, behold, by a frange Fatality, in the very Moment and Act of Sign-

ing them, the Unlucky News came of every Ship being funk, in which his Effects lay; and fo they were both doomed to Prison for their Lives. I hap-

' pened just then to be upon Promise of Marriage, and had not the Disposal of my Fortune in my Power to

Relieve them. And when I heard there were Thoufands in the like Case, as soon as I was married, I

folicited my Eugenio, who has been frequently Knight of the Shire, to move in Parliament for their Re-

dress, who had made me a religious Promise, which nothing but Death would, or could, have hinder'd

' him from performing.

Oh good dear Mr. SPECTATOR, recommend their Case to the World. Put Merchants and Trades-

men in mind, that themselves, from being Creditors, may one Day become Debtors. How many did the

· Sun shine upon, who thought themselves entirely

blest in the Morning, upon whom in the Evening it fet with Anguish and Horror, when the late dreadful

Fire was; and yet the Wind in these Cases is as ha-

zardous as Fire.

· wasan ...

Here she ended, and I promised her the Theme should be performed, as it shall, the first Opportunity I have; but before I begin, I intend to advise with a certain Colonel about that Affair, who can inform me in every mournful particular relating to the whole Unfortunate Body.

B.

Nº 662. Friday, April 8.

Erat Homo ingeniosus, acutus, acer, & qui plurimum & Salis haberet & Fellis, nec Candoris minus. Plin. Epist.

Coat of Arms. Upon breaking up the Signature, I faw some Printed Sheets, with the following Letter upon them, Address'd to me from the Bookfeller, from whom they were fent.

To the Worshipful Nestor Ironside Esq;

Worthy Sir,

A S you have done me the Honour lately, more than once to take Notice of a Poem in your Papers, which was Printed for me; I beg leave to submit the Inclosed Essays to your Perusal, hoping the Matter of them will deserve your Recommendation the Town, and speak them answerable to the Character of the Gentleman that penn'd them: I design the Book to be Publish'd next Monday; and if you have any leisure in the mean time, to give some little Account of the Author, and your Opinion of his Performance,

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formance, it will add to the Obligations already conferr'd on.

SIR,

the lie and four any har referred behave the

our and free Ougliber of the

Your most obliged

Humble Servant,

J. Brown.

It is a Generofity, in which a Man is at the same Time doing the World Justice, to be liberal in bestowing Applauses on a Brother Author: I shall always look upon Calumny, and that little Envy which grudges to speak well of another, as Vices we ought with the utmost Care to purge our selves of. Cicero, who is no small Standard with me for Morality, as well as Eloquence, speaks with just Detestation of this Foible of Nature, especially where it prevails to such a Malignity, that we do not only deny Praise, but raise our felves by detracting from another. Detrakere aliquid alteri, & hominen homines incommodo fuum augere Commodum, magis est contrà Naturam, quam Mors, quam Paupertas, quam catera qua possunt aut Corpori accidere, aut rebus externis; fays this noble Philosopher, To Detract from another, and set up our selves at the Expence of his Reputation, is worse in Nature than Death or Poverty, than all the Incidents which can afflict the Body, or wound the Circumstances. The best and readiest Means to withdraw our selves from Calumny, is to provoke a Propensity to good Humour, to Encourage in our felves a Spirit of speaking well, and to inoculate this Habit and graft it into our Nature. From these Maxims I have taught my felf to view Merit in a beautiful Light, and not to think my own Applause injur'd, by letting the World fee there are others who have a superior Claim to it.

G 5

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As to what I intend to speak of Sir Richard Bak strode, I shall not impute his Honour either to the Antiquity or Splendor of his Family, but confine my Account to his Personal Merit: There is a false Logick in Vogue among the Quacks, whereby they derive a Pretence to Knowledge, from having had a Father or Uncle successful in Practice. But Sir Richard may disclaim such ill-grounded Ergo's; and own no Part of his Reputation in Letters, to being the Son of a Gentleman, who has obliged the World with an Esteem'd Book of Reports. His own extensive Qualifications are his best Praise, that render'd him alike conspicuous in Arts and Arms, and fitted him for the Offices both of a Soldier and Statesman: He was made Adjutant-General of King CHARLES L's Army, and continued to serve in that Post, till the total Disbanding of his Majesty's Forces. At the Restoration, when Age had Qualified him for more Peaceful and Contemplative Employments, he was sent to reside at Brussels, in Quality of the King's Agent first, and afterwards with the Additional Character of his Resident there. On King CHARLES II.'s Death, the Successor advanc'd him from a Resident to an Envoy; in Which Capacity he serv'd the Crown, till his Unhappy Master's Abdiration, upon which he follow'd King FAMES to St. Germains, where he died at the Age of above an Hundred Years.

His Promotions in three fucceeding Governments, are as great Testimonies of his Loyalty and Abilities, as of the Monarch's Discernment and Gratitude, who Employ'd him. His long Intimacy with Assairs of Importance, perfectly let him into the Interest of Princes; and Intrigues of their Courts. It was his Character, That he had a large Memory for the Retaining, and a nice Judgment in the Digestion of his Notions; and when deep Learning and Diversity of Abilities are added to such Advantages, what Expectations ought we not to entertain of the Genius and Productions of

fuch a Man!

The World has already had a Taste of of his Stile, as well as Impartiality, and Turn to Politicks in his Printed Letters to the Earl of Arlington: The Author, whoever he were, that publish'd those Preliminary Specimens of his Wit, happily let us know, That his Essays were much Commended by Judicious Persons so whom he had shewn them in his Life-time; that Sir Richard design'd them for the Press, and that it was earnestly expected they wou'd e'er long be transmitted hither for that purpose. These Expectations are now almost at an End, the Essays are just on the Point of Publication; and I profess my self so well a Wisher to Letters in general, that I shall be sincerely pleas'd to see the World embrace them with the same good Will and Approbation, as I have perused them.

His Essay on Company and Conversation is so Excellent, that it takes in every Branch of the Subject, and seems to comprehend all we could wish to have said on this Theme. His Directions for Carriage in Company, speaks him to have a perfect Skill in Nature, and may Entertain the Reader with the Cast of his

Thoughts, and Closeness of his Reasoning. Freedom, fayshe, is the endearing Thing in Society; and where that is controll'd, Men are not very fond of affociating themselves. 'Tis natural for us to be uneafy in the Presence of Those that assume an Authority over us; as Children care not for the Company of their Parents or Tutors that Govern them: And Men will be careless of theirs, who wou'd make them Children, by Usurping a Tutorage over them. This Peremptorie ness in Conversation renders Wise Men disobliging and very Troublesome, and Fools ridiculous and contemp-'tible; we seeing none so Peremptory as Half-witted · People, who have just Sense enough to excite their Pride, but not so much as to cure their Ignorance. This is the Effect of a mean and imprudent Education; a Man who hath Convers'd only with the · Lower fort of Company, who durst not Dispute or · Examine his Assertions, thinks the same false Coin

will pass over the World, which went current among

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his petty Comrades. And we may observe this Fault is most usual among Young Men, who have come raw into Company, with good Fortunes and ill Breeding. And therefore those Persons are most to be esteem'd, who shew their Wit without offending any one; and fuch are usually hated, who make use of Wit only to the Displeasure of others; and a Wise Man ought to avoid the Company of fuch, it being a small Advantage to have Wit, if we do not make use of it for gaining the good Opinion and Love of the World. We ought to deal with others, with that Patience, Respect, and Moderation, which we expect from them; not fetting forth our own Opinion Imperiously, nor rejecting the Opinion of others Arrogantly; remembring that we are all enwrapp'd in a deep Mist, and that all our Reasoning is but groping in the Dark; and therefore we should pass gently over the Errors of our Neighbours, to oblige them to the like Account: But many Gentlemen are fo far from this Generous Humour, that they always behave themselves Disdainfully in Company, as if they could not let a just Value upon themselves, without the utmost Contempt of others.

L.



Monday,

Nº 663. Monday, April 11.

- E Calo descendit,

Γνοιθι Σεαυτόν

Tuven!

know nothing more worthy the Observation of a Man, than when we meet with the Example of a Charitable Compassionate Nature, in the Person of one of our Cotemporaries; and when I behold the good Christian, in the several Parts he acts, tending to the true disinterested Love of his Neighbour, it is a Thing I feast upon; having at that Time infused into me a certain Noble Joy, too great to admit of a Companion; for even while it lasts, it is a kind of Manu-

mission from the Frowns of Fortune.

Alumnus is, as I take it, a Man form'd for a Precedent, because he has not only chosen so worthy a Part, on the Stage and Theatre of Life, but performs it truly, and fuitable to the real Virtue he possesses; his plentiful Fortune has enabled him to pursue this Glerieus Tract, which his good Conduct always supported, by a provident Management of his Affairs; and therein he capacitates himself to actuate in such a Manner, that the needy Wretch asks him not in vain, nor does the Modest Poor One pine without his Help; he Cleaths some, Comforts others, Educates the Orphan Child, Redeems the Prisoner; and many, who are opprest, revive in the Shine of his Hospitality: As the Spring Sun makes the Vegetables grow and prosper, so does the Sight of this good Man, in the Eyes of the Distress'd, find Passages to gladden the Heart, where

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Buds of Joy are seen to start at a Distance, when he appears, and Colour comes like Health upon the Face; the Honesty of this good Gentleman is a Theme crowded with all the various Qualifications that can conspire to perfect that worthy Character; even all those Steps, which the brightest Genius, inspired by a pious. Intention, could advance, he is Master of, and constantly puts in Practice what the World thinks too

hard for any Thing but Speculation.

Humility I look upon to be the Basis, on which this God-like Pillar is Erected, and that no other Ground is lufty enough to fustain the Weight of so Angelical a Crop: This great Platform was made use of for a Pattern in the Life of the Person of our Redeemer, and the Annals of his Holy Time are every where adorn'd with pure Humility; how willing the Generality of Mankindare to follow so pious an Example, is not hard to fee, when we flick a Mark of Infamy upon fuch Virtue, and stile the Humble and Meek, Mean and Ignoble: It is indeed want of weighing Things that makes our Nature grow to this Corruption, and the Hurry in which we follow one anothers Steps, carries us precipitately on to forc'd and guilty Pleasures; wholly preventing our Enquiry into those Happinesses which are laudable, and consequently real: It is impossible, in my Imagination, to frame that Person in being, who is so hardy to enjoy Criminal Delights, and who could say he never felt the flightest Sting. Whoever believes so much, I cannot; but I am of Opinion, that fuch People free themselves, in some fort, that is, by an Agitation in varying with the Appetite, and changing from one Thing to another; they free themselves, if Delay may be called freeing; for furely when the continual Repetition brings paling Age along with it, 'tis then that the Worm begins to gnaw, and the poor Wretch fees through the right End of the Perspective, views too late the deform'd Image of his past Life, and the long Stage shews him a shocking Scene, a huge Theatre, where he himself is acting Shame and Folly in a thousand Shares;

make

Shapes; Pride is ever repaid with fuch unwelcome Reflections, whilft Humbleness smiles, and sleeps secure as Infants, and neither dreams of Merits nor Injuries. A little resolute Thinking, places Things in a true Light, and nothing dreffes Virtue in a frightful Shape but Idleness, whilf the Fear of being serious is in Reality the only Bugbear: Consideration makes it appear in the clearest and most evident Manner, that the Ordinance of God is the Effect of that Almighty Love ? kind Creator intended to his Creature; for the Paths he has prescrib'd to Man, in order to his future Bliss, is for our Happiness here on Earth; because it is to our Repose to govern our Passions, to do good Offices to our Neighbour, to be patient under Sufferings, to be a Person of Integrity; and the whole Christian Rule is 1so true a Friend to human Nature, that it is good Receipt for Health, Content, and Harmony of Peace, and bids fair for a long Life, to boot: On the contrary, what is more visible than those Vices, from which we are prohibited by the divine Law, when they are put in Practice? How do they bring Heaps of Miseries, with a long Chain of Sorrows link'd to one another, till the Burden grows intolerable, through the Weight of Gluttony, Diseases, Quarrels, Hatred, Revenge, and often Poverty, till the infirm Body, and the more infirm Mind, render us dreadful Companions, even to our felves?

The celebrated Monsieur Pascal, in his Thoughts upon the Misery of Man, which was only a Fragment he left unfinished, gives us to understand, that the Repetition and Hurry of Business and Pleasure we impose upon our selves, is to divert us from the ugly Prospect of Mortality and Misery, and assures us there is but one Way to render a Man supportable to himself. In one Place he says, 'I speak only of such who seek themselves in this World, without any View of the next; for certain it is, that Christian Resignon has that Wonder in it, that it can reconcile a Man to himself, by reconciling him to God; that it can render the Sight of a Man's self supportable, and

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make Solitude and Quiet become more agreeable to many Persons than the Hurry and Commerce of the " World! but it is not by fixing a Man within himfelf, that it produces these prevailous Effects; it is by the carrying him up to Go D, and by the Comfort he has in the Misery he feels from the Hope of another Life, that will give him an entire Deliverance. In another Place, ' Hence it comes to pass that so many People apply themselves to Gaming, Hunting, and other Diversions, which may take up their whole Mind; not that there is any real Happiness, in what is to be acquired, by the Means of these Pastimes, or that a Man imagines any true Beatitude e lies in the Money he may win at play, or in the · Hare that he Hunts; he would not accept of it, if it were offered him. It is not the Soft and Lazy Pof-· fession of a Thing, which suffers us to consider our unhappy Condition, that we feek, but it is the Buftle that puts by the Thoughts of this Condition. Again, 'These Divertisements, of which Men frame their Happiness, are not only Mean and Low; but are also False and Deceitful; for, instead of freeing us from our Ills, they do but only hide them from our Sight for a while, and by this hiding, hinder us from striving to be truly rid of them: Thus; by a strange Contradiction in Nature, it comes to pass, that a Man's Uneasiness in this World, by which he suffers so much Pain, proves to be, in some mea-

· fure, his greatest Good, since it is more powerful, than any Thing elfe, to make him feek out for a per-· fect Cure, and that a Man's Pleasure, which he reckons to be his chief Good, proves to be quite the contrary, because, beyond all Things, it puts him by the Endeavouring to get a Remedy for his Ills; both the one and other fnew us unquestionable Marks of Man's Misery and Corruption, and of his Excellency withal; for the whole Grounds of his Uneafinels, that fend him in quest after such a Multitude.

of busying Employments, comes from any Idea that remains

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remains in him, of his loft Happiness; which mis-

fing in himself, he vainly seeks for in exterior Things, without being ever satisfied; for it is not to

be found, either in us, or in any Creature, but in GOD ALONE.

The state of the contract to only and of G.

Nº 664. Friday, April 15.

Consummatum eft.

This said,
The Son of God bows down his awful Head,
Languid and pale closes his sacred Eyes,
And in loud Groans breathes forth his Soul, and dies.

Samber's Poem on the Passion.

Such is the Make of Man, that it is not in the Possibility of the greatest Barbarian, that ever put a Disgrace on the tender Parts of Haman Nature, and banish'd from his Bosom an universal Sense of Gratitude, not to have an inward Meaning ever before by him unfelt and unknown; if any Body, to whom he had always been a false Friend, and by whom he had been esteem'd a real one, had been exposed to the Stroke of Death, to ward the Blow from himself. Among all the Creatures that ever deform'd the Stamps of Heaven, that ever deform'd the Images of an Almighty Maker, and degraded the Lords of the Universe, into worse than what was made for their Use, the Savages of the Field, this Monster of Ingratitude.

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titude never yet appear'd. When a Man of Power, that has been the cruelest Tyrant and Tormentor of all his Fellow Mortals, whom the Lots of Fortune have thrown below him, and hath made his whole Life one continual Study to perplex them; I say, when such a Man of Power, has paid the common Debt of Nature, his Anger ceases with his Life, and they have both generally one common Period. In such a great Miscreant's Life-time, they that would perhaps have torn him by Piece-meal, will let him lie quiet and peaceful in his cold Grave, leave his Body to the Appetite of the Worms, and wish his Soul a safe Deliverance, before he receives a Sentence that is eternally irreversible.

Yet I know not how it happens, that it is not more strange than it is true, that he, who is the Maker of the Universe, and with one Fiat bid Nothing be the spacious World, in which we now inhabit, and that hath done every Thing imaginable for us, that is Good, that is Noble and Great, has attracted so little of

our Affections.

But if on any Day, on this furely, he may Challenge all the Powers of our Souls to be very active in exerting themselves to shew towards him their immense Love, most grateful Thanksgiving, and infinite Aderation. For on this Day, That Lord, who gave to this Land to exist, who bid the Rivers to flow, and gave the great Ocean its Boundaries, that firetch'd forth the Sky like a Curtain, that order'd Night and Day to succeed each other, and appointed to the Sun. the Moon, and the Stars, their luminous Courses; after having furrounded his Divine Afeity, with as passive a Case of Flesh as ever Mortal Existence was invested with, he suffer'd and underwent. Death it self to redeem us from it; which had otherwise been everlastingly our Portion, for the Original Sin, in the Black Guilt of which our first Parents had involv'd us all, and which only the Blood of the Lamb of God could wash away. Ingrateful Man! not to Reverence and Adore the GOD that made thee with his own Hands. Hands, to his own Image and Likeness; most Ingrateful! not to love thy Christ who redeem'd thee with his Blood. Hear, and learn from me, one Day at least in the Year, some more serious and pious Resections than will bear reading at other Times, with thee, that

may cure thy Ingentitude.

Let us place the Son of the Almighty before our Eyes, in his several Sufferings, and view the Mans God in the various Stations of Torment and Affliction. Behold him in the Garden of Olives, seiz'd with Fear and Trembling, and torn from the Arms of Confolation; so violent is his Agony, that from his Sacred Body hig Drops of Water, and Drops of Black trickle down like Sweat; he prays to pass away from his Lips this Chalice; but he adds, Nevertheless, Let thy Will be done, not mine.

O my Jesus! How painful must your Passion itself be to you, when the bare Representation of it put you into a Sweat, a Sweat of Blood! O, how difficult was it for you to driok the Chalice of our Insquities! How is Mankind obliged unto you, that thus you would charge your self with their Instructies, in order to reinvest them with the Strength of your Grace: Yet, yet, alas! the you combated with the Instructies of all Mankind upon you, we yield when we have the Power of God, ready offered to our Assistance.

What ought then to be the Aspirations of a Christian, when he has a Chalice of Humiliation offered him, which to the Spirit of Man is bitter. Let him say, Lord, take this away from my Lips: However, thy Will be done, not mine. To all sharp Accidents, even those that the Blood of Man rises at, and Nature uses to sly from with Horror, let us learn, from the Example of Christ, to make this Answer with the utmost Resignation, Thy Will be done, not mine.

Let us walk with him from hence, and fee the Creator receive a Blow in his Face from his Creature, without so much as a Sign of Anger or Resentment. Let the Heroes of the World learn from hence that

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the truest Valour of a Christian, is Patience and Lon-

ganimity.

The next Place we may vifit him at, is at Herod's; and there we may fee the Author of Wisdom made a Fool of, and Barabbas is by the Jews preferr'd before him. Thus Jesus the Word and Wisdom of God, will ever pass for Folly among the great Ones of this World, as the First was trampled below the Feet of the Last and Lowest of Mankind. Mortal, who e'er thou art that art so unjustly thrown down, never so meanly below thy Rank, is the Place of thy God unworthy to contain thee?

Here he is Whipt; and no fooner is he gone, but behold him at another Stand, with a Crown of Thorns upon his Head; from thence, see him marching with that heavy Cross upon his Shoulders, on which he is shortly to be sacrificed; and now, Lo, he is arrived at the last great Stand, where he is to be sacrificed! He is now at the Top of the Mount Calvary! Now they stretch him on the Cross! Now they nail my Redeemer's Hands! Now they nail my Saviour's Feet! There he bangs upon the Cross! and there, upon him, hangs the whole Weight of all the Sins of the World!

Go up my Soul, be truly and bravely Christian, Go up and comfort him. Suffer in thy Heart the Cross with him, burst it with Sorrow, and die with him! O tender Holy Lamb, facrificed for the Sins of Men! O Sacrifice of Justice and Mercy, Thou Lord of Lord's! Thou King of Kings! What dost thou do upon that Cross between two Thivess? Is that a Place for thee? Is that thy Throne? Descend, Lord, and the Fews will believe in thee. All the World will stand in Horror of the Cross, every Body will shun it, and there will not be found a Person that will suffer Death upon it. Oh, as you are the Son of God, descend not thence; but accomplish by your Death all the Prophecies, accomplish all the Sacrifices of the Old Law, accomplish all the Designs of thy Almighty Father, and all the Inclinations of thy boundless Charity; finish the great Work of our Safety and Redemption.

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ption. Alas! of a sudden the Skies are darken'd, the Veil of the Temple cut asunder, the Tombs burst open, and give up their Dead, Universal Nature is in Labour and Convulsions; no wonder, for now the God of Nature suffers. The Author of Breath is resigning his own. I heard him Groan out thus, "Tis done, "ris finish'd! and accordingly 'twas done, 'twas finish'd, for the Only-begotten Son of God expir'd.

As of all Entertainments that are proper for this Day, I can't recommend any Thing so good as that Part of the Christian Hero which treats on it; which, as it is the most pious, so it is the most witty Production of the incomparable Sir Richard Steel.

that picker same with Wester.
To our filled at 1971 in the Bester.

W.

Nº 665. Monday, April 18.

Το μεν τελευτήσαι, πάνων η πεπρωμένη καθέκρινε το δε καλώς άποθανείν ίδιου τοίς σπεδαίοις.

Ifocrat.

Appetites, or a duer Solidity to our best Refolutions, than those Resolutions which we naturally make, when we are paying our last Devotions to our Friends, or are occasionally present with any others at their Dissolution: How vain and unreasonable do we then esteem the carking Thirstiness of sordid Avarice, or the restless and unbounded Endeavours of unsatiable Ambition? How ill grounded doth the Value we usually set on our selves, on the Account

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count of our natural or acquired Excellencies, appear when we behold the sparkling Eyes of those once beautiful Objects, eternally fix'd, and those amiable Features, which just now captivated us with Love and Admiration, faded and vanish'd; the sprightliest Mein and noblest Endowments, the happiest Memory and clearest Judgment distorted with Convulsions; obliterated with Siekness, and distracted with Deliriums, we cannot but be affected then with the Sense of those Frailties, which, whilst our selves and all about us flourish, we too often forget; and our Pride, from whatever it ariseth, must necessarily be mortify'd, when we see that however our own Prudence, or the favourable Conjunction of Incidents, may have defended us from the Mutability of unitable Fortune, yet Death will unavoidably be the Catastrophe to all those pleasing Scenes with Wealth, Pomp, and Honour, afford us. With no less Profit may we consider the particular Dispositions of the dying Persons, when we behold a Soul as Serene and Pacifick as those Regions she is about to take her Flight to, wholly submissive to the Will of an Allwise Providence, however immature her approaching Separation be in respect to her self, or seemingly disadvantagious to others, when the lucid Intervals of Sickness shew a strong Hope, an invincible Patience, an habitual Love and Charity to God and Men; 'tis the greatest Alleviation of the Grief, our Relation to the luftering Person may engage us in, and we cannot but take some secret Pleasure in the midst of the Affliction; on the other hand, how dreadful is the Case, where Death becomes grievous only thro' the Troubles and Terrors of Mind! and when we hear fuch Expressions of them, which would be at other Times shocking, but are then horrible! Another Reflection easily ariseth in our Minds, viz. that of the Excellency of the Human Soul, when the Body just now perhaps, adorn'd with the largest Capacity, and greatest of attainable Perfections, becomes an unactive, deformed, and even nauleous Lump of Matter. CAM-

Cambridge, April 12, 1714.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Being a Stranger in this Place, I was somewhat fuprized at a Custom in Vogue here, which I believe is at least uncommon in other Parts of England; being in Company where mention was made of a Person lately deceased, one asked, When Madam—was put into the Ground? 'Twas answer'd, On Friday Night, a few Hours after she expired:

And when is she to be buried? 'Twas said, next

the Health of their fellogy Steader, and grass life

· Tuesday or Wednesday. 'I could not but be so curious as to ask the Di-· stinction they made betwixt being buried, and put into the Ground. Upon which I was inform'd, that the Manner here is, that as foon as the Grave, · Coffin, &c. can be got ready, the Corps is imme-· diately interr'd, but the Funeral Solemnity is deferr'd four or five Days, or a Week, more or less, accord-· ing to the Quality of the Deceased; after which an empty Bier is attended with Flambeaux, yea, and Singing Men, in Persons of Distinction, but always by a Train of weeping Relations, and down-looking · Friends; and the rest of the Exequies are performed with the usual Ceremony, not without the extraordinary Limitations of the Female Mourners, on the Minister's committing the Body to Ground. Now, tho' familiar Use may have made this a Cufrom, yet I am perfwaded it would merit the Place of a very extraordinary Remark in the Journal of a Foreigner, in his Travels thro' Great Britain, and might redound to the Credit of the Medicinal Faculty ' in this Learned Body, to whose Concern, for the Pre-

vention and removing Infections, its Original might
with great Probability be attributed; and it must be
own'd, that if this Custom is owing to their Advice
and Influence, it shewed a difinterested Concern for
the

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the Health of their Fellow Students, and may be of Weight, in Antiquating that shrewd Proverb, That no Physician wisheth the Health of his own Friend. Yet, upon seeing one of these Funeral Masks, I could not but think it Detrimental to that Solemnity of Thought, and Gravity of Reslection, such Prospects usually strike us with; and besides, and the turning an Action sull of Piety and Respect, into an empty Farce, it may seem too bold a Liberty, to make one of the Divinest Parts of our Liturgy, subservent to a Piece of insignificant and even ludicrous Pageantry. But as this Censure may seem unnecessarily severe, so I shall only submit it to the Decision of better Judgments.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant.



Friday,

Nº 666. Friday, April 22.

is not the Lord Lord Lil

O Proceres, Censore opus est, an Harupice nobis?
Stat contra, starique jubet, parere necesse est.
Nam quid agas, cum te Furiosus cogat, & idem
Fortior? ----

Juven.

HE Time of the Year beginning to grow Gay, and all the Seasons having a very great Effect upon us Ancients, I do now resolve to let upon a more Brisk and Entertaining Manner of Writing, than I have hitherto observed in any other Author. I am the more inclined to give into this Indolence of Understanding, from a firm Perswasion, that every fuch Line will be as much a Prescription for my Health, as it will be a Cause of Merriment to my Reader, and correct the Uneasinesses and Infirmities of Youth and Age both together. This Ludicrous Thought came into my Head the other Day, as I was fitting in my little Tub of a Closet, with a Half-sash thrown open, and Sunning my self like Diogenes. I immediately fell a writing down many Minutes at that bright Hour, at that Lucid Interval of my Life, which I find will brighten up my future Performances, that are to be entirely Diurnal, and will far out-shine all my past Lucubrations. While I was setting down some Minutes, and raising others into a diverting Form, by uncommon Tropes and Figures, which have escap'd the Notice both of the Ancients and Moderns, the following Letter was flipt into my Hand, by a little Youth, whom 'tis usual among the Publishers of Literature, to call a Devil, tho' he was but of the Size

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of a Minor Imp, and in that merry Tense of Humour and pleasant Mood of Thinking, I could not help affording it a Place in my Paper.

T- College, Cambridge.

SIR.

Have now counted three Months fince I was honour'd with the Title of Senior Freshman, which gave me Occasion to think my felf Somebody, so that I could venture to peep into the Town once a Week; whereas before I did not go once a Month. When I had stept into it, I lik'd it much, ' promised my self to go oftner, and devoted a Twopence to the Coffee-House. As I was paying my Visit to the Coffee House, to see what Affinity it bore to those of London, and gaping upwards, to see what every Sign-board had to fay for its Master, I was attack'd by a Scholar; he wore a scanty Wig, dirty Shoes, and fomething very ragged about his Soulders, which I suppose he reckon'd to be a Gown, but I'm fure it was not like one. In short, he was ' fuitably qualify'd for the Title he bore, which was ' that of Wrangling Soph. Sir, said he, (scraping with his Feet, and prancing frantically, which I ' thought portended to me that I was to imitate him) ' Come along, we'll use you kindly. You may guels, ' Sir, what a Fright I was in at these Words, and at ' furh a Person. I told him, that I should take it as a Favour, if he would please to Excuse me, for that 'I was engaged. For every Excuse of mine, he had ' fome Impertinence or other, 'till at length a full Bunch of his Comrades turn'd the Corner, and see-' ing their Scout (for fo I heard he was) in close Col-' loque with me, made up to us; when my Correspondent set up his Threat, and told them, That · he had found a Subject whereon to wear away half an Hour. When they had repeated a few Scrapes of t he same fort that I told you before, and had pull'd off

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their Caps, that by the Dimension of their Heads, and the Discovery of the Greafiness of their Caps, I might be fully fatisfied who, and what they were; a complaisant Gentleman (who wasted five Pounds of Salt upon the Freshmen at first Tripos) hall'd me along with him. At last we came to Alma Mater's School, where I was order'd to ascend the Rostrum, and declaim Extempore; was commanded to fing a Song, and was bullied to leap over a Stick by those about me: By these my plausible Compliments, I ingratiated my felf to far, as to be commanded une ore, to give Attendance at the Ring. A Piece of Civility which I would very willingly have shifted off. I was there, and was match'd by a Shoemaker's 'Prentice, Sturdy, Robust, and Sawcy. I scarcely put forth my Leg, and shew'd a Stacking, but my Antatagonist would fain see my Breeches, by turning me toply-turvy. This made Room for a loud Laughter. Hence I began to scrape Acquaintance; was sworn grand Enemy to Tea, and Soldier-Royal to the Pitcher Club.

Hinc mibi prima mali labes.

Lately I was one of those we call Honest Fellows ; and was fwell'd from a Pigmy to a Porter. Hence arose a Handle for a Contest between me and the Sun, and the Point disputed upon was equally difficult, who could rife up foonest, and fit up latest. For neither could I rife at fix a-Clock in the Morning, nor could he fit up till Twelve a-Clock at Night. It is faid of a Grave Philosopher, that he us'd to fet his Windows and Doors open, that all Men, as they pass'd by, might see what was done in his House: · Now, Sir, the Matter was quite different with me, when I liv'd in a Ground Room, for had I follow'd the Philosopher's Rule, every Body would have seen how many Pipes were broke in a Night, what Store · of Spirtle was disembogu'd, what Quantity of Day I lowng'd; and what was most of all, might have H 2 ' dif-

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discover'd those Venerable Penates, my three Twelve Quart Pitchers. Having weigh'd these Things, I ' mounted the Garret, the best Asylum from Dunns. 'To wind up to a Conclusion; I had actually been ruined, had not my Tutor smelt out my Tricks, ' and confin'd me to my Chamber, which I hope ' may have fuch an Effect upon me, as may answer my Parents Design when they sent me hither. And onow, Sir, as you are Cenfor of the Universities, as ' well as of all other Parts, I defire you would iffue out Orders that the Freshmen may be better us'd, and ' that the wrangling Soph's may be animadverted, ' that tho' they strut so much, they are very often ' troubled with an Academical Sickness, of not having 'a Penny among them all. As also that you would demolish the few and twenty Quart Pitcher, which is the Ornament of our Club, and has these three "Years been unjustly honour'd with the Title of the Royal Sovereign. I have, Sir, very good Reason to 'think, that as foon as they understand you are ' inform'd of their Intrigues, they will break their ' Pitcher, and knock under. Sir, in publishing this, ' you'll not only do good to very many, but there will be a better Stock of Sleep coming in to me, who am,

SIR,

Your humble Servant,

N. T.

Monday,

Nº 667. Monday, April 25.

Σύμθθλον έδείς έςι βελτιών Χρόνθ γνωμαι έκ διαΦόρων ποιητών.

S I am naturally a very curious Enquirer, even in what concerns the most ordinary Occurrences and minute Circumstances of Human Life; that searching Temper of mine is ever heighten'd proportionably, as that Object rises in Importance, which once attracts my Attention and Study: Hence it is, that I don't remember, that my Eyes. met with a more pleasing Sight, ever since I have Officiated as Spectator, and Cenfor of Great Britain, than on the last memorable Friday-Morning, when gazing out of my Window, I beheld whole Throngs of my Countrymen flocking into the Fields, to have a better View of what was really worthy of their Diligence, and which is the fingle Production of many Ages in the several Revolutions of those valt Luminous Orbs, which are appointed, by the Finger of their Supream Mover, to divide the successive Time of all Mankind into Night and Day, and mark out the proper Periods of Labour and Rest. Being no less a Philomath than the best of. them all, I thought it was not Confishent with my Character, as a Spectator, to be so negligent in my way of observing this Eclipse, as to be content with barely feeing it out of my Chamber Window, where the Houles intercepted my Sight. I pull'd off my Purple Night-Gown, and my Fur-Cap, and retired to a very convenient Stand, at a House about two Miles distance from. the Town, which I suspected would be most free from Company, that I might with those Solemn Me-H 2 ditations,

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ditations, which are most in a Man, when he is Solitary and Alone, survey, in this Sign, the glorious dreadful Power of the great Author and Finisher of my

Being.

In thy Walk to that little Mount, I took inexpresfible Pleasure. So calm was the Air, so serene was the Sky, and the Fields of such a lovely and chearful Green, all garnish'd and tissu'd over by the radiant Light that preceded from the sun, which then shone forth in its full Glory, Pomp, and Majesty; in fine, all these together made so delicate a Scene, and the Birds acted a kind of wild Opera so well, so beyond all the Art of Italy's most exquisite Musicians to set or to fancy, that I could not forbear thinking all the Beautiful Horizon some large Enchanted Theatre, or rather as some New Created World. It almost took from me all Thoughts of what was shortly after to happen, and made me begin to doubt my own Skill, and that of others, learned in Aftrology; till, just as I arriv'd at my intended Stand, by the help of my Glass, I discover'd a little tip of the Sun, obscur'd; after that, every Moment, the Opaque Body of the Moon extended it felf, by degrees, further and further, a-cross the Body of the Sun. The different Modification of the Light, that it cast along the Surface of the Earth, form'd Colours the Eye of Man has been 500 Years unacquainted with, and for which I can find no Name, unless I may be allowed to call it a Dark gloomy Sort of Light, that scatter'd about a more sensible and genuine Horror, than the most Consummate Darkness. All the Birds were struck Dumb, and hung their Wings in Moody Sorrow; fome few Pidgeons, that were on the Wing, were afraid of being Benighted even in the Morn, alighted and took Shelter in the Houses, and were frightned from venturing to pursue their Journey in the Trackless Paths of Air. The Heat went away by Degrees with the Light, till at last it went suddenly out, like a Taper by an Extinguisher; and we seem'd transported to that Climate, where the Sun never appears, and where it is so very Cold, that the Waters are continually bound up in Ice, and the Ground o'er-cover'd with everlasting Snow; the Earth sickned away with the Loss of the Benign Influence of the Sun, and was bedamp'd over with a Cold Clammy Sweat; the Air shiver'd as it were uneasy, and all the Elements together seem'd to be in Labour, and Nature in its last Great Pain. O! The Effect that it produced to me, when I saw two such vast Bodies hanging in a preternatural Confusion over our Heads! Lord, said I to my self, how inconsiderable am I, or indeed the greatest of Mankind, when he stands thus in the Face of the Universe! My Soul exerted all its Powers and Faculties, to express its infinite Sense of it's own Littleness, and of the Greatness of it's Maker, and Advantion of him, That so is of himself, that from Him all Things

are, what they are.

The Women and the Children belonging to the House, fell to wailing and weeping so bitterly, that they added to the Horror of that Darkness, which seiz'd my Eyes, and a certain Chilness reign'd powerfully through all my Limbs, so that really during the Moment of that dreadful Crisis, when the Light of Nature was totally Darkened, I shudder'd more with the Fear, than with the Gold; but 'twas a Fear I knew no Name for; I was so tender as among the rest, without knowing why, or wherefore, or how, to be aruck with a Resistless Panick. But when the Rays of the Sun broke out a-fresh, and above half its Glorious Body shone out again confess'd to Sight, the Foy and the Thanks that were in me, that God made to us these Signs and Marks of his Power, before he exercised it. were Exquisite, and such as never work'd upon me so ienfibly before. With my own Ears I heard a Cock Crow as at the Dawn of Day, and he welcomed, with a strange Gladness, which was plainly discoverable by the Chearful Notes of his Voice, the Sun at it's second Rising, and the returning Light: Methoughts,. when we were again in full Sun-shine, I consider'd the Fields as a Terrestrial Paradise, and all of us like our first Parents, exterminated for a few short Moments, and

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in a few short Moments restored to it again. In fine. when I consider altogether, when I resect on that fudden and univerfal Damp and Paniek, that all Human and Animal Nature were in, when I confider the Difmal Darkness, when I meditate on the returning Light, I find Virtuous Impressions made upon my Mind so strongly, that I firmly Resolve and Hope, never to pass a Day, much less a Friday, without having before my Eyes, the four last Things which can happen unto Man; viz. Death, Judgment, Hell, and Heaven. Whoever thus considers the late Dreadful Ecliple, as a Mark of the Strength and Vigour of an Omnipotent Hand, when it takes to be Avengeful, by avoiding to anger him, will not only escape the Blow of his Wrath, but enjoy the Eternal Effects of his Darling Attribute, His Mercy. To all Virtuous Men it will be proper to consider this as a Portent, because it will make them more diligently Virtuous on this Occasion, and they may stand in the Gap to stop its Rolling on to an actual Event of the Divine Fury. For at the Supplications of the Virtuous Man, the Heavens, after having terrify'd Mankind with the Tokens of its coming Anger, will melt into Mercy and Compassion, and willingly and gladly avert those Omens that they gave.

B.



Nº 668. Friday, April 29.

Then wilt thou not be loath

To leave this Paradife, but shalt possess

A Paradife within thee, Happier far!

Milton:

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Mind of Man, or more powerfully contributes, to lead away the Affections from the World, and to place them on proper and Heavenly Objects, than the Confideration of the Pleasures of Religion, and the Happiness of a Christian, both in his present and future Existence; give me leave, Sir, to lay before you, a short and very imperfect Draught of it, and if you so far encourage and take part with me, in this my Sincere, Disinterested, Benevolent Design towards Mankind, as to introduce it to the World, with the Advantage of your Spectatorial Approvement, 'twill be reckon'd both an Honour and an Obligation, by a publick Well-wisher to his Fellow Creatures, and, Mr. Spectator,

Your most Oblig'd,

Most Obedient Servant.

If the Christian's Prospects of Felicity and Joy, were Bounded in the Limits of the present Life, even St. Paul-Had judg'd him to be the most Unhappy of the Human Race. But amidst such Blissful Circumstances and Glerious Hopes, is he plac'd by the Divine Grace, that none

As for Honour, his Extraction is Divine, Heaven is his Native Home, and he is born to a Glorious Immortality! The Infinite, Eternal, Incomprehensible JE-HOVAH, is his Gracious and Indulgent Father, and JESUS, the Prince of the Kings of the Earth, is his Elder Brother! All the Blessed Inhabitants of the Celestial Palaces, those Spotless and Immortal Beings, are but part of the Train of his Spiritual Kindred. Cherubims and Seraphims, those Angelick Creatures, those pure and everlasting Flames of Love, shall hereafter be his Bright and Noble Companions, as they are now his constant Glorious, tho mvisible Guardians.

As by a stupendious Condescension, and in an ineffable Manner, he is so intimately related to the Glorious MAJESTY of Heaven and Earth, the first Foundation and Sovereign of all Things, the Universe is his, in her best Attire, and noblest Product. That stately Firmament, that Magnificent Canopy of Heaven, adorn'd with so many lovely shining Lights, and beautiful Planets, does but Floor that Celestial Dwelling, which is . prepared for his Happy and Eternal Abode! He coafiders the incomprehensible Glory of his Creator, his Infinite Excellencies and Perfections, as his own proper Portion; triumphs and luxuriates at that rich Felicity, that stable and overflowing Satisfaction, which he sees eternally Abounding in the Divine Nature; he views all his Bleffed and Glorious Attributes, combining to furnish out his Confummate and Everlasting Beatitude, and behold with Rapture, in his Business of Essence, an Infiniteness to answer all the Noblest Paintings of his Soul, and to fill up the utmost Grasp of his Vast and Immortal Capacities.

As his Comforts are folid and refin'd, his Pleasures are unmixed, rational, divine, sincere, and everlasting, becoming the Dignity, and suited to the Nature of a Reasonable Spirit. The secret Transports and Elevations of his Soul, proceed from the Prospects and delicious Foretastes of an approaching Heaven; and just

are his most Exalted Joys, when he knows what he finds in Converse with his Redeemer here, is as nothing to the actual and compleat Fruition of him, in an Eternity hereaster. He sees such a Confluence of all attractive Excellencies, all possible Beauty and Perfection, shining with Eternal Uncreated Sweetness in that Infinite Original, that his Heavenly Mind becomes dead to these inferior Charms, and all the doubtful Glimmerings of Created Splendors, vanish before that Gloririous Sun!

He stands ready and prepar'd for all the various Tastes of this mutable and mortal Life, and regales. with Divine Repast, whilst he sees himself in the Embraces of that State, in which all Things have a Command to forward his Eternal Happiness. Every Taunt and Infult, and unjust Reproach, puts a Fewel in his Crown! Every Conflict with his Spiritual Adversaries, is a Spoil to heighten his Victory, and enhance his Triumphs! If he is plung'd in a Sea of deepest Calamity, and cover'd with the thickest Shades of Affliction, he knows they can be but of a short Continuance, and must flee before the Day of Eternal Glory! If he enjoys all the agreeable Entertainments of Life, and the constant Smiles of a Reconciled Deity, he confiders it but as a Drop, to that immense Ocean of boundless Foys, that Sea of Light, and Life, and Love, where the thall sweetly Bait to all Eternity. No Events of Providence, no Revolutions in the World, or Prodigies in Nature, can at all dash his Comforts, nor shake the Basis of his Eternal Hope. Should the Sun be, not: only totally Eclips'd, but utterly Extinguish'd, and an universal Darkness prevail, not to be expell'd, but by the Splendor of CHRIST's second Appearing, his Prospects would remain unclouded, lying far beyond the Reach of this Mortal State. If he is loaded with Disgrace, and treated with the utmost Contempt, and has a thousand Indignities and pointed Reflections thrown: upon him by his Fellow-Creatures, he knows they stiall one Day be wip'd off by an Almighty Hand, in: the Face of the Universal World. He smiles at the Thoughts

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Thoughts, and with Joy anticipates the solemn Transactions of that Day; and meditates without Terror, yea, with a pleasing Transport, the Unspeakably Awful and Majestick Brightness and Glory of that enlightened Tribunal!

And at Death, his precious and immortal Soul, incomparably the noblest Part of his Constitution, shalk be receiv'd and convey'd, by an Heavenly Band of Guardian Angels, to the Paradise of Eternal Blis! where the shall be cloath'd with High and Angelical. Endowments, enrich'd with the most Admirable and Exalted Abilities, her Created Nature is susceptible of! She shall be illuminated and ravish'd with the largest Comprehension of both Natural and Divine Knowledge; and how Illiterate, Contemptible, and Inglorious foever the feem'd here, shall then far out-foar all the Celebrated Divines, Rabins, and Philosophers upon Earth. With unutterable Ravishments shall she immediately Comtemplate the Divine Perfections! be fashion'd in all her Noble and Heavenly Powers, to an exact Resemblance of her Bleffed Creator! and clasp'd in her Redeemer's Arms, shall eternally feast upon the Joys of Beatifick Vision! His Body shall remain the tender Charge of an Almighty Providence; and watchfully shall his Dust be kept, to shine in an Happy and Glorious Resurrection! When, being rais'd Impassible and Immortal, gladden'd and inspir'd with unspeakable Foy and heavenly Vigour, grac'd with an Eternal Bloom of Youth, and most exquisite Beauty, and clad all anew with Spiritual and Celestial Glory, shall, with Wonder and Rapture, re-unite and re-embrace its Glorified Soul! and fo enter upon that Blifs Eternity, which shall be spent in the most delighful Discoveries and Admirations of Divine Love! And in the Fruition of all that Glory, Felisity, and Joy, those ineffable, incomprehensible Entertainments, which shall be the ultimate Result of Creating and Redeeming Goodnels!

And if this be the Portion of the meanest and most neglected Christian, (and it belongs to him, whether he apprehends it, or not.) and such the Final and Glorious Nº 668. The SPECTATOR. 157

Usue of all his Conflicts and Tryals in this Military States, tis meet, sure, to be said to a Redeemer, 'tis but just and equal to confess to him,' That his Yoke is easy, and his Burden is Light. His Ways are Pleasant-ness, and his Paths Peace; leading to Blessedness both in this Life, and that which is to come! Happy are the Tendencies of true Religion! Admirable its present Supports and Resreshings! its Future Hopes are inexplicable Ravishing, and glorious are its Eternal Rewards!

M.

Nº 669. Monday, May 2.

— Fundis ornata multa incedunt per vias, — Qua vesti quotannis nomina inveniunt nova, Tunicam rallam, tunicam spissam, linteolum casicium, Indusiatam, patagiatam, caltulam, &c.

Plaut?

To the SPECTATOR.

The Humble Petition of a great Number of oppress'd Ladies, in and about Bedford, . Sheweth, That,

fions afford us the Opportunity of seeing London, above once or twice in a Summer; so we would not be wanting in any moderate Industry or Expence to keep in tolerable Conformity with

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with the Elegant and Modifi Part of the Nation; but we are so disperately over-reach'd, by the insatiable Ambition of some few, who, besides a constant Trip to London, at least once a Month, always keep the most noted Tire-women on the Exchange in Pension for giving Intelligence, and, by the Advantage of appearing first in a New Mode, attract the Eyes of all Publick Assemblies, which we can by no Means grant due or attainable by any peculiar Charms of their Perfons; we cannot fay, whether we were more affected with Surprize or Indignation, to see Madam Flippery in the New-fashion'd Head-dress the very next Sunday after the Princess's happy Arrival; we are so sensibly touch'd with the Apprehension of the ill Consequence of these Proceedings, that we intreat you, by all the candid Declarations you have made in Fayour of the Afflicted, aswell as more Worthy Part of our Sex, that you wou'd affift us in proposing to Authority a Scheme on the following Heads:

'Imprimis, That a Lady of known Judgment in all the Decorums and sprightly Alterations of Dress, be constituted by the Authority of the Principal Ladies at Court, to be a Controlleress of Female Modes and

· Fashions.

Item, That when any New Mode is invented, imoported from France, Germany, or elsewhere, or new ' reviv'd, without any confiderable Alterations, it shall be proposed to the said Lady before any presume to

appear in Publick in fuch Habit or Habits.

Item, That the, the Lady Controlleres, upon and 'after mature Deliberation, and Advice of fuch Ladies ' as shall be of her Council, shall give Notice by an Advertisement in the Spectator, that the Ladies may please

to wear-

' Item, That convenient Time be prefix'd in such · Fashions, proportionable to the Distances of Places from London; and that all Persons be prohibited the Anticipation of such Dresses, under the Penalty of being censur'd for Immodesty and ill Manners, and what-

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whatever Punishments else may be judg'd necessary for such enormous Crimes and Misdemeanors.

We have drawn up these Articles, by the Assistance of a Young Clerk, whom we chose for our Counsellor in this Assair; and we hope, after such Amendments as you shall judge convenient, you will put us in a Method, in order to its Establishment by Publick Authority; and herein you'll eternally oblige,

Your humble Servants.

P. S. If it be requir'd, we can procure Subfcriptions, not only throughout this, but from all the Neighbouring Counties.

Cambridge, April 26. 1715.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Am glad to fee that one of your Correspondents. has lately acquainted you with the odd Management of our Cambridge Funerals, which, whether culpable or wholly indifferent, I know nor, you not having pass'd the Censure; but I'm sure it has afflicted many well-meaning Women with unreasonable Doubts and Scruples. Madam, - having lately pack'd off her Old Simon, it was warmly argued amongst her Confidents, Whether a Virtuous Woman might not admit of any modest Addresses during that Interval from the putting into the Ground (as they here call it) to the Funeral Ceremony? After divers strong Debates, the best Casuist's among them could not clearly decide it, tho' most gave their Opinions in the Affirmative, and confirm'd it by the conflant Practice of the most eminent Matrons in this Corporation; tho' they own'd withal, that Caution ought to be us'd, fince the malicious World was ready to interpret every Thing in the worst Sense, to censure and blast their Reputation, as if they admitted Suitors before their former Husbands

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were buried. I am not very anxious about this Matter at present, because it is not my own Case; but I have heard it has been made a Query, since this Manner of Burying was practised, with the Concurrence of those Judicious and Learned Societies amongst us, Whether Marriage also, when the Body could not be otherwise kept with Conveniency, might not be anticipated, and the Ceremony deferred till a more suitable Opportunity: If you would please to oblige the World with your Decision in that, it would particularly engage

Your humble Servant,

Anna-Maria.

Cambridge.

Mr. SPECTATOR

Often wait on some Young Ladies to an Organ-Loft in the University, and have often wonder'd that the Politick Gentlemen, who may, tho' but Freshmen, as they call 'em, be presum'd to have read most of the SPECTATORS: I have wonder'd, I fay, why they should act so vulgarly, as to obstruct the Voice of an audible Reader, by repeating, as I imagined, the Prayers after him; but the other Night, to my great Surprize, observing two or three kneel with their Heads laid together, I over-heard One, Faith, fays he, Miss Swallow is prettier than any of the Three: It is not to be imagined how much Service my Fan did me, in the Confusion this over-heard Whilper threw me into; fince this, I have observ'd the like Colloquies lower towards the Altar, which tho' I can't hear, confound me as much thro' Suspicion, especially upon their casting now and then an ill-natur'd Glance. I know not how confistent this is with the Character of Gentlemen and Scholars, but if you please to hint to

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them, that they shou'd have some Respect for the Sacred Action and Place; or at least, if they will take such bold Liberties themselves, I desire that either thro' Contempt or Respect, they would then wholly neglect,

Your Humble Servant.

The state of the s

Lucy.

with the end of the felt of the best hotelesses - Huntington, April 25. 1715 continuated related to the continuation

Mr. SPECTATOR.

TE, your unhappy Supplicants, poor Betty and I, have waited a long Time at a Coffee-House in Cambridge, where your Paper is constantly taken in, and we have been as careful as possible to manage its orderly Reading; but now, alas! I do not know through what unhappy Stars, and the Management of my Mistress's Daughter, Clericilla, she is forc'd to retire, and we endeavouring to vindicate her's and our Mistress's Honour, are banish'd the Town, under Dread of an unworthy Hole, the Spinning House; as for our Young Miffress, she has somewhat to comfort her in her Afflictions, — but for us poor Wretches, to fuffer as Complices to I know not what, only for being faithful! I was afraid, indeed, that the late dreadful Etlipse foretold no Good, and, alas! we find it too foon. — Good Mr. Spec. if you have any common Charity in you, have fome Pity on us; 'twould be too great a Presumption in us, that you shou'd move your Readers to visit us under this Missortune that hinders us from waiting on them; but I'm fure we have obliged them, and especially your Admirers and Correspondents, as far as the natural Modesty of Cambridge, and our own Innocence, would permit, so that they cannot refuse our particular and extraordinary Testimonials; if you cou'd recommend us to an House ellewhere, that is credible, and has a good Trade,

The SPECTATOR. Nº 669. you'll merit the everlasting good Wishes of us both, and especially of your unhappy Handmaid,

and the first and the first of

The Francisco Security

Suky.

' Just ready for the Press, Observations concerning the late Eclipse, wherein the Notions of Copernicus, Mr. Whiston, Dr. Haley, and our own Professors, &c. are refuted, and their Objections against Astrology in General, the Author, and Ptolemy in particular, are fully confounded, and the whole confirmed by most stupendious and never-heard-of Predictions. By 7. P. Shoemaker, and Aftrological Professor: Cambridge.

Nº 670. Friday, May 6.

Is mihi demum vivere & frui animă videtur qui alique negotie intentus praclari facinoris, aut arts bona Bamam quarit. Salluft.

Have ever conceived, and often declared great Indignation against that odd Set of Monsters, who go under the Denomination of Posture-Masters. There is fomething so hideously frightful, offers it felf to my Imagination, upon viewing inhuman Objects, who play their deform'd Tricks upon the noblest Parts of Nature, and are ever toffing it topfy-turvy, to cause a Laugh in the Possessor it, as its Infamy and Differece, that I cannot help considering of those Lews Artificers, as the Old Fiend's incarnate Engines, that are by him archly fet on to tempt Mankind, first to a Neglect, then to a Contempt, and at last to a downright Mockery of that Heavenly Image, which they

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ought to be firictly and virtuously ambitious of bear-

ing about them.

But Will Layman, a genteel Fellow, one of that Tribe, who by much Travel and Study, has learnt to turn this heinous kind of Practice into a very laudable Art, which will mightily conduce to the Honour and Emolument of the whole Species, hath at length reconciled me to approve of that fort of Posture-making which is professed by him, as a kind of Corporeal Study, that is as necessary in these our Days for the Rectifying of the Outward, as any Application to the Roblest Science, or the most Liberal Art what soever, can be for the Blegant Composure of the Inward Man.

This dextrous Mortal hath, in my Presence, with wonderful Agility, thrown his Limbs into all the various Forms that have ever been exercised by any notable and active Set of Men or Women, from Time immemorial; and performed every Part in so short a Space, as between the Hours of Ten and Twelve in the Forenoon. He acted em all so very lively, and so exactly within the Compass of Nature, that he put a Violence upon the Muscular Parts of my Visage, and drew them into a Langh, which was indeed a kind of painful Pleasure to me, who had so long disused my self from that merry Titilation of Face, and I may say, he committed a Rape upon the Gravity of my Countenance.

First, He stalk'd along demurely with a variable Cast of Look, that was sedate, and yet observing; very reserved and composed, and yet very sly and wily; extreamly awful, and yet infinuating; negligent, and yet plotting; mischievous, and yet comical; ridiculous, and yet dangerous; then he wreath'd and nodded his Head, shrugg'd up his Shoulders, inclined his Ears sirst to one side, and then to the other, like the Whissperers in the Rehearsal; then all of a sudden he sell into a deep Stilness of Features; and, as Shakespearsays, screw'd his Face into a Politick Form, to cheat his Observers, as who should say, sirs, I am very Wise. All this the sober d Wag did with that Arch-Seriousness,

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nels, that he really appear'd to me, to be the very Per-

fon of a Modern Politician.

The next Man he personated, was one of the Proprietors of the Red-Hat; and he represented him to me, as the persect Figure, not of a pretended, but a real Statesman; in a Moment he was stripp'd of the Cardinal's Robes, and his Red-Hat; and revealing a Commode, Manteau, and Petticoat, heltook a sudden Tripinto that Lepid Levity of Mein, and play'd over a thousand of those Gesticulations, which would only suit with the Affectation of a fair Lady, who had attained to be prime Minister in the extensive and artful Admi-

nistration of the Publick Affairs of Coquetry.

In a moment more, he metamorphosed himself into one of those Venerable Ancients, that are by the Wifdom of a Nation appointed to preside over, and give. Sentence upon the Lives and Fortunes of their Fellow Subjects; and he went so decently thro' all the Forms of the Tribunal, that I cannot but fancy, that the Proverb which we have, of being as Grave as a Judge, was originally taken from just such a Man as he appeared during the Time of the Action. In a trice he dropp'd off his Scarlet Garment, as I have feen Female Rope-Dancers do, to shew their Breeches, and appear'd dress'd out in another Piece of Fashionable Scarlet; which the Taylor had cut out according to the nicelt Rules of Mode and Figure, and garnish'd with twenty. or thirty Yards of Gold Lace. Straight he threw both Ends of his Full Bottom, which till then hung gravely before, in a very airy manner behind, and personated to the Life, one of that brisk, unthinking Race of Mortals, called Half-Beaus and Fops; who first gave Rife to those Populous Corporations of Jack-Puddings, and Merry-Andrews, who are the Itinerant Professors of Mirth in all the Towns, Fairs, Villages, Universities, and Metropolitan Cities of Christendom.

In the next Place, after having perform'd many Pious Turns of Countenance, after having carried a Crosser, and worn Lawn Sleeves with a good Grace, he slipp'd off in the same manner, his Episcopal Orna-

ments

ments of Dress, and appeared in a Military Habit, with a Sword by his Side, and a Truncheon in his Hand, which he had before hid in his Bosom, as our English Constables are wont to do their short Staves. In fine, he was the most Holy Bishop, and the most Gallant Officer I ever saw.

Presently after, he transform'd himself into a strange Habit, and acted a Man that was a strict Observer of Order, Oeconomy, and Honour, Nice in the Reputations of all the Females related to him, sodully Gay, and so formally Grave, a Man would be apt to think him one of those, who had too solid a Head ever to be out of his Wits; and yet in a little more than a Minute; my Gentleman had turn'd his long Cloak into Armour, and his long Spada into a Spear, and was as much an Original in his Gestures, as Don Quixot de la Mancha.

The last Variation he made in his Person, was from just such an Old Hunks as I have observed taking his Usurious Walks all round the Exchange, into a stranger and more awkard Fellow, than ever my Eyes beheld

among our Country Plowmen.

When all these Scenes and Acts were over, Will. Layman was pleased to resume his own Proper Person, and he and I fell into a Dialogue about the Usefulness of his Profession. 'Mr. SPECTATOR, said he, you are to understand, that Pictures have been my Books, and that I have made Libraries of all the most Magnificent Pal-· laces in Europe, which have in them any fine Collection of Paintings, and tho' I have gone thro' the best Part of . my Education, among the Cardinals in the Palace del Borgefe, which the fam'd Michael Angelo is faid to have call'd his School, and at Versailles and Marly, and the ' Spanish Court, yet I could never have set up for a Professor of this new invented Mystery in all its Tech-' nical Branches, fo as to make my Disciples top their respective Parts in each of them, unless I had Travell'd thro' all the Civiliz'd Nations of the most Reonown'd Figure and Remark this Day in the Universe.

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Here I interrupted him, and defired to know the very Persons whom he had been lately endeavouring to imitate.

Sir, he reply'd, you know the first of them: He came from the Mountains of Wales, play'd away his · Time with a Stick in his Hand of mighty Importance, and I copied him from Kneller. Of the two that follow, I need make no other Mention to let you into the Knowledge of them than to tell you, that they are a Cardinal and his Niece, whom the ' Cardinal left the greatest Fortune in Europe at that Time. The two next are but different Representa-· tions of one and the same Man. What Country but France, could afford to shew in one Person, a Grave Judge, and an Intolerable Fop, and Prepo-· sterous Buffoon; and is not he, even there, remarkable enough to be known, without fetting down his Name in Capitals? The next Picture is double, but done for one Person: I copy'd it in Germany in the * Electorate of Cologn, from one whom I have feen dress'd like an Arch-Angel of the Church Triumphant in the Morning, and habited in the Afternoon ' like a true Sun of that Church, which, whenever it could find occasion, hath shewn it self to be Militant. The next Image, after this, I drew from a Royal Picture in Spain. The last rough Sketch, I · learn'd in my Way through Holland homewards, and brought it with me just as I took it from an Old Original at Utrecht.

I told my Friend Will, he would have been an excellent King's Jester, and might have made his Fortune in Spain or France, where there was so much

need of that kind of Exercise.

He answer'd me, 'That he came over to England in a very good Season, tho' he had but Time to take one Copy of the Man he acted before me; which he thought, however, much better than joking himfelf into the Bastile, or the Inquisition.

At last he desired to be me such a Layman, as is in use among the Painters, and hath agreed with me, that since there is no Court Business for him here at present, he would condescend to act over all the meaner Follies of the specious Cities of London and Westminster, and personate the Criminals, that I might write by the Life. I have agreed to the Proposals of this Living Satyr, at my very great Expence, for the Benefit of the Publick. He hath convinced me, that some Postures are more convenient to write wittingly in, than others, and that being placed in my Elbon-Chair, after Scarroon's manner, I shall not only make a Comical Figure in my Study, but also in my Writings, which will be much for the Benefit of my Male and Female Readers.

Next Week this merry Mortal is to work upon my Grave Personage, and make an Experiment the Publick

will be witness of.

B.

Nº 671. Monday, May 25.

with the liver Livery to served

Πρός Σοφίαν μεν έχειν Γόλμαν μάλα Σύμπορόν έςι, έχολον Εὐηνέ Παρίκ.

HE possessing of extraordinary Wit brings upon a Man as much Envy, as the Possessino of extraordinary Beauty does upon a Woman; and a First-Rate Poet will find as many Enemies among his Sex, as a First-Rate Belle will among hers; and neither of 'em, where there is the least Room for Cavil or Defamation, is ever like to have fair Play, or to meet with a reasonable Quarter. The Mischief, how-

however, is greater in one than in the other; for a left upon Beauty scarce will pass, or at the most, dies after it has taken its Rounds in a malicious Circle of Females, who think it their Duty to pull every Decent Ornament to Pieces, that they see about another Body, and which both Nature and Fortune have deny'd them Leave to wear. Every Body has Eyes, and can fee, and the Beauty will have Justice done her, tho' some Fair Critick, that was too rigidly severe, should play off her Malevolent Comments upon every Feature of her Face. But in Wit, the Cafe is quite and clean otherwise; one good Poet makes many, that would have been otherwise obscure, noted People, and Men of Importance, by the fierce Opposition which they rise up to make against him. A Beautiful Poet, is not so to every Eye; the Interior Opticks are not so free from Blemish, and so clear and distinguishing among the Generality as the Exterior are; and the some Masters in the Art of Criticism, of late Years, have gone upon that Maxim, I must assure them, that seeing the Letters, so as to read the Lines of a Poem, and Judging of it, are two Things; and I will maintain this Opinion always, tho' I know the Obstinacy of that Herd will be to perfift in the contrary. Thus, there being on the Side of the Poet so few that are capable to defend him from the Snares of the many who Glory in the Name of Criticks, and befet an Author without Reason, it unluckily comes to pass, that many a warm Genius is damp'd in this Manner, and many a rising Spirit depress'd, and turn'd off from the Pursuit of its first great Purposes. Therefore this Injury is not only done to the Person in his Fame, but to the Nation in General, who has a Right to all the Fame. Profit and Pleasure, arising from such Performances. for giving the first Breathing-place to so Noble a Spirit. Notwithstanding all that I have said, I have made it my too frequent Observation, even from the Time I first took Notice of the Way of the World, which was early in the Time of my Youth, even to this laudable Old Age, which (God be thank'd) I am arriv'd at

undetracted, that, whenever a Man of Eminent Parts, of Noted Ingenuity, and Distinguishing Talents, whose past Performances have render'd him conspicuous to the Reading and Learned World, grows Bold and Enterprizing; all those, who would let him remain in the quiet Possession and Enjoyment which they either think themselves already have obtained in common with him, or, that they think in time may be attainable by themselves, will rise up as one Man against the Noble Adventurer, throw Dirt at him, and do all they can to clog his Speed, for being guilty of so heinous a Crime, as daring, without Leave to prepare his Wings for a more arduous Flight, than they will be ever capable of foaring to. Your Mediocrity-Men in Poetry, to do them Justice, are indeed very willing, that that Fame hould be very large and extensive, in which they hope one Day or other to be Sharers; but the moderately Witty, and tolerably Learned, cannot by any Means endure to see a Man successfully aim, and effectually hit a Noble Mark, which they are in Eternal Despair of wanting Strength and Vigour enough to reach.

This is what hath given the greatest Discouragement, that is possible, to Learning, and hath hindred some Sciences and Liberal Arts, especially that of Poetry, from being brought into the highest Degree of Perfection, to which, I am consident, and I will be bold to say, the Natives of England, above all the Nations under the Sun, are made, by the Happiness of their Climate, gloriously capable to promote and prefer.

I am, therefore, affected with very great Grief when I find my self forc'd to make this Remark, that as there is not, under the Face of the Heavens, a Climate more Indulgent to the Genius of Poesy, than is this of ours; so (after excepting a few bright Men, who stand Eminent in the Ranks of Honour and Distinction, and are themselves, as Ingenious in Poetry, as they are Liberal and Magnificent in Patronizing it) there are not in the Universe a People to be found, I will

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not fay, more backward to favour, but even more inclinable and propense to dishearten any Rising Mun in

that Art, than we usually are.

This was discoverable in a late Theatrical Performance, where the most excellent Things that could be invented by the Head, or utter'd by the Tongue of Man, drew us with great Dissiculty to shew a Lukewarm Applause; and other Parts, that would have excited Admiration on a Foreign Stage, were vehemently his'd, because some Wretches, that have more Envy than Wit, and more Malice than Judgment, endeavour'd to get the Ostentatious Title of Leaders, by giving an infamous Signal, and scandalous Example, which no one could follow, without shewing himself the Disciple of a great deal of ill Nature and little Sense.

Let the Opinion of Criticks be what it will, as to the Point I am upon, while I officiate as Cenfor of Great-Britain, I look upon my felf to be highly concerned in it; and I do henceforth declare, and protest that I will, upon all Occasions whatsoever (as I think my felf, during my Stay in this Office, in all Duty bound) FULMINATE against all those, who shall, without first giving undeniable Reasons for it, oppose an ingenious Person, who undertakes a Work that is for the general Good and Emolument of the

Publick.

What particularly provokes me at this time, to inveigh against these Animosities among Men of Letters, is, because I find several, who have justly declared their Admiration of all the past Productions and Performances of the most Ingenious Mr. POPE, have, for no other Reason but his setting on a Translation of HOMER, and deserving more of their Admiration still, done all that is in their Possibilities to desame the Man, and decry and depreciate an Undertaking, which will then be had in proper Esteem, when Time has ty'd all the Tongues of Detraction, and laid 'em silently in the Grave,

After having mention'd the Name of Mr. POPE I do not think it proper to fay any more on this Subject, than what may be very easily understood in the foregoing Hints, by some of my old Friends at Button's, for whom I have a Value, and who will, I hope, repute this SPECTATOR, as a kind Letter of Advice to them; and indeed it is to them that I principally direct this Discourse. To conclude, I must take leave to fay this, that I, together with a strong Majority of those on my Side, who are Persons both of great Quality and Wit, will utterly destroy that Man's Credit for a POET, who shall dare to introduce Party into the Realms of Poetry, or raise any Factions within the Dominions and Territories of Parnassus. As for those who are only Dablers in Helicon, or those others who walk in the delicious Paths, where all the Muses, and great Homer has trod the Way before, with narrow-fearching Eyes, but upon finding Fault, and prying into Musteries too facred for such prophane Vulgar to understand; I can only tell them, that it will be very useful to, and proper for them, before they turn Criticks upon his Poetry, to read over Ten or a Dozen Times at least that POET upon Criticism; and then if they can find any Arms, that he furnishes them with against himself, let'em make good Use of them, and fall on heartily. I shall end this Paper with a Quotation from that ingenious Esfay, which is very suitable to the Subject we are upon.

Parties in Wit attend on those of State, And publick Faction doubles private Hate. Pride, Malice, Folly, against DRYDEN rose, In various Shapes of Parsons, Criticks, Beaus; But Sense surviv'd, when merry Jests were past, For rifing Merit will buoy up at last. Might he return, and bless once more our Eyes, New S-s and M-ns must arise:

Nan

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Nay, should great Homer lift his awful Head, Zoilus again would start up from the Dead; Envy will merit, as its Shade, pursue, But like a Shadow, proves the Substance too. For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known Th' opposing Body's Grossness, not its own. When first the Sun too powerful Beams displays, It draws up Vapours which obscure its Rays; But ev'n those Clouds at last adorn its Way, Ressect new Glories, and augment the Day.

Essay on Criticism.

B.

Nº 672. Fryday, May. 13.

Scio Coasta tuâ voluntate es.

Terence.

Novi Ingenium Mulierum, Nolint ubi velis, ubi nolis capiunt ultro.

Ibidem.

Ut Ameris, Amabilis efto.

Ovid.

Y ancient Brother and Coadjutor, the President of the Venerable Club of Guardians, hath told me, That at this Season, he believes a Lecture upon Chastity may not be amis. This is really so proper and so modest a Request of the Old Gentleman, that I cannot tell how to avoid complying with

it,

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it, the very first thing I do; and I have two very strong Reasons for granting him his Petition.

First, The Warmth of the Season, and the violent Propentity which all Animal Nature is in at this present time, calls out loudly for such an edifying, such a cooling

and refreshing Kind of Discourse.

Secondly, The Hot Talk of a late Rape has been very much for the Increase of Female Festivity; and I wish I could fay, faving to my felf my Veracity, that it was the Cause of nothing but harmless Mirth and innocent. Conversation among them. But I find that Subject to be much too Impetuous, and far too Masculine for Women to treat upon, without shewing some Emotion, that is perilous to their Honour. It makes their Tempers fultry beyond all enduring, and their Tongues run on so passionately, and so vehemently against the Act of Ravishing; that they do, at the same time, fully perfwade and convince me of their being fenfibly ravish'd with the Pleasure of having such a Theme to form an Invective against. Their Pulse beats Time to their Words, with prodigious Exactness at such a Juncture; all their Bodies are in a Ferment, and to use SHAKE-SPEAR's Expression, they are in the Heyday of the Blood.

They may indeed begin fuch a Discourge with Anger and Indignation; but the foft fide of the Subject is oftnest apt to get the better, in fuch Cases, and too frequently smoothens those Irascible Appetites in the End, into plain Love, and downright Dotage: At the Time that the Blood turns from Anger into good Nature, I' believe it creates in a Woman just such a Feeling, as that which makes them gently Languish and Faint away, when a Surgeon breathes their Veins; and I dare venture to fay, that, if there be any fuch thing as the Critical Minute, so much talk'd of, it is just in that lucky (or rather unlucky) Trice, when all the Senses are charm'd out of themselves, and smooth'd and lull'd out of a Weariness of Anger and Melancholy, into a Golden Kind of Half Lethargy, and sweet Repose and gentle Inactivity of Thought.

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The Galleries, at the late Tryal, were cramm'd brimful with Curious Incognita's, as I indeed foresaw. For that very Reason, I pick'd up an honest Old Woman, who formerly sold China, and had a very good Reputation for her Chastity, but yet one who took a Malignant Sort of Pleasure all the Days of her Life, in patching together odd Pieces and Scraps of Scandal, and selling them by Wholesale and Retale, together with her Ware, to all her Customers; and of this Old Woman I made a convenient Spy, and bad her watch narrowly the Waters of the pretty Society under my Care, with the Promise of a very large Premium, for every one of them, that she could discover to be there.

To my inexpressible Content and Satisfaction, I find that they all (even the Old Maids) had either the Fear of an Expulsion from our new Order before their Eyes, or that they had so much Modesty as to think it a Breach of Honour, to go with their Ears open to an Audience, in the Presence of which their Natural Bashfulness would force them to cover their Faces. But as many will be too venturesome on these Occasions, and presume upon their own Strength, to the utter Destruction of their Virtue, so doth it unluckily fall out, that fuch an Alarm given in this populous City amounts to the very fame thing, as Beating up a Drum, in a Place where one is fure the People. of all Ages and Sizes, will readily Lift as Volunteers. Thus one Woman that is forced, makes a Thousand stand in no Need of Forcing; and I dare be try'd, as to the Truth of what I alledge, by the Increase of Christnings, that will be probably very much advanc'd for the Two or Three next coming Weeks, upon fo notable an Emergence.

Mean while, as it is a Part of my Office to guard against, as much as I can, the Growth of this polluting Disease, which may otherwise chance to become catching, and very contagious among my Fair Disciples: Methinks two single serious Thoughts, one upon the Happiness of possessing, and the other upon the irrepairable Calamity of having parted with their Honour,

would

would justly instruct them rather to make a Sacrifice

of their Lives than of their Chaftity.

Ghaftity in a fine lovely Woman stands eminently Fair above all her other Virtues, as a Lilly does in a delicious Garden, above all other painted Flowers, which serve only in a more ordinary manner to adorn it. There may be, indeed, many Party-colour'd Beds, whose various Glosses might very much allure and entertain the Eye, but the Lilly exceeds them all in our Esteem, for its fair Comliness and winning Purity of

Complexion.

In like manner, a Woman may wear about her many glaring and offentatious Ornaments, as the Robes of Piety, and dazle us with a glittering Pomp of Virtue, and this is only the Delight of the Eye; but to a Man foberly and folidly Good, of an exquisite Goust, and a delicate Relish, Chastity affords a Noble and a Subflantial Talle; 'tis a Nutriment of a sweet Flavour, which gladdens his Heart; 'tis the Feast of his Soul, and the Test of his Assections; even Vice adores it, that would ruin it; and when 'tis once gone, 'tis gone for ever. Then neither Wit, nor good Humour, nor Beauty, nor Pleafantry in Conversation, nor all the foftest Dalliances of Art, can make amends for the Lois of it, nor call back the Savage Destroyer of it, to shew half his former Love and Admiration, to the polluted Fair One, whom he had cruelly made the Orphan of Chaftity, and from whom he had inhumanly torn that Virtue, which is the Mother of all Female Perfections.

Even some Gallantries considered by the Ladies in this Light, as I am afraid they ought to be more frequently than they are, would not be to them so very acceptable. A Lady, of so much Consideration, would no longer love the seeming fine Gentleman and the Courtier; but, seeing with better Eyes, detest the flattering Sycophant, the Goatish Villain, who only sets her above all her own Sex, and represents her the Admiration of his own, for the Space of a Month or two, that he may make her, ever after while she lives, the

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Lowest

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Lowest and Vilest of the One, and the Contempt and Loathing of the Other; yet, let but a Coxcomb learn to prate glibly a sugar'd Word or two, he'll have the Butterssies round him in a Moment, and in a Moment more, heated with Praise and Voluptuousness, they'll Blow and Die in the Flames of Sensuality.

So when about a Taper's beauteous Blaze,
The Fly in amorous Hums his Passion sings;
Round the fair Flame the little Lover plays,
'Till fluttering too near he burns his Wings;
Yet then the amorous Insect can't forbear,
Tho' 'tis as dangerous, he finds, as Fair;
But to the bright alluring Ruin sies,
And in the cruel Flame a willing Martyr dies.

The Comparison is very just: Thus Women will gather about a Glittering Fop, that they like, and court him by a Thousand little witty Tricks, and hidden Artifices, to court them to their own Destruction, to praise and flatter'em into Contempt, to treat 'em into Poverty and Perdition; and what's worse than all, to love 'em at last to Damnation.

There is no such thing as saving these Women, they try to run out of the Power of Redemption, they shun inviting Happiness, and embrace Woe with their Arms, and kils with their very Lips the painted Face of Misery with a Stupidity of Rapture. Oh, my Pearls! Chastity renders Women worthy of Love; be you therefore, who would be loved, always worthy of Love.

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B.

Monday,

Nº 673. Monday, May. 16.

Develope the Eugens and the Depolates and the Militaria

-Risum teneatis Amici?

-Ridentem dicere verum

Quid vetat?

- Ridiculum acri

Fortius & melius magnas plerumque secat res.

OW variably interwoven have been the Pleafures and the Distractions, which I have met with in the studious Hours of my Life, ... where I have exercis'd my Contemplative Faculties in divers Confiderations upon the Promotions and Decays of Learning. Reflecting with my felf now; on these past Passages, I look upon them as the different Seafons of the Mind; and Apollo appears to me, in the fame beautiful Light, as Poets usually represent him in, Influencing the Spiritual and Intellectual World, as he does, when he goes by the Name of Sol; the Corporeal and Material one Phæbus shines not cut upon all Souls at once; but here and there he is shaded, and there he gives a Light. As the God of Wit is nearer or more distant; 'tis brighter and warmer, or more cold: and gloomy, in the Province of one Art, and the Empire of one Science, than another; and not only the National Genius, but the Soul of every particular and individual Man, is, as its several Seasons of thinking, variously Chequer'd with this Ideal kind of Shadow and Sunshine. I have often entertained my left with a Thought, that I could compile a pretty large History out of the many Revolutions, the Risings and Downfals.

Downfals, the Reigns, and the Deposings, and the Abdications of all Arts and Sciences, that have happened in England fince my Time, and that came within the Compass of my own Observation. Really, to tell. the Truth, and deal ingenuously, I have often flatter'd my felf, that I should gain great Esteem by such my Performance, as a very instructive and diverting Chronologer, and be look'd upon, as that Sage Writer, by Posterity, who had laid the best Foundation, that could be, for the Advancement of Universal Learning. may one Day or another, perhaps, let upon being fuch. a Merry Historian for my Country-men, but I shall now only shew the present Degeneracy among those Men of Letters, who usurp the Title of Virtuoso's, by way of Specimen to all those, who may (all in good time) become Subscribers to so Entertaining and so Useful a Work as I have proposed.

To bestow upon a Man the nice and delicate Appellation of a Virtuosa, was going to the highest Title that the Rarest of Beaux Esprits were fond of, at the time of my being a little Stripling; and yet really that Name, as it goes now a Days (unless when applied to a Friend, a little too curious about Matters of no great Importance, with an Air of Raillery and Banter) signifies little better than a Knave or a Fool: I must now own, for my part, they are the first Ideas that do now bear that Injur'd Word Company, in the thinking part of my Head, as soon as the Sound of it hath made its

way thro' my Ears.

These Virtuoso's (as they are now called) have been hitherto consider'd, in a more Favourable View, than any one Sett of People, that ever deserved ill at any Hands, which are able for Satyr. The Fools of that Profession have been often taken to Task, both by my felf and other Writers, but the way to go to the Root, and cut the growing Mischief quite and clean off, is to fall upon the Professors and Masters of Artisice and Guile, that swim like Sharks in Oceans of Giddiness, Distraction, and Folly, to devour and make a Prey of the Fools that sport there.

A sharping Gamester is an Innocent Thief, in comparison of a sharping Virtuoso. Not only the Folly of the Loser hath been Exposed, as to Gaming, but the Dangers of being Cheated by Cards or Dice, have been touch'd upon by many, and stand generally Notify'd. But in this Case, only the Folly of the Losers hath been ridicul'd, which they value not at all, but only look upon their Accusers as Senseless People, and Tasses of the Works of Nature, while they are vainly amused and drawn on to proceed by a Sly Over-reaching Fellow, who calls himself one of them, and yet maintains his Character as an Ingenious Man, because he has got perhaps into tolerable Esteem of the World, by understanding pretty well some other Profession, as Mathematicks, Physick, Natural Philosophy, Chymi-

ftry, &c.

In Pity therefore to feveral young Heirs, that have been left a little Spot of Gardening, a Green-house, and a parcel of Tulip-roots, instead of a good Mansionhouse, and four or five Thousand Fat Acres of Wealthy Land; that have been possess'd of a few Springes. for Fleas, and Cages for Butterflies, instead of Dovehouses and Aviaries; that have enjoy'd a few Silk-Worms Nelts, and a Hoard of Mulberry Leaves, instead of full Granaries, Fruitful Orchards, and large Groves and Woods; in Compassion to young Heiresses, who have been forc'd to count out a Portion of five or fix Thoufand Pounds in fifty or threescore mouldy Brass Medals, who, where they should have had Pearl Necklaces, have been put off with strings of Cockles, and with Pebbles that bore unintelligible Hieroglyphicks, in lieu of Diamond Pendants; who, in fine, have been bobb'd off with odd kind of Cherry-stones, as if they were better than Jewels of an immense Value: In Pity and Compassion, I say, to these Heirs and Heiresses, and to prevent the Cheat from growing successfully and uninterruptedly Hereditary; I will always make it my Business to expose these Crafty Dealers; and for the future, Persons as unwary as they are rich, who are the Fathers and Mothers of Families, shall no longer

to the Ruin of their Posterity, as they have been too often, made the Dupes and Bubbles of Tricksters and

Juglers, who think to practice undiscover'd.

It shall no longer be a Riddle to the Illiterate Virtuoso's, but they shall cease to wonder, why a great many of them are Laugh'd and Pointed at as Fools, for laying out their Fortunes upon dry'd Butterflies, speckled Adders, or any other Infects preferv'd in Spirits of Wine; while at the same time some of the Chief among them, that are Men of Wit, feem so vastly prodigal in their Purchase of the like trifling Curiosities, and yet preserve entire their Reputation for Ingenuity. Do these Disciples ever see these prodigal Masters of theirs grow Poor? Or rather don't they Thrive upon these seeming Expences? Alas! They go upon that fure Maxim in Hudibras.

What is the Worth of any thing, . But so much Money as 'twill bring?

When Leather Coin was current in this Kingdom; 'twas as dearly valuable to the needy Possessor of it, as fo much Gold or Silver could have been. Thefe Wily Wretches, the leading Virtuoso's of the Age, by unheard of kinds of Stratagems, have made a Tyrannical Usurpation, and arrogated to themselves, with Laules power, a Sovereign Dominion over the Minds of the Ignorant; and now they have got to Lord it at large, over the Senses of the Weaker and Wealthier part of Mankind; they first treasonably give, as it were, their Royal Say, to all the most infignificant Curiofities and Trifles in the Universe, buy them into their Exchequers cheap, to sell them out, (as Merchants do Glass-Beads to the Indians) at an inestimable price, and so grow rich and money'd Men, upon the Spoils and Ruins of ignorant People, whom they turn all their Wit to over-reach and delude. What Man, that is a Man of any tolerable Understanding, and common Sense, would not be cunning enough to give Thirty or Forty Guineas for a fine Adder, Toad, or what you Will

will that's more infignificant, and threaten the Seller with an Action if he did not stand to his Bargain; if he full well knew, that by making all that Pother, he had made himself cocksure of having the Offer of Four-

score or a Hundred for it every Day he liv'd?

I need not fay any more to any Man, who is not of fo bad a Temper as will not permit himself to be cured of this Itch of curious Folly, by any manner of Means whatsoever. Therefore, after having made forme Difciples of this Profession sensible, that this Art is an Upstart kind of Deceit, which succeeded Alchimy, when the Jest of that was grown stale, and would take no longer; after perswading them thus, and earnestly conjuring them to quit the Delusion, I will proceed to entertain them with a Story, in which, to use the Words of a Friend that told it me, The Virtuoso-Biter was himself most plaguily Bit.

A Man (faid my Friend) in much Repute, and whose Word was a Law for the intrinsick worth of any Insect, among the lower Tribe of Virtuoso's, after having recommended with much Eloquence, after having set a Value upon a HEN-FEN-CRICKET, as he called it, that he said he knew had its haunts by a River-side about ten Miles off; was immediately offer'd the Sum he valued it at, by a forward Youth of that Fraternity, if he would get it him, and promised the Money should

be paid down at the Delivery.

In a trice the Gentleman was booted and spurr'd, sent for his Horse, and away he scower'd after the Hen-fen-Cricket. When he came to the place, which happen'd to be near a Mill, he fastn'd his Horse; and immediately falling on his Hands and Knees, clapping his Ear to the Ground, he listen'd with Attention, till at last he heard the Harmony of that Insect, which, when he had catch'd, he was to Exchange for the below'd Chink and Harmony of several splendid Guineas. This put him into many extraordinary Motions, and made him dance, as the Sound guided him, upon Allfours, after a very Wild manner.

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A Boy peeping out of the Mill, suspected him for a Madman, ran and told his Master; who, fearing he meant to make away with himself in the River, carry'd down some Cords, with which he tied up his Sacks, in order to bind him, and save him from himself.

When the Miller approach'd, the Cricket had just done finging; he fretted and raved, and told the Miller, he had hinder'd him of catching a thing worth twenty Pounds. Then speaking to the Miller's Boy again in a Tone of Rapture, he said; Boy, put down thy Ear, as I do; hark, hark, the Cricket sings; what art thou there Old Boy? I'll catch thee presently: Hark, Miller, said he, more transported still, There it sings again, a Crown, Ten shillings if you catch it.

Just as he said these Words, the Miller came behind him, as he was creeping along, and throwing a Noose over his Shoulders, fasten'd his Arms to his Waste; and just then says he, Now Master, I will have Ten Shillings of your Friends, for catching you, and carrying

you fafe home.

I need not say, how the Anger this put the Virtuoso in, how the Actions with which he threaten'd the Miller, how the Loss which he pretended to have sustain'd in missing the Cricket, made the Miller more sully convinc'd of his being a Madman than before.

He had picked out of his Discourse, however, that he liv'd at such a house in Chelses. The Miller made no more Words of the Matter, but up he mounted and earry'd the Mad Gentleman, like a Calf before him to

Chelfen.

When the Miller arriv'd at the house, alighting and looking in at the Door, and seeing some surrounded with Butterslies, others stringing Cockleshells, Quoth the Miller, with a loud rustick Tone, which is the Master of Bedlam? It happen'd to be the Master of the House he spoke to. Bedlam, Sirrah, says he; Sirrah, me no Sirrahs, reply'd the Miller, you should not keep your Madmen loose as you do, and leave your Doors open. I have been forc'd to bring one of 'em home, who is

stark raving Mad, he was looking for a Hen-fen-Cricket near my Mill, and would have drown'd himself there if I had not sav'd him.

This drawing all the Company to the Door, one that was wifer than the rest, and came to be a Spectator of their Follies, seeing the Virtuoso lying like a Calf upon the Horse, call'd the Miller to him, and said, Here's your ten Shillings for you, Friend, but make the best of your Way, and leave him to us to unbind.

The Miller took the Advice, and left the Virtuoso as great a Publick Jest almost, as he intended to have found of his Chap, if he had return'd successfully with the

Hen-fen-Cricket.

W.

Nº 674. Fryday, May 20.

Nil est Jucundum, vivas in Amore Jocifque.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

only been the Saying of the greatest, wifest, and most virtuous Person of our Sex, That she could not believe it in the Power of Man, to riste a Woman, unless there was some Inclination on her side, to let him; but also that she gave a Man of great Quality, who sat by her, and seem'd not to be of her Mind, this for (which I think a very pat) Example; She demanded of him his Sword, and drew it, she gave it him Naked, and said, Now my Lord, let me see you sheath it, while I hold the Scabbard; the Proposal was

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nice, then the gave him the Scabbard, and my Lord put

it up very well convinc'd.

Be this as it will, I read among the publick News that fince your late Rape, there's another, that is a Perfon of Honour, Sworn against by a Woman, that hath taken a freak in her Head, that she would one Day be no longer his Mistress, and that she might swear her

felf Forced, whenever she thought fit.

Tho' I detest a Ravisher, I must confess, I hate the false Informers, who, because they can't get Marry'd. would fain have the World believe and know, that they loft their Honour, but that they did not do it, but by extreamest Force, and as if the Fault were in Necessity, and not in their Will: I hate these Hypocrites, who fwear away the Lives of our Briskelt Gallants; for I know, the most Mettlesome of 'em all can't Injure a Woman without her own Leave. I'd fain see one of the Briskest, Spriteliest, Strongest of them all ravish me: I would be at the Rogue immediately: I would have his Heart, or he should have mine; I warrant him, I'd lay him sprawling at my Feet, in the twinkling of a Bed-post. What! Ravish one! I laugh at the fond Conceit: If the strongest Man in England got the better of me in that way, I'd freely forgive him. Don't you think it impossible (considering your self before you were feeble) to have ravish'd a Woman so reso lute as I am, without my own Consent. Prithee Old Fellow, resolve me that - Don't be fo Scrupulous for once, to think a Disquisition of this kind too loof. to enter thy grave Speculations. But place the faul of fuch tricks of Youth on the right fide, and call ; Rape, that is once Sworn, the Barbarity of the Womar and not of the Man, and my Name shall be your War. rant for giving Judgment in that manner.

Herculea Manlove

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I must needs let this Herculean Lady understand that, upon a Question so Important to the Lives of Mankind, and to the Ease of the less Cruel among the Fair Sex, I venture upon a Subject, for once, which I should have otherwise thought a little too loose for me to touch upon; I should say something to her, if she would but teach Ladies to have so good a Will to Ressist Bravely, as she informs they have a Power. But I believe, she is her self as Merciful as she is Stout, and if she thinks it any Advantage, I own, that I agree with her in every particular of her Letter.

And, to give her a Proof that I do, I will answer her

Letter fingly, as to every Point.

First, I do verily believe she would fain see one of the Briskest Fellows of my Sex Ravish her, and that she would be at the Pretty Rogue immediately.

Secondly, If she had not his Heart entirely, I believe he would win her's.

Thirdly, I make no manner of doubt, that she would, after some repeated Essorts, lay him sprawling at her Feet; she very well Words it, when she warrants to do it in the twinkling of a Bed-post.

Fourthly, I freely confide in her Promise of Forgiveness, to any Man that should effect it; and that 'twould be impossible to do it without her Consent.

Lastly, I do declare, any such fort of a Rape, that is Sworn, to be the Barbarity of the Woman, and not of the Man.

And now, after having answer'd her amply, in every fingle Circumstance, I will take the Protection of this Amazonian Name, since she was pleased to grant it me, as my Warrant for giving Judgment in this Manner.

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I conclude, therefore, that this Masculine way of Writing was prescribed by Mrs. Herculea Manlova, upon her Servant that dares not disobey

The SPECTATOR.

Since the Age is come to this pass, I must dispose of my Pearls in Time, and look out sharp for Husbands, whom they shall merit, and who shall merit them; Marriage being the only Remedy against the Contagion, which these publick Irregularities of the two Sexes are too apt to spread about. I shall at present say nothing of that Holy Institution, and that Heavenly State of Life my own self, but content me at present, with placing down the Description thereof, as it lies in Milton, where not one beautiful Idea, that can entertain a Chast and Elegant Reader, on that Subject is omitted.

TAIL, wedded Love! Mysterious Law! true Source Of Human Off-spring, sole Propriety In Paradife, of all things common elfe. By thee Adulterous Lust was driv'n from Men, Among the Bestial Herd to range; by thee Founded in Reason, Loyal, Just, and Pure, Relations dear, and all the Charities Of Father, Son, and Brother, first were known. Perpetual Fountain of Domestick Sweets, Whole Bed is Undefil'd, and Chast pronounc'd, Present or past, as Saints and Patriarchs us'd; Here Love his Golden Shafts employs; here lights His constant Lamp, and waves his Purple Wings: Reigns here, and Revels not in the bought Smiles Of Harlots, Loveless, Joyless, Unindear'd, Cafual Fruition; nor in Court Amours, Mix'd Dance, or Wanton Mask, or Midnight Ball, Or Serenade, which the starv'd Lover fings To his proud Fair, best quitted with Disdain.

N. B. This is to give Notice, that I allow none of those three Tall Irish-Men, who make their Haunts round Bloomsbury-square, and hung a Thornback at the Door of a Maid in the adjoyning Street, of whom you have faid the worst, when you fay she is not very Young, who have no more Wit than their common Fellow Country-Men, nor more Manners, nor Good Nature, than the Inhabitants of the wildest Part of their Nation. For the Happy Disappointment of them all, I aver, that she is now upon a Treaty of Marriage, with a Gentleman that has English Manners, English Sense, and an English Estate, and whose Worth is all Sterling.

Nº 675. Monday, May, 23.

Leave of the most restrict of the territorial and

Catera de genere boc adeo funt multa, loquacem Delassare valent Fabium.

all tills half I made

IS one of the pleasantest Parts of Thinking, a wise Man can have, when he sets himself a confidering, all the little Rhapfody of Difcourse, and every By-oddity of Behaviour, that appear in the Conversation of Men, who meet and mingle themselves into little sociable Bodies. This makes me frequently chuse to be with a little Knot of People, out of which any one would please me fingly. I delight wonderfully, every now and then,

in fitting Neuter, and taking to pieces the Speeches, which these concomitant Gentlemen join with one another, to unite into a Series of Dialogue. My way is to write every Man his own Part out, as is usual among the Players; I give back to every Man his own Club of Idea's, and the Words which he laid out with them: And then, when I have done right to his Head and Tongue, I can the better judge, in what Place such a Gentleman is sit to make one of a Com-

I shall one Day or other humour my self in a Speculation of this Kind, and place the Subject of my Discourse in the most Beautiful Light I can, to set each other off to Advantage, by comparing Men of quite contrary Qualifications, and opposite Dispositions together; the Prodigal and the Miser, the Novel-Writer and the News-Monger, the Fop and the Sloven, the perfect Courtier and the downright Citt, the Learned Man and the Pedant, shall assemble in the four Coulumns of my Paper, and make merry with one another's Characters, to the very great Diversion of all my Readers.

For to Day's Entertainment, I shall only just give an Account of three Gentlemen, in whose Company I lately fell by meer Accident. They all three have a Desire to excell in all manner of Literature; but, tho' they all endeavour to attain to the same End, each of them had taken his several Way to it, as Judgment or

fancy hath led him...

The first of 'em, whom I shall call by the Name of Humphrey Cadence, does not say very much, and yet he says too much, even when he says never so little. As soon as he opens his Lips, you are to expect some round Period or formal Sentence, wretchedly poor in Sense, and extravagantly Rich, with a painted and gawdy Dress of ostentatious and superfluous Words. This Fellow is all Ear, and he delights himself with the sonorous Notes, which slide glibly by Habit from his Tongue; as our Itinerant Protessors of Musick in the Street are wont to do, when turning

their Heads to the Left, they clap them upon their Violins, and applaud the undulating Vibrations of their Fiddlesticks, with all the Gestures, Looks, and outward Appearances of fuch Rapture and Ecltacy, as would be excited in any delicate Hearer, by the Masterly speaking, and eloquent Hand of the Inimitable Corelli. He hath a Figure or a Trope for every ordinary thing he speaks of. If that will gratify his Ambition, he may be truly faid to furpals most Men in Understanding, because he always comes out with those Sayings, which I found even beyond my own Possibility to understand, who am reputed a very good Scholar. Had I been an Illiterate Fellow, it had been of very great Use to me, who am of a curious Temper, to have heard the Learned Humphrey talk so, because he would have cured me of any itching Desire to attain to that Knowledge, whose Perfection he would have made appear to confift in being triumphantly unintelligible; and I should have grown in Love with my Ignorance, which afforded me the Benefit to be understood.

The next was a Fellow, whose Mouth was in an Eternal Flux. His Tongue ran on, World without End; and there was no stopping it, unless one had

been taught the Art of Gagging.

The Third was a Gentleman of a delicate Wit, of few Words, well-bred, and Infinitely Modest. I often address'd my self to him in a soft Voice, near a Whiiper; but we could not speak of any thing, as any little Occurrence of Antient and Modern History, but Humphrey Cadence, who lay upon the Watch, would over-hear us, and then after some Pangs of Study, he would deliver his Sentiments in Figure and Flourish, which gave us as much Pain and Trouble in the Hearing, as they gave him in Studying. Then that Talkative Fellow, that Will Voluble, would have a fecond Bout with us, worse than the First, and knock down all the Good Sense that was utter'd before, with whole Vollies of Impertinence. If we whisper'd a Word or two of Rhetorick, Humphrey Cadence honoured Cicero with

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with a Character, that he knows to be his own Due

more than any Man's living.

Oh, says he, That Tully, his Sentences are Melli-fluous, his Diction August, he is all Sublime, he does not sermocinate like Vulgar Mortals, he is Super-human; his Scriptions are not for every Body's Intellect. Then Will gives another Broad-side; That Cicero was the best Poet, and the greatest Governor that ever was in Athens, and Casar the best Orator that ever pleaded before him; that of all the Emperors of Rome, the greatest was Demosthenes; that

I afterwards desired the ingenious Gentleman to recite me a little Part of a Dialogue in Verse, that he had promised to let me see; immediately Humphrey Cadence began some Parts of Dubartas and Cleaveland, and Humphrey thundered out the first Stanza upon the Eleven Thousand Virgins; and I was afraid, he intended to make thorow Work with the whole Volume; but at last they both did worse, repeated their own Verses.

Antoninus Pius was a Tyrant, and Nero a Saint.

Since I could not have the Pleasure of putting in a Word quietly with my Friend, I was resolved to shew my Manhood among such forward and resolute Company, and so fell a Laughing very heartily upon this merry Consideration, That as Rationality is the first, so Risibility is the second Proof of one's Humanity. This loud Laughter had a good Effect, and stop'd the Gentleman,

who laughed along with us.

In that happy Interval and lucky Breathing-space, I renew'd my Request to my Friend, and told him 'twas his turn to repeat. He excused himself, with making the most artful Piece of Raillery on the other two that could be. 'I would, said he, not willingly be so hasty in convincing you, that Poetry is not my Talent. I am sure if I was to make the same Treaty as the old Poet Cherilus did, who having Dedicated one of his Works to Alexander the Great, agreed with that Prince, who lov'd to shew he could he merry sometimes, to have a Crown for every good Line, and a sound Box on the Ear for every bad

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one that he found throughout the whole POEM; I

believe my Cheeks would glow as that Wretch's did,

' and would pay so dear for't, that my Purse would not ' make them amends.' However, he slip'd a Copy of them into my Hand, and then the Company happily broke up.

I have fince read the Verses, they in some measure recompens'd the Pain I underwent. The Dialogue is truly Natural, and had a Simplicity perfectly Pastoral. I will therefore present it to my Readers, after signifying, that it is a Translation from the French, and the Scene

lies in a little Wood, where two Lovers met that had had some Difference.

DAMON.

Ah, lively Love, what makes, I pray, My pretty Shepherdess be here?

PHILLIS.

I for a handsome Shepherd stay, And Damon is his Name, my Dear.

DAMON.

'Twould give your Damon great Content, If that was all the Reason why.

PHILLIS.

Nay, and God knows, 'twas all I meant,' Now if it was not, let me die.

DAMON.

Well, I'm this Moment come from Town, And to her felf left Flatt'ring Chloris. For ev'ry Smile I gave a Frown, And faid I fcorn'd her idle Stories.

PHIL-

s are that he found throughout the wine PLASE I believe my Chel II HILLIS. Land va evaled

and would pay to deat for a that say Burn well

And is this true? And art thou true? And wilt thou Love me constantly? And ne'er another Miffress Woo? And ne'er another Love but me? recompanie, the Point I underwiere. The Pointer is to a property of the Pointer o

My Heart is no fuch fickle Sinner, But if it was, it could not range. Phillis has an Angel in her, Would not give it Power to change.

PHILL IS.

Since thou'lt fo true and constant been, What woudlft thou have? Ask any thing; Upon my Soul, were I a Queen, Thou shouldst quickly be a King.

DAMON.

Kingdoms and Crowns are nothing to it, Nothing to one Hair of thine. Give me one, if thoud'ft but do it, Those I'd forfeit, were they mine.

PHILLIS.

Damon, I come; O, now I fall! Thy Arms yet wider! wider still! I'm big with Love! O take me all! Or you may take what e'er you will.

Friday,

Nº 676. Fryday, Man 27.

En' dissel susuxuvi un madens nandus Mn place dusux sili Kown 28 Tuxn, Μηδέποτε φαύτον δυσυχέν άπελπίσης.

T hath been a Maxim most religiously assented to by all good Divines and Philosophers, that no Man whatsoever can do Evil for Evil's sake. I am forry that one of the greatest Objections, that can be made to this universal Problem, should lie at the Door of my Country-Men, but am in very good Hopes, that the present Parliament will afford it a Solution in

a very short time.

What I am now speaking of, relates to the Petitions of the poor Infolvent Debtors, for whom it be-hoves me to stand very strenuously, because I find the ungenerous World is come to that pass, that the Strong will not fland by the Infirm; the Rich will not in any manner help the Needy; the fine dress'd Gentlemen over-look and are ashamed of the Ragged, and will not cloath the Naked; the Persons wallowing Riotously in Luxury, Voluptuousness, and all forts of unwarrantable Pleasures, will not give Meat to the Hungry, nor spare time to cast down one pitying Glance of an Eye, on honest Necessity and innocent Want; but Beggary is now grown a kind of practical Satyr.

It never shall be said by Posterity, that the Censor of Great Britain, living in a christian Age, and in a Country, whose Purity of Doctrine in Religion teaches it to be the most zealous in Points of Charity, could ever, amidst all the Freedom and Liberty of Satyr, omit reprimanding those, whom Heaven hath blessed

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with a Stewardship of Fortune and Treasure, when they seem, by a general Defection from the Laws, both of God and Man, by a universal Degeneracy, both in Grace and Humanity, to deny Food to the Hungry, Drink to the Thirsty, Cloaths to the Naked, a Visit to the Sick and the Imprisoned, and Comfort to the Comfortless of Heart; especially since these are the Corporal Works of Mercy, by the Measure of which Mankind is to be finally judged, to be saved or to be condemned for an Eternity.

To a Man living in all temporal Bleffings, Indulging himself in the Affluence and Pomp of Wealth, and Triumphing, as I may say, over Fortune with insolent Gladness, sober and serious Reflections of this nature, may perhaps seem a little preposterous; but I must beg leave to tell him this unwelcome Truth, that such an unchristian, and even unhuman Consideration of the Inselicities of his Fellow Creatures, which he only owes to Providence that he never selt, proceeds from a Giddiness of Thought, caused by undigested Meals, the

Fumes of Wine and shameful Luxury.

Land.

Such a Man must be made to know, that many of those Wretches, who are now in Prison, were not always to; that many, who now would be thankful for a Cup of cold Water, have been able to drink Wine as well as he; that many, who now rejoice and leap at the Scraps of a Common Basket, could once afford to keep as plentiful a Table as he; that many, who are now glad of a patch'd and parti-colour'd Garment to cover their Nakedness, and to guard them from the Cold, have formerly made great Appearances, and fhin'd in Embroideries and Brocades; that many, who now lie upon Straw, or perhaps firetch'd upon the cold Ground, have enjoy'd as many Golden Slumbers, and funk as deeply and indolently in a Downy Bed as he; that many, who are now kept within the Compass of four bare Walls, have rattled up and down the Streets in a Coach and Six as magnificent as himfelf.

· He is in the next Place, to be inform'd, that they had then as good Security to remain in that Splendor, as he has now; that the fault of their Breaking (for I now speak to each Wealthy Merchant and Citizen of London) was in Necessity and not in their Will; that One out of a Thousand unprovided Mischances, out of a Million unforeseen Accidents, may, one fatal Day or other, betray him to the like Variety of Wretchednels. And therefore, all that I befeech and implore of any fuch Man, is, to spare from his Pleasures one Virtuous Look into his own Bosom, to make the Cafe his own, and then, after asking himself the Question, What a tenderness of Behaviour he would imagine due from his Fellow Creatures? To do no more, than follow a Maxim of Morality, always profess'd and often practifed, even among the Heathens, that is to fay, to do as he would be done by.

How different from this honest Spirit, is the Spirit of a cruel Creditor? How is he by himself deprived even-of the Nature of Man, when he speaks real Vengeance, for Crimes purely imaginary, and framed by his own wild and outragious Fancy, upon the Head of an innocent well meaning Debtor, whom unavoidable Casualty hath made Insolvent, and render'd the causeless

Object of his Wrath?

In order to have a clear Idea of this Matter, let us imagine we now fee, what alas, in fuch a Trading and Populous City, we may every Moment of the Day behold, if we will be but at very little Pains and Trouble for the Observation; let us, I say, place, as it were, before our Eyes, some Honest, Generous and Wealthy Merchant, with a large, good and happy Family round about him, high in the Esteem of all his Neighbours, and of all those that he deals with; to whom the News is fresh arriv'd of all his Ships being lost, one surpriz'd in a fudden Tempest, and snatch'd away from him in a Whirl-wind; a second dash'd to pieces against a Rock; a third stav'd and funk'd by the Water Spouts bursting from a Cloud; and the last drown'd and swallow'd up within fight of his own Shore, by bulging fatally on a Lane,

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Land. Let us behold the good honest Man, supporting himself under his Load of Calamity, by the Props of a heavenly Refignation, stopping the Heartbreaks that gape to let out Life, and would make a Shipwreck of his Person too, when the Tears of a dearly beloved Wife, and the Groans of the Pledges of their Loves. who, by being their Children, are grown the Orphans of good Fortune, swell up the Ocean of his Misery, and distract the Tide of Hope. Let us behold him stemming a Sea of Troubles, struggling and grapling in a Hurricane of Fate, sweating and toiling beneath a weary Life, and just finking under the Burthen of feveral heavy Debts, which 'tis out of his Possibility at present to discharge, any otherwise, than by a pious Resolution to do it as soon as he is able, and to make himself able as far as the strongest Endeavours will let him. Let us behold him weathering thro' the Storm for a while, with the Chearfulness of a good Conscience, and never fighing at his own Misfortunes, but when he fighs, that they were the cruel Causes of those Disappointments, with which he is not willing, but is forced, to disoblige his Creditors. And shall we not, after placing all this Scene of unavoidable Woe before our Eyes, be melted into Compassion for such a Man? shall we not have particular Feelings within our Bowels for such an illustrious, worthy and glorious Wretch? And shall we not, with uncommon Wrath and Indignation, rife up against any Barbarous Purse-Proud Creditor, that breaks in roughly upon his Prayers and Tears, to infult his Wants, and mock and aggravate his Sorrows, that interrupts his honest Labours and Intentions to pay his Debts, on purpose to make him an everlasting Debtor; that unjustly ties up his Hands, that are struggling to do him Justice, before they'll begin to repair the Gaps and Breaches of his own ruin'd Fortunes? It's because (what is hardest of all) these Creditors have the World on their sides, and the specious Colour of the Law to justify their Cause. If they give to those innocent Sufferers those Names, which more properly belong to themselves, and call

them, as they do too often without Cause, Rogues and Villains, shall not all honest Men think, that, not without Cause, they may answer 'em, that the Injustice and Villainy lies at their Doors? Shall we not take the Liberty to tell them, that the Extremity of Rigour in the Law is oftentimes the Extremity of Injustice? And shall we not give 'em to understand freely, and without reserve, that oftentimes, what is nationally Legal, is not only not Religiously Lawful, but on the contrary, Conscienciously examined, very Criminal?

In this View, and it too often happens to be a true one, the Debtor is an innocent Sufferer, but loaded with Reproach, that claims all the Aid and Affiftance we can bring him, and all our Votes and Suffrages for his Redress and Deliverance; and the Creditor is by so much the more barbarous a Villain, because, vested with the Authority of the Law, he makes his Power his Will, without any Consideration or Mercy for his Fellow-Creature, and out of a Lust of Rage, prosecutes, with Prepense Malice, a Man for being innocently and unfortunately Guilty, not of a voluntary

but a necessary Crime against him.

In this Case, not the Debtor, but the Creditor is the unjust Man; and if ever it lies honestly in their way to do it, all Men are oblig'd to moderate the Severity of the Law, when it is so flagrantly inconsistent with a Tenderness of Conscience. I must own, for my part, I would step in between such a ruin'd Debtor, and fuch an enraged Creditor, as foon, as if Ibeheld a Man tumbling from a Window, and breaking his own Limbs, and only Jostling another in his Fall; I would defend him, as he lay on the Ground, from the Rashness of a Person who would be only like the Creditor, if he went to stab him as he lay sprawling on the Earth, for giving him an Affront, which was only caused by the same Accident that made the poor Creature break his Limbs, and put him in Danger of his Life, without the additional Calamity of being of inhumanely butcher'd.

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The Parallel is very Just, and the Case I have stated is the Case of most of those Debtors, who are really insolvent; and 'tis for those only who are really insolvent, that a Petition of Relief is ordered to all the Representatives of their Nation, under whose Consideration it falls, to lop away, prune and correct any Branch of a Law, which, they think, bears too hard upon any of their Fellow Subjects, that are forced to live beneath it.

I must now turn to those who may be properly called the Children of Calamity, and tell them, for their great Comforts, that the Sun of Hope could never shine out with more kindly Instuence upon their afflicted Minds, than this happy NOW; NOW, when all those, whom they have petition'd for a Redress for their Grievances, breathe a Spirit of Freedom and Liberty; NOW, in fine, when many eminent Merchants sit in their Houses, who must know and pity the Perils of Traders, and who must know and pity the Perils of Traders, and who must have a just Sense and Tenderness of their Missortunes, are the Persons able to put it in the way of being Assented to by the King, who has hitherto demonstrated, and may he on all Occasions shew, in imitation of Heaven, his Darling and Favourite Virtues, to be Lenity, Forgiveness and Mercy.

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that Vice suitful a Man had bade

Nº 677. Monday, May, 30.

Feliciter & amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec malis
Divulfus Querimoniis,
Supremà citius solvet amor die.

Hor.

Ethinking my self the other Day, how requisite it was for me to look out for some Persons worthy to make Addresses to my Pearls, I imagin'd I had undertaken a difficult Task to dispose well of so numerous a Family; but am now pleased to find, by the following Letter, my Care will be lessen'd.

Kenerable SIR,

Mighty wild, but pretty Youth, and who wouldI believe, become of as easy and tractable Nature,
by a little good Management, makes his Courtship to
me, with a deal of Vehemence of Temper, and with
the Words of Sincerity, proceeding so immediately and
discernibly from his Heart, that they make their way
into the bottom of mine, as soon as those Words have
left his Mouth. He makes me his Priestes, and confesses to me, o'er and o'er, all the Irregularities of his
past Life; he promises so strongly an Amendment,
that no Woman, of the least good Nature, could doubt
but he would perform what he had so sanguinely refolv'd. 'Twould do any Virtuous Mother good, that
hath an unhappy Son, who is not beyond all Hopes,
to hear him talk; I vow one would be apt to think,

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that Vice polish'd a Man, and render'd him capable of shining more Eminently in Virtue. He still, with great Humility, which gives me more Hopes of him, feems to diffide in his own Strength, and begs and implores my Affistance for Life. He says, nothing else can retrieve him, but the Grace of Heaven, in inclining towards him the Affections of his modelt Beauty, as he is often pleased to say he thinks me. I have seen all the worst of him, and those little Errors, which remain uncorrected, are grown as familiar to me as my own. I can find, by the abundance of Conversation that I have had with him, that he has within him the Seeds of many great Virtues, which have hitherto been scatter'd by the Tempests of his Soul, and which will break into Life with great Beauty, and grow great and flourishing when ever he is rightly settled. I can't persuade my self, but that it is a Sin to deny him, and twould be not only against the most powerful Dictates of my Will, but of my Conscience. For I am, verily, so little modelt, in this Point, as to believe I could reform him, and so I propose to my self double the Happiness of many other Wives, the making both him and my felf happy, not only for Life, but in this and the next World too. Then I omitted to tell you, that he is noble, generous, and grateful, and bears a tender Heart; and as I am a fit Match for him, to repair his Fortune, in which he has made a little Gap; I know fuch an Act would oblige a Man of his Temper, above any other in the World, to make easy, all the ways he could, the Life of a Woman that he did not love half so well, as I am pretty well affur'd and fatisfy'd he does me. Grant me then leave, venerable Sir. for the fake of us both, to indulge our felves in the virtuous Pleasure of continuing his Amour, till you think it time to help me out of it with the Word of Confent, and give your Sanction to the Match. I am that Pearl, which you have been pleased to call your modest one, I suppose, because I am like the rest of your Order, which is altogether every Day more Conspicuous, for that and every other Virtue, which you, out of a Fatherly

Nº 677. The SPECTATOR.

Care and Indulgence to all Orphans and Widows, cultivate and improve among us with great Wisdom and Sanctity, both in your publick and private Lectures. I must own to you, with a blush, that I really can't help Loving; but will do my utmost to try, if you command me; but don't command me otherwise if possible, because I ask not your Advice like those, who only do that to their Parents out of Form and Ceremony when they are resolv'd beforehand to take their own. Therefore, pray be tender to your obedient,

Verecunda:

A little while after the Receipt of this Letter, I met by chance with my pretty Verecunda; she happen'd to have her Mask on, and was, out of Civility to me, by taking it off, just going to make me know her, as I knew her without that, pulling off my broad Hat with both my hands, (according to the usual Mode among us formal Antients) in Consideration of her very great Modesty and Bashfulness, and that the treating so suddenly on the Subject of her Letter, to her Face, might at first throw her into a painful Blush; I hastily clap'd on my Beaver again in the same manner, and prevented her by commanding her to keep her Mask on; then after preparing her, in the best manner I could, for the Question I was going to put to her; I enquir'd what was her Lover's Name, and where he liv'd, that I might fee whether I could come into her Choice, with fafety to that general Duty and Province of Guardianship, that I had taken upon me. I perceiv'd her Neck glow immediately into a warm ruddy Colour and every Joint of her tremble with virtuous Difmay; so that I rejoye'd to have had the Prepense of Mind, and that lucky Thought of bidding her cover her ingenious Countenance.

At last by my Encouragement, she after much ado discover'd to me his Name and Place of Abode, not without some Failings and Hesitations of Voice, that were

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most agreeable to me, and suitable to her Character. The Moment I learn'd these two things, I dismiss'd her from her Pain, and as she skuttled away in great haste and overwhelm'd with Consusion; I would not satisfy my Curiosity of looking back, for her sake, for fear she should perceive me peeping, tho' there was not much danger of looking back on me: I deny'd my Eye the Pleasure of being a Spectator of more delicate motions of Bashfulness and a siner Scene of Modesty, than

perhaps I ever shall behold again.

To make her some amends for what she endur'd, I am to let her know, that since then I have discours'd with her Hippolitus, and by that and many secret Enquiries, am become perfectly acquainted with his Character beyond all Hazard. I joy to find she has mingled Reason with her Love, and that he is fully every thing she has describ'd him to me. I do consent to her Demands, and tho' I am thorowly perswaded and convinced that he never will relapse, yet I shall tremble, when, as her Father at the Solemnization, I shall give away so much Virtue and Modesty into the Arms of a Young Man, that even could never have foul'd them with the Embraces of Guilt and Shame.

Honoured SIR.

A Citizen worth half a Plumb, wishes me to be his wishe. I hear he is always talking of the Fears of Marriage, and that he dreads being a Cuckold. He sometimes talks of his Fears at a Distance even before my Face. He extols Chastity Eternally, and seems to chuse me for his Security against all such Fears. His Opinion of me, when he fears every Body else, makes me love and value him more than if he ador'd me for my Beauty. But he is so fiery, vehement and impetuous in his Expressions, that I tremble when I hear him. If it was not, that I tear'd him as much as he fears the Virtue of our Sex, and with more Reason; and that I am Jealous of his growing Jealous without the least occasion. ——— If it was not for that ——— methinks I could venture him ——— Tho' it is very dangerous, ——— But

' Sir with your Advice --- Pray make me believe I

have no reason to fear him. I am sure, you will be-' lieve, I never shall, when I inform you that I am her

whom you call

Your pretty innocent Daughter-

Virgin A ..

My pretty innocent Daughter,

Have called you so, and ever shall call you so, and ever shall be a Father to you. You want nothing to secure my Love to you all the Days of my Life, but shewing me that you Love your self as you ought. Imagine that wealthy Wretch already doubts your Honour, as he really does; and then I need not bid you abhor, detest and loath him, any more than I am fatisfy'd you will; I have a Husband in my Eye, if you think one of my Recommendation worthy of you.

N. B. If that Jealous Fellow, or any other of his fort, shall attempt for the future to disturb the Peace and Tranquillity of the Ladies of my Order, He shall fland in the middle of the Pearl-Chamber in a yellow

Mantle for three Hours.

Whereas I love to do every Man of the lowest Station a good Turn, that has been serviceable to me, B give Notice to every Body; That a Man having put a written Paper, as it is worded underneath, into my Hands, I fent him the Old Peruque I take my Walks. in, and he was as good as his Word in every Article. The Tenour of the written Paper was as follows.

Gentlemen that have Peruques out of Curl, Colour or Fashion, I can improve again so as to do service long. A short Whig for two Shillings, a Campaign for three, Full-bottom for four. I do them in two Days and without taking to pieces, Thomas Lardiner at the two Black pots in Savoy-Alley, shall be visited by all my

old Acquaintance that are great Walkers.

K. 6

B.

Nº 678. Fryday, June 3.

Nunc mihi, si quando, Puer & Cytherea, favete Nunc Erato; nam tu nomen Amoris habes.

Magna paro; quas possit Amor remanere per Artes Dicere, tam vasto pervagus orbe Puer:

Et levis est, & habet geminas, quibus avolet, Alas, Difficile est illis imposuisse Modum.

Ovid. de Arte Amand.

Ite per exemplum, Genus ô Mortale, Dearum; Gaudia nec cupidis vestra negate Viris.

Ibidem.

OVE Correspondence augments wonderfully every Day; and I believe, all the Drawers in my Cabinet, that I have mark'd out for the various and several Things I have treated upon, must be empty'd, that I may have room for Love-Letters. I find there will be very sultry doings this Year, and a hot Employment for me. I shall begin with the following Letter, and discharge my Duty as fast as ever I can, for the Benesit of both Sexes.

Mr. Spectator,

If at this time of the Year, a Man of any Tasse hath with him the Mistress of his Affections in the Country, he must believe himself an Adam, and she an Eve, the first Parents in Paradise; the Happiness describ'd in the one, and selt in the other, are so near a-kin, that they would help on the pleasing Impostures:

This double Pleasure have I lately received —— in the finest Part of the finest Country, and with the fairest Ornament of the fair Sex; this double Pleasure was I blest with.

"Tis renewing over again, in Imagination, the most exquisite Desires ever felt, to render you, from the beginning to the ending, an exact Account of our fetting out, of the Passages that happened in our Fourney, and after our Arrival; and lastly, of the Place to which we arriv'd. But alas! What I would describe last, is the first; the freshest and most pleasing to my Memory; and I cannot contain my felf from passing by the other Felicities of that Day, to paint to you that Place; that Place, where, being with the Beauty of the World! With my charming Clarinda! Every thing in Nature seem'd to smile, and to excite us to the highest loys; where the kindly Shades of the Trees, the Softness and Verdure of the Herbage, the sweet Odours of the Flowers, the gentle Murmuring of the Brooks, and amorous Chirping of the Birds, seem'd to give us the fame Advice; and the more especially, where a favourable Wilderness (the Emblem of my Felicity) invited us to lose our selves in that Delicious Labyrinth, and the Mazes of Joy together—there, there Mr. Spectator, there was I blest in supporting my Dear Clarinda through those charming Meanders; there, there, she heard me to repeat all my Declarations, Vows, Oaths, and Protestations - Had you been there to hear me Expostulating with her, with that Tenderness and Vehemence, which nothing but Love can sweetly intermingle — Had you feen her Looks, how pressing! how beautiful! and heard her Replies, how witty and winning! and yet at the same time, how awful and how cruelly Evading! had you been there to fee me Melting, Wishing, Dying; pouring out the very Tenderness of my Soul, an humble Supplicant, and Votary at the Feet of my adorable Angel: It would, I'm fure it would have touch'd your aged Heart; and had you been bleffed with fuch a Daughter, you would have melted into Compassion, and conceived so good an Opinion of my Sincerity, that you would have yielded her Eminent, as the is for every Excellence, into my Arms, as one who had a Passion worthy of it all, as one who had felt such Agonies, as nothing but the Possession

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of so many Charms could possibly repay. At last (blest be the happy Hour!) Let it be for ever Register'd in Love's Calendar; at last (cold tho' she had long remain'd) her stony Heart began to relent, and did acknowledge Pity dwelt within that Bosom; where! Could I ever dwell, I'd pity Kings my self, that knew not half my Joy— for as the Lord Lansdown happily expresses it,

To lie but at her Feet, more Glory brings, Than 'tis to tread on Scepters and on Kings.

Dear Sir, if you ever had knowledge of Compaffion, if ever you have torn a generous Heart, stand but my Friend this once, encourage her to improve the kind Belief, stir up her Pity to me still more and more, and add me to the Number of those that are render'd successful by your Recommendations--- I pray do this---tell her, 'tis sit to try me every Day, bid her look into my Breast every Hour, she'll find how deep Fidelity, Sincerity, and Honour, are rooted there: There, there, she'll find that Love is grown so much a part of me, that both Life and it will have but one End; Oh! This, this she knows, she knows it already----Mark Anthony himself could not so justly say to Cleopatra, as I to her,

---How I Lov'd,
Witness, the Days and Nights, and all the HoursThat danc'd away with Down upon my Feet,
As all your Business were to count my Passion;
One Day past by, and nothing saw but Love,
Another came, and still 'twas only Love;
The Suns were wearied out with looking on,
Yet I untir'd with Loving:
I saw you every Day, and all the Day,
And every Day was still but as the first,
So easer was I still to see you more.

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For were I Master of the Globe, and parted with it for my Glarinda, all Mankind, who are so happy to know her, would agree I was a Gainer by the Exchange.

Could Cleopatra half her Beauty boaft, Wife was the Bargain, well the World was loft.

I beg you'll please to insert this Letter in one of your Spectasors, and if you can think it worthy of your Obfervations, twill extreamly oblige,

SIR.

Inner-Temple,

June the 8th,

1715.

Your great Admirer, and

Very Humble Servant.

Tho' that very witty Poet, from whom I have borrowed my Mutto, hath undertaken to teach the Art of Love, yet am I fully perswaded, that so many Masterly Strokes of Art, as he shews throughout all that little Poetical Treatise, must have proceeded from an accurate Observation, taken at his cooler Hours, what were the most Exquisite Feelings and Impulses of Nature; what broken Phrases and half Sentences a Man of his Sense would unknowingly break into, what were his Gestures, what his Actions when his Pulse beat highest, when Passion was in him at its last heat, and his Heart and Soul were brimful as they could hold, with the Affections and Inspirations of his Mistress.

The ingenious Gentleman, who fent me the Foregoing Letter, was cast in the same soft Mould. He seems to me to be Master of Ovid's Art, but not without being taught it, as Ovid was, by the like natural and tender impressions, which it is plain to me have been sinking every day more and more, and have now made their way into his very inmost Soul, since the happy Moment he saw his Clarinda sirst. He hath indeed made-use of some Expressions which Art might enable a Man, not very much in Love, to utter, out of pure Gallantry but towards faying all that he has there faid, and in the manner he has there faid it; all the Power of Art would have avail'd him nothing: It was his Nature more than ordinary stir'd up to it, by the warmest Inspiration, with which the finest Objects of the noblett Passions was alone capable to affect it. The very Spirit of Sincerity runs thro' all the Letter. There are an Hundred Characteriflicks, by which not only a Woman (for they are more quick-fighted in that point than Men) but a Man of ordinary Penetration may eafily diftinguish between the Love Letters of Art, and the Love Letters of Nature. I can find no more Art than was proper to keep his Thoughts in Method, Rule and Order, which, if deliver'd only by Nature, would have impetuously burst their Way from him, with all the Confusion and Irregularity of Passion, and might have caused the Lady to believe he loved her, and confequently to pity him; but could never have inclin'd or convinc'd her that she ought to love him in return. Art in Love, without Nature, is like an old cold Dotard, affected with a false Rage and Impotence together; Nature in Love, without Art and Reason, is as a young wild Colt; that knows no bounds, and is of no use, but on the contrary mischievous, till 'tis broke and brought to the Menage: In a Word, in Love, Art is an old bragging vapouring Coward; and mere Nature uncultivated, is like a Savage Bealt, that is terrible to human Kind; but when Love and Reason meet together, there is in such a Man's Breast so happy an Intermixtion, that it is a kind of fecond Life to him; it is, if I may be fo bold, an Adventitious Union of the Soul and Body together, which gives the one a new Sett of Affections, and the other a new Sett of Sensations, which correspond with the greatest Delight to be felt on this side Heaven. I must congratulate with Clarinda, that she is so much admir'd by one who deserves the Name of a wife Lover, and that may make her Life as Sweet, as that Love of her, and the Hope of Possession, is to him.

Upon the whole Matter, I must frankly acknowledge, that, had I been bless'd with such a Daughter, (and who knows but my Simplicia may grant me to be the Father of such a one yet?) I would have given her with great Content and Satisfaction into the Arms of so promising a Gentleman.

From the Council held in the Pearl Chamber.

T was there complained, and our Advice upon those Complaints asked in the following Manner.

I. That several Youths, not twenty Years of Age and just come from School, do, to the great Disturbance of this our Society, make Court to our Pearls, and will by no Means desist from giving them Perplexity; and though they are treated with that Contempt which would make a Man of Sense hide his Head, yet they go on intrepid, and will understand nothing to be a Denial.

Upon this I have resolved to settle a Salary upon some petty Schoolmaster, who hath lost most of his Business. If there be one that hath a weak Head, and strong Arm, let him apply to me in some Advertisement; his Business will be to teach these Striplings, that they are not past whipping, tho' they are come from School, but that whenever they play their Pranks among Ladies, and begin to say by rote their Lessons of Love, which they do not understand, they shall lie under the Correction of Lady Birch.

That Wag, who hath made his Mistress complain of his Jealousy, shall not stand in the yellow Mantle as he desired; and I would have him to know, that we grave old Counsellors are too wise and sagacious to be so ship put upon by such a pert Gig as he is.

N. B. The Complaint of Christian Truth moves memuch, and Iswill afford her all due Consolation and Satisfaction in a short time.

W.B.

Mondays.

Nº 679. Monday, June 6.

Annua nobiscum Sacra hoc celebrate Faventes.

Virg. Æn.

Y Love of Retirement, join'd to a Defire of visiting some intimate Friends, and seeing the Country, which is now cloathed with the most beautiful Attire Nature can afford, invited me the other Day, to leave the busy Town: I had all the Opportunities imaginable to indulge my speculative Genius, through my Friend's great diligence to make all Things easy and pleasant to me; befides, the Situation of the Place contributed very much to compleat my Happiness: The Apartment my Friend had allotted me, opening into a large Balcony, had the Command of the whole Village, and gave me the Opportunity to observe all Occurrences; it exhibited to my View the Ptospect of a fine Champian Country, watered with purling Streams and Rivulets, and covered with Flowers, and Grass, and Corn, a delightful Panegyric to the curious Eye: The Gardens seemed: cultivated and improv'd by Art, to make amends for the great Disadvantage they had in this beautiful Scene of being nearest us, and consequently, more subject to offend the Eye, if any thing appeared rude or indigested.

Here, among many other diverting Passages, I had the good Fortune to make my Remarks upon the Country People, who were gathered together in great Numbers from all the Neighbouring Towns, to Celebrate a Feast, which is annually observed there. To see these People in their Airs, and elevated to the highest pitch of Mirth and Jollity, was very pleasing; and I could not forbear reflecting upon the Happiness of their Ignorance, and mean Education, which make

thei

their whole Life one continu'd Scene of Transport and Admiration, without any Allay of Ambition or Envy; when, on the contrary, Persons of great Fortunes and Estates, that are brought up in the midst. of Splendor, and have the Advantage, as we call it, of feeing the World by their Travels, are perfect Strangers to these innocent Pleasures: Their smiling Countenances proclaim'd their inward Felicity, and often extorted from me these Exclamations. O thrice bleffed Mortals! who, like their Patroness Virtue, are envy'd by none, but deservedly admir'd by all wise Men.

Contentedness defends them from all that Care. which otherwise must necessarily attend their incessant Toils and Labour; and Innocence protects them in a pure Tranquillity of Mind: This naturally suggested to me, that wife and never enough confider'd Precept of Pythagoras to his Scholars, Never be dejected at the Frowns of Fortune, for Power and Necessity are near Neighbours; and the Burthen which is laid on by one,

the other will enable you to fultain.

Having thus fatisfied my Curiofity, I retired to my Closer, and began to consider the Ends of these Fealts, (which are very frequent in most Parts of England) when they were Instituted, for what Reason, and by whom: Some, I find, are of Opinion, without going any further into the Enquiry, that they are, as it were, a Compendium of those Feasts our Angestors were used to observe every Sabbath Day: It being usual, formerly, to divert themfelves, after the Church Service was over, with Mulick and Dancing; but finding, by their Frequency, that they became destructive to all Religion, and promoted Riots and Drunkenness, and withal, were very inconvenient to themselves; they at last reduc'd them to one only in a Year.

Others affirm, which indeed feems most probable, that they were formerly kept in Honour of some Heathen Gods; and that the first Planters of Christianity in these Parts, finding us a stubborn stiff necked People, who were very much addicted to Mirth; and

would.

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would fooner part with our very Laws by which we are govern'd, than be depriv'd of any of these Customs, or retrench'd in our Liberty and Prosperity; were forc'd to comply with our Humour, and continued the Feasts, at the same time they extirpated the Religion; only with this Difference, that as they were before dedicated to the Heathen Gods, so now they are dedicated to the blessed Saints, and holy Martyrs, which we generally find they immediately follow, and are govern'd by. So that they are so many Monuments of our peculiar Obstinacy and Perverseness, and may serve to bring us off from that proud Conceit, that whatever the Ancient Writers and Historians have left upon Record, concerning our Barbarity, is false.

I am very well assured, that too many of this Nation are very much wanting in this necessary piece of Curiosity, of prying into the Occasions of these Customs, and many more of the like Nature, as being not worthy of their Notice; but I would desire such Persons to consider, that if it be a Fault to be ignorant of these Things, which are obscure and intricate; it is centainly a much greater to be ignorant of Things which are obvious and easy; and that it would be a very unsatisfactory Answer to an inquisitive Foreigner, to

tell him they were dedicated aproso @ @.

I hope my Female Readers will not take it amis, if I for once insert a Letter of an old Gentleman's, who complains of the Impertinence of that Sex; for I confess his Complaint is not altogether unreasonable, and ought to be considered.

Mr. SPECTATOR

I Had, I know not whether I may call it, the Fortune or Misfortune, to go to a Friend's House upon their Feast-Day; for, setting aside other Things, I think I was never better entertain'd in my Life; but after Dinner taking a Walk into the Town, to Gape and Stare as the rest did, I was so assaulted by the Impertinences of some young Ladies, that I have resolved never to go to a Feast again. One would jog my Elbow, Pray.

Pray fir, do but observe that Fresh-colour'd Girl, and her Spark, see how fashionably they walk, the Man in the dry Path next the Wall, whilst she, poor Girl, is shov'd into the Dirt, being desirous to keep by his Side; then I must observe the Discipline of their Fans, which, perhaps, were placed on the left side of their Faces, to keep the Sun off, which shone upon the Right side; another would pull me by the Sleeve, and I must take Notice of the Situation of such a One's Head-Cloaths, which were, perhaps, too much on one side; or too backward; presently their Gown Tails were found fault with, and I was called upon to give my Judgment, which side was the lowest. - Thus was I teaz'd all the Afternoon; and that you may the better judge how this Usage must be to me, I think it necessary to give a short Character of my self; I am an old Man near seventy Years of age, very reserved in my Conversation, and very thoughtful, and have Severity enough for a Spectator, had I some other Accomplishments in as great perfection.

I reft,

Your Devoted

Humble Servant,

Severus Rusticus.

com inga califola. For al acidacida a

I must likewise desire to be excus'd for inserting the following Verses, it being to encourage a young Rural Beginner.

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The COUNTRY FEAST.

L. Company

SOON as the streaming Rays of Light
Dispers'd the gloomy Shades of Night,
The Nymphs and Swains appear;
With many a simple harmless Jest,
To celebrate that rural Feast,
Returning once a Year.

II.

The Musick Plays, they Dance and Sing,
Like Birds that usher in the Spring,
Transported with Delight;
Until their glowing Cheeks disclose,
The Beauties of the budding Rose,
And please the curious Sight.

WAR WINDER

III.

Two things fet out the Home-bred Girls, Which want the Ornaments of Pearls, A Drefs that's neat and clean; And what might worthily beget An Emulation in the Great, An eafy, careless Mion.

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IV.

The Country Dames Ambitious strive,
To deck their small, but cleanly Hive,
With pleasant wholesome Food;
A Pudding, and one Joint of Meat,
Will give their Friends a splendid Treat,
And nourishes the Blood.

V.

Or if their well-stock'd Yard afford
A fatted Pig to grace the Board,
And raise their chearful Mirth;
Their last least Care is how 'tis drest,
And all the lucky Stars are blest,
Which influenc'd their Birth.

VI.

The Master cries, Dame, Tap the Ale,
Let's have a Cup of Mild and Stale;
O! sweet melodious Sound;
Let's wish that Wars may ever cease,
And we enjoy a happy Peace;
The honest Health goes round.



to the social case bear 1865, appearing of the contribute

Nº 680. Fryday, June 10.

Aliquando prastat morte jungi, qu'am vità distrabi. Val. Max.

GREAT Interruption is now put to that foft Train of Thought, in which I defigned to have indulg'd my felf much longer; for the last Pacquet, I receiv'd, confifts, for the most part, of Letters from Hampstead, in all which I am defired to take Notice, that the Rolly-Polly, which was lately fet up between Red-Lyon and Bloomsbury-Squares, is not entirely funk, as I imagin'd; but that the devouring Snakes, which curl round the top of that Utenfil, only div'd cunningly out of my Sight here in Town, and have risen immediately again at Hampstead, to the great Detriment of the fair Sex. The wily Infects have wounded and infinuated themselves more than ever into their Favour; and many rich Persons, of the beautiful Progeny of our old Mother Eve, have fuch Dealings with the Mouths of these Snakes, and play so long with the golden Apple, that, unless timely prevented, they are in imminent Danger of being turn'd out from the Enjoyment of those Bleffings which Fortune hath given then in abundance, and being thrown down from that flourishing Station of Life, in which Providence hath kindly placed them, as in a second Terrestrial Paradise, to feel Pain and be ashamed of their Nakedness, and to earn with the Sweat of their Brows the Bread of Sorrow.

This is indeed called the Fair Diversion, but I know of no other Reason for that tempting Epithet, but that all the Gamesters at the Board are fair ones, who are designed to meet with very foul Play, and to be egre-

gioully

giously diverted out of their Estates and Fortunes, their Beauties and Reputations. What makes me more hasty in renewing my Animadversions on this reviving Evil, than I otherwise should have been, is out of the tenderest Pity and Compassion (because I always make my self as a Father to the Fatherless Young) towards a promising young Gentleman and a very pretty young Lady, who have two Widows for their Mothers, that lead them both into the Temptations of Distress, and teach them the Way to make that Being, wretched and miserable, which they gave them; and this in so strange and malicious a manner, as if, for fear they should not see them undone in their Life-times, they intended to leave them, by their last Wills, a Parcel of Cheats and Sharpers for Trustees and Guardians, to receive the Profits of their Estates.

The Wife of a very pretty Gentleman near Covent-Garden shall be spared from any farther Reflection on her Conduct at present, out of Regard to him, who behaves so well under such Circumstances, with fuch a Wife. But I must befeech once more, all Ladies, whether Mothers, Wives, or Daughters, to fave me and themselves the Pain, which we shall both alike feel, if they continue obstinate, and compel me, whether I will or no, to chastize and reprimand them. as I must for their own Good, and to satisfy and discharge faithfully and honeftly the Duty of that Office of Censor, which I have taken upon me. For I do declare and protest, that I will disoblige them all, one Day or other, and that too, in the harshest Manner I can, that I may oblige them all the Days of their Lives afterwards, in the best and sweetest Manner I can, by tearing them from Adversity, and forcing them to live in Prosperity, in spite of their own selves. And when I shall have done this, which I hope there will now be no need for, I will glory in the Severity, which at first they may take amis, and boast, that such a Freedom of Satire, even with them, beautiful as they are, tho' they may for a Time cry out, one and all against it, as unmannerly, inhumane, unwarrantable.

rantable, is the greatest Act of good Nature, and the highest Pitch to which Christian Charity can aspire, I shall, without Fear, and with the greatest Content, enjoy their Ill will, if I can but be the happy Instrument to keep them from the Means of having an Ill-will towards themselves for ever. All that I desire, is to turn the Point of Anger from thems to my own Breast, and risque my own Safety to ensure theirs.

In hopes of their Amendment, I shall fay no more upon this unwelcome Subject for the present; and I wish I may not once have Occasion to open my Lips upon it again; for what I have now faid, in the manner I have faid it, let the Ladles, in whose good Graces I have long been, and which I could not lofe, without the utmost Compunction of Heart; or would not venture fo great a Lofs, but where I must have a greater, if I did not; let these Ladies, I say, be angry at me, if they can. I am fure, if they have the Wisdom, and Tenderness, and Docility of Temper, that I have ever found among molt of their Sex, with whom I have the Honour to be personally acquainted, I defire no better Security to gain their Kindnels, than that they would confider what I have faid. I look upon it as certain, that they would, after some serious Reflection, own more of their Favour due to fuch a hearty and friendly Admonition, than to the most artfull Addresses of a Courtier.

As I was the other Night at Will's Coffee-House, engaged in Discourse with a Friend, who is valuable to me, both for his Wit and good Nature, by some means or other, our Talk happened at last to turn upon the Difficulty that Parents and Guardians had, of disposing of all their Daughters or Wards, without any Unfortunate Misca riage. And this let my Friend into

the following little History.

Oftentimes, faid he, Sir, I have endeavour'd to pick Vertue out of the worst thing in Nature. Among many others, I have found out a Way of improving my self very much, by the Conversation of some Women of the Town, that have been the Ruin of so many

many other Men. To prevent my Fear of offending your Modelty, I do aver to you, that I fincerely believe no Man hath received more Harm in his Body, than I have Good in my Mind, from their Company; and this is the Reason why I make as frequent Visits to them to be polish'd, as other dissolute Young Men do to be corrupted. My Way with them, hath been always to enquire the true Reason of their first Falls, which are indeed very various and furprizing, and the Knowledge of them would be a strong Guard to Female Honour, Virtue and Happiness, in a Discreet Man who is the Father of many Daughters; to whom, generally, I take a Pleasure in relating over-again these kind of Passages. This way of Prefacing, is the Error of all the Old Fellows, and if you will pardon it, now

I come to my Story.

I one Evening got into the Company of a Woman, at her own House, whom my very Heart pity'd for being destitute of that Honour, which if she had, she had all the other Qualifications in Nature to make the Tenderest Mother, the Best Wife, and the Discreetest Mistress of a Family, that could be. My Heard aked for her, and all the time I discoursed with her, that so many Perfections should be laid waste by the Loss of One. What has added to my Grief, was, that I could perceive, that she had been a Young Gentlewoman lately fallen, who had received all the other Marks of the best Education. This heightened my Curiosity to know the unhappy Occasion of her Fall. I told her twenty different Stories, which I had heard of that Sort, from others, and asked her, if any one of those was her Case. No, reply'd she, but I can tell you one, of a certain unhappy Young Creature, would make you Weep to hear it, worse than all these; and because I see you're curious, when I have finish'd that, I will tell you then my own.

A Young Lady and a Young Gentleman, of good honourable Houses in Cornwall, had long entertain'd for one another a Secret Passion, which being at last disclosed to both their Parents, was by them so ap-

DION 4

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prov'd and encourag'd, that the young Lover was invited by his Mistress's Father, to be at his House. At Haft, the Deeds of Settlement were drawn, and the Solemnization was agreed to be performed within the Week. They were now permitted to be together alone, as often as they would, when, lo! one unhappy Day, when all the Family was abroad, being in Love with one another to Diffraction, and talking over all the Words of Passion, they inflam'd each other to an imparient Defire of that Happiness, which had been fo with Marriage. He told her, she was then the same as Married, us'd all the Eloquence of Love to persuade her to that Belief which Inclination made her too willingly to lean too of her felf. Sir, half conftrain'd as 'twere, and half thinking the might in those Circumitances, grant his Request with Virtue; more unfortunately than viciously, the made his Wife his Whore; he being in his Nature Jealous, when all the Heat of Joy, with all the Dalliances of Pleasure, were over, and room was made for cooler Thought and Judgment, rav'd like a Mad-man at his own Defects, but curs'd her Credulity still more, and view'd her within himself with a malignant Eye, as one that was inclin'd to be a Mistress: Stung to the Heart with this unlucky Thought, that the, whom he loved at fult on Principles of Honour, should yield to an Act of Shame, stole from the House the Evening before the Marriage was to have been, and left her. This gave both the Families great Disconsolation, but to the young Lady most. She grew with Child, and was more wretched ftill, grew publickly wretched. The Father turn'd her out of Doors, Helpless, and Moneyless, to the wide World, in that forelorn: Condition, and was deaf to all Reason offer'd with her Name. The Mother being of a tender Nature, and considering all the Circumstances, gave her as much Money, Plate, and Jewels, as the could do without being discovered. The unhappy Creature travel'd with her Load of Miffortune to London, and was deliver'd of the poor Infant, born not an Heir, but a Beggar. Three Years after

after this Infant dy'd, happier in the Time of its Death, than of its Birth; for just then all that she had was spent, and she in Debt; she was desirous to do Penance in the lowest Service, resolved no more to be Mistress to any other Man; her cruel Father had written and barr'd her from all the help of Friends, not one Relation in Town did or would see her; Friends she had none beside, and Service without Recommendation was not to be had. Sir, for Bread she would not be vicious; she starv'd and dy'd, and was at last a Martyr for that Virtue, that only such a Man, at such a Time, in such a Circumstance, could ever have made her forseit.

Here we both wept, and, says I to her, 'If your own be as Melancholy —— Spare me the Relation —— I would not hear it —— Sir, you have heard it now ————I now am dead and starv'd, for how to get my Bread, but by that way I spoke of, I know not in the World; and in that infamous Way I never will, I ll die first, and therefore call my self already dead.'

Struck dumb with Anguish, at the following Scene, which mov'd me more than all her Words, she brought me to the Infant, lying in her Cupboard in a Glass Shrine embalmed. I threw her down a Guinea, and went away, not able to speak, but resolving never to let her want.

Not long after, happening one Day to tell this difmal History before some grave old Gentlemen, as I signified to you was my Way, one of a sudden drop'd into a Swoon. We chas'd his Temples, used all the Means we could to restore him, and did at last. However, a Fever seiz'd him from the Moment, and when he was gone home to Bed, he sent for me. Can you, Sir, says he, find that Ladythat you told the Story of? She is my Daughter; with a Sigh, as if it was his last. I told him, Yes. He presently had a Lawyer, and made his Will, and lest her all the Personal Estate he had; just then came this Letter from the young Gentleman's Father, to the poor dying Man.

L 3

Ruin of me and mine!

FOR now I may give that Title to you, as you were wont to me. I have been in Town but two Days, and going to see Bedlam, I found my lost Son there: More lost to me, alas! than if I had not found him. I will not curse your Daughter, as you have my Son: Our Families have been each other's Ruin, I will dress him, and send him to you, and you shall see him.

After this I went and brought the Daughter, who came just time enough to ask his Blessing, and to see him expire. She kiss'd him o'er and o'er, begg'd that her Child and she might be buried with him in a Tomb, and said, something within told her she should die within the Hour. Up came the Mad Gentleman that had been her Lover, and e'er we were aware who he was, spy'd her, drew forth his Sword suddenly, stab'd her as she leant over her Father, and she fell dead upon him, and then stab'd himself.

An Answer was written to the foregoing Letter, by which the young Gentleman's Father grew as distracted as his Son: See what an Age of Sorrows grows from one Moment of unlawful Love.

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Nº 681. Friday, June 13.

and Children appleton of the thin this time

Gatera, neque Temporam sunt, neque Ætatum omnium, neque Locorum: hac Studia Adolescentiam alunt, Senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, Adversisperfugium ac solatium prabent, delectant domi, non impediunt soris; pernoctant Nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.

Cicero pro Archia Poeta.

of each the edge of the edge of the Comment of the NE Day last Week, being in a Tayern in Chancery-Lane, with two Gentlemen belonging to the Law, I found it was their way, over a Glass of Wine, to unbend themselves, and mollify the Rigour and Severity of that hard perplex'd kind of Study, with that pleasant Recreation of the Mind which is known in a fingular Manner to flow in upon its from Musick and Harmony. All that is before ruffled, wearying, tedious and tiresome within, is by Melody render'd calm, easy, gentle and serene: And the Ear of Man passes backwards and forwards, with the Finger and Voice of the Player, through a vast Variety, and, as I may fay, a Labyrinth of Sounds; and the further it travels, it does, if I may be allow'd the Expression, travel more into Relt, Repose and Satisfaction, and grows more untired by going on.

I am forrow to see so Noble a Remedy, in prescribing of which, for the Cure of Labour and Study, by the Example of the Wisest of Men, who did the Wisest Things, should be taken so contrary to the Stated Rules and Practices of the first Physicians of the Mind of Man, that our Modern Patients, under

L.4.

that Heavenly Kind of Discipline, have made the Remedy worse than the Disease; and instead of making Musick the Cure of their Irksomness, of too much Study, and the Alleviation of their Passions, have made an Apostate of that Art, and forced it to be an Aider and Contributor to their Uneasiness. Party-rage is gotten into the Sounds of the Violin, the Harptichord, and the Timbrel, and I wish I could go into the Church, and not say the Organ too. Contending Faction speaks in the very Voice of the Flute, the Hautboy and the Trumpet. 'Tis strange to me, to find a Couple of Violins made at Cremona, enter into the Policy of the English Nation, and all the Instruments, even of the lowest Minstrelsy, as String and Bladder, declare them-

- felves Whig and Tory immediately. There were two Men, that play'd both upon the Violin and the Flute, but had but a fingle Instrument of each Kind betwixt them. The Company in one Room, would defire to hear a Whig March upon the Violin, while the Company in the other, received upon Demand, the Notes of an Amorous Song, composed in the Praise of a Tory Toast. Then the Musicians chang'd their Instruments, and this Company was delighted with a Tory March, upon the same Violin, and the other Company, with the Ravishing Notes of an Amorous Song, compos'd to a pretty Whig Toaft's Honour and Glory. 'Twas edifying enough in the Moral, to behold the innocent Infruments, grow Trimmers under the Artificial Hand of their Mafters, who cared not what Party they were of, and made them of that Party they pleased, for they were only able to administer Delight to others, and no Profit to themselves, and had Company enough to hear and give them

But of the poor innocent Instruments, that were nothing but Sound, I remark'd, that this their Trimming, was not to be call'd by that odious Name, but that they kept true to their Notes and Tunes in both Companies, and the Violin founded both Marches with Applause, because under both the British Arms have had

Money.

Voice

Success: And the Flute breath'd out its Notes in Praise of Beauty, for the Whig and Tory Toalts, who were

both of them really very pretty.

The two Gentlemen that were with me, happen'd to be of different Parties, and defired they both might be admitted into our Room, to play by Confent altornately, as they had done before, 'Which, they told me, could not disoblige me, because I had promised upon my Word, as a Spectator, always to be neuter. 'Frold 'em, their will was their own, but that it was my Opinion, that such a Way was inverting the final and formal Object of the Art of Musick, which was giving Pleasure; and by that Means, as Harmony hath always hitherto naturally risen out of Discord, they were going further, and about to make new Discords unnaturally arise from Harmony.'

But however, with the utmost shew of Civility on both fides, I was over-ruled, and each of my Gentlemen had their Party Tunes out, in the manner they delired. When their Musick was over, both of them very earnestly apply'd to me, to know of me fincerely, which Tune feem'd to have in it the most Masterly Strokes of Harmony, abstracted from the Sense and Meaning of the Tune. I immediately took out of the Musicians Hands the Flute, and in Imitation of Hamlet in the Tragedy, defired either of them to play upon the Pipe. They faid, they could not: I befeech'd them; they answer'd, they knew not one Touch of it. Said L Govern these Ventages with your Fingers and Thumb, give it Breath with your Mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent Musick: Look you, these are the flops. But they both still answer'd, with Guilden. flern in the Play, that they could not command those : stops to any utterance of Harmony, they had not the Skill. I then concluded, by answering with Hamlet, Why look you now, faid I, how unworthy a thing you make of me, you would play upon me, you would feem to know my Stops, you would pluck out the Heart of my Miflery, you would found me from my lowest Note in my Compais, and there is much Musick, excellent

Can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

At the end of this Speech, we all feem'd to be at a little variance one with another: Now then, faid I, let us make right use of Musick, and reconcile our selves

to Harmony by Harmony.

Passing thro' Chancery-lane, I saw one of those, commonly call'd old blind Harpers, and as that Instrument was famous for calming Rage, I fent for this old Musician to us, who declared, that King David was doubly his Patron both as to his Country and Profession, and he was consequently the finest Man for my purpole. I defired him to restore his Instrument to it's old antient Use, and to play upon it those Tunes that were consecrated to Vertue and Religion. The old Fellow furpriz'd us, by the fineness of his hand, which I really think more delicate, than any that I ever remember to have heard exercifing it felf upon any other Instrument whatsoever, even at the Opera's. And by his dextrous Management of it, I am now perswaded, that just such a Harp was adapted to express that Variety, which is to be found in the Heavenly Compolitions of the royal Mulician. Nothing can be too tweet, nothing too foft, and on the other hand, nothing too sublime and daring for it, but only those divine Songs which alone it should be ever playing, whose Subjects are the Love, the Thanksgivings, the Praise, the Glory due to the Almighty, and all the Attributes. of the Everlasting GOD. It sounded under his Hand, as amorous and melting as the Flute, as sprightly and lively as the Hautboy, and as bold and daring as the Trumpet that inspires Courage when it calls to Arms. In fine, the Effect of it was, the poor blind Man brought us all into Charity with one another, and made us shew it, by joyning very justly in our Charity to him, who so much deserved it of us all. At his departure I ask'd his Name, and he told me he was call'd blind Perry. This

This I write for the Instruction of my Countrymen, torn and distracted by Party-rage and Jealousies that whenever there happens any Dispute in any Company, they may send to one Davis in Chancery-lane, for poor old Perry the Blind, who will give them Eyes, and make them see their Interest better, and teach them to agree. And I must own I could never more seasonably recommend to all Young Men the Study of Musick than at present.

I am advised from Gloucester-street, near Red-lion-Square, that that Street is full of Women of Fashion; that without regard to Decency, they are eternally lolling out of their Windows, inafmuch that the Walls appear to any Passenger, at his first Entrance into the Street, as if they had all the way on both fides living Heads, that grew naturally out of them, which could not be removed without Death. One very pretty Face under a black Head is mentioned more particularly than the rest, but with great Regard and Esteem, as if the Youth, who fent me this Advice, was angry at the rest, because by that Custom of looking out, he has receiv'd from her his Death Wound. Her further informs me, that it cannot be for Air, because alternately in the Morning and Afternoon they look out on both fides of the way, tho' never to Sun-shining, as if they had rather Bask themselves in the Sun, than cool and refresh their Temperament of Body in the Shade. A modelt Man cannot pass without the pain of Imagining himself examin'd from Head too Foot, and stared quite thorough. Tom Tripper, my Correspondent, says, who hath walked twenty Years in the Mall, fancying every Lady to be in Love with him that looks at him, passes, and repasses here to and fro several times both Morning and Afternoon, and always on the Sun-shine side of the way, that a Silk Drugget of his, garnish'd with Silver Buttons and Button-holes, and his Pearls colour Silk Stockings, together with the Brilliant on his little Finger which he brandifles above any other Finger, with an eternal Motion of the left Hand, the

he is known to be right-handed, may shine, glitter, and blaze, and sparkle to Advantage. I hope none of my Pearls, if any of them live in that Street, are given to gazing, I shall take it in my Walks to pass that way very shortly, at the time when Tom Trippes makes his Review; and if I catch one of my Pearls a peeping, it shall be as bad for them, as it was for the Peeper of Covenery, they shall be dead to the Society for ever, and Peepers, by way of Warning, shall be set in the Seats they enjoy d in the Pearl Chamber. And as for Tom Trippet, I will bring the School-master I lately made mention of, to earn the first part of his Annuity, by exercising his strong Arm of Flesh, in giving that intolerable Fop all due Correction.

I have also an Account from Nassaw's Chocolate-House, near Drury-Lane Theatre, that Nigroalbus, a Sharper, of great Size and Magnitude, hath been visited by a Ghost from Tyburn, whose shameful End he caused, but that he is so harden'd, as to take no warning at all, and was so little mov'd at this uncommon Spectacle, that he remains as Corpulent, Merry, Roguish, and Impenitent as ever.

Letters from Hampstead say, that the Errantest Count of all the Courts in England is so fully convinced that the fair Diversion, lately translated thither from Red-lyon Square, is all foul Play, that he hath vouch-safed to set up one—himself, in Imitation of it.

I would not have Mrs. Christian Truth be too impatient for an Answer, but give me time to consider what to say to her upon an Assair, that so much imports her future Welfare. However, in my next Paper, or next after, I promise her I will take her Case into Consideration, and use all my Endeavours to serve her.

I am obliged to publish the following Letter, as well to answer the Importunities of a Friend, as for a Terror

drawn into such Snares, or they must expect to be, punish'd in the same Manner.

Lock'd Sukey practifes at Cripplegate Church is very surprizing, in admiring the Gay, Spruce and Slovenly Sir John Lick-spigger, the only Heir to an old Covetous and Miserable Father. She thought it no Harm, after a very faint and slender Resistance, to admir into her Habitation, on Sunday, her dirty Beaus whist her Parents were at their Devotion at Church, she thought it no Crime to enjoy and be devout with her humble Servant, the most celebrated witty Dunce of Upper-Moor-Fields.

Nº 682. Monday, July 16.

Omnia Vincit Amor.

My Simplicia,

Am so well convinc'd of this Maxim, viz. That whosever reasons well, must be a very ill Lover; and whosever is a good Lover, must be a bad Reasoner, that I follow the Example of a Correspondent of mine, who could write nothing of his own, and have translated the following Dialogue from the French, to address and dedicate it to you. However, I must let you into the Characters of the two Persons, which I shall do in my Author's Words. I introduce, says he, Reason in an ill Humour with Love, to whom she makes a general Complaint of his unlucky Actions, when he persons.

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plexes, contends, and fights with her. And I make Love so very reasonable, that he submits, for this once, to reason the Point with Reason, and tries to clear and acquit himself of the Crimes of which she accuses him. My Simplicia, if that little God brings good Reasons enough to perswade you; and if he can but make you as full of Love as you are of Reason, I shall fancy this the best and most eloquent Dialogue that ever was written by the Pen of Man. Think of me, my Simplicia, all the while you read it, that I am only Old enough to be very reasonable, and that I still am Young enough to be in Love. And then you may with all reasonable Kindness conclude that I am,

Very reasonably,

Not coldly to be called,

Your Affectionate Servant;

But your Lover,

Madam, I (ay your Lover;

way Dance of William Store Store

The SPECTATOR.

A Dialogue between REASON and is which is LOVE to but as well

REASON.

T would have been a difficult matter, little pleasant Adversary of mine, for us to have met together any where, but in the prudent and beautiful Simplicia You have always shun'd me with that obstinate Diligence, and I have so frequently labour'd in vain to get a Sight of you, that I verily believe I never could have attained the End I aim'd at, if you had not been pointed out by peculiar Destiny to visit her. This is indeed, a place where it is impossible for you to avoid my presence, because she is a Person I can never leave. I am resolved not to lose so favourable an Oportunity, I will make the best of my time while I have you here. I have a thousand things to ask: Pray now do so much, in the first place, as to tell me the Reason why you conceive against me so violent an Aversion as you do? And if there are no Means of our concerting together the Measures of Peace, and of entring immediately into an amicable Negociation, which will be so beneficial to Mankind?

LOVE

MADAM, I am utterly a Stranger to the Reasons of your Complaint; I don't know that ever I shun'd you, I am very far from being your Enemy, and tothe best of my Remembrance, never went out of your Company in my Life-time. 'Tis fo far from that, I take you for my Judge in all my Disputes, I call upon you to justifie my conduct, and make you my Guide in all my Intrigues and Undertakings.

REASON:

REASON.

How can you go to face me down in this, when you have so little Truth on your side? You then hunt and chase me from every Place that you can get into, that you won't be content to let me be in the least Corner of a Soul, which you have a Fancy to enflave, but are as mad as can be, if I offer to refift you, and contemp me at the same time so heartily, that youwon't hear three Words I have to fay, if I go to complain of your Diforders and Affaults, and of the Violences you commit against me.

and too bed pair it it will a simile at, if you had not been related one by peculic termination and the next This is hale for you to avol

WELL, Madam, still I must needs stand by what I've faid. Is n't it making you Judge of my Quarrels, to oblige a Lover, that meets not with Love for Love, to make his Report to you of the Injustice? And is n't it bringing you to jultify his Conduct, when he urges, that he has Reason on his Side to be in Love with that, which is in it felf truly Amiable and Lovely? And is n't that making you an Affiltant in his boldest Enterprizes, when after having storn a Kifs, or some other extraordinary Favour, he maintains, that he went to Reason for Counsel, and she advis'd him that he might lawfully seize and pay himself with the Goods of a Person, who would never be just enough of her self to pay him otherwife.

REASON:

I freely own, (and alas, too well I know it!) you frequently make use of my Name, but yet me you never will employ. Indeed, because I am welcome to all Places, that you and the other Passions have not

infected, in fo much that they defire my Company, and are in a continual and mortal Dread of you, 'tis cunning enough in you, and I don't wonder that you are glad, to serve your Turn with my Name, which is a Master-Key to almost every Door you knock at. But as soon as ever you can whip in, you presently make 'em find, to their cost, that I am not with you, that you don't so much as know me; or that, if you do, you only make use of that to avoid me, to chase me from you. If any time I take it into my Head, to give you Battle, when you have made your Way into the Heart of a Person that was subject to my Government, you have a fly way of Soothing and Flattering the Sepses into an immediate Revolt against me, you Entrench your felf in their Post, and their Inclinations towards you makes you so bold, and your joining them renders them fo strong, that I only hurt my felf by the Force of my own Arguments, without being able to touch or come at you in the least Part whatfoever. I should make a fine Time on't, to make a Bultle, and to put my felf upon a Heat of Haranguing; I should do my self a great deal of Good, by appealing to Honour, and the Duty that was owing to my Succour; the End of it all would be, when I had done all I could, I should e'en be forced at last to fall down before you, acknowledge you my Conqueror, evacuate the Place of all my Forces, and yield it up entirely to you.

LOVE.

You tell me, Madam, that I make use of your Name oftentimes, but never of you. And my Answer to that your Reproach, and all the others that follow it, is, that 'tis quite and clean the contrary; and that I do now and then oppose your Name, but never you. True it is, I frequently find in the Hearts of many, a Parcel of false Maxims, of prejudicial Opinions, and ridiculous Abuses, that have the Insolence

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to go by your Name, and to make a Shew of Refistance, by refusing me Entrance into the Hearts which they have prepared against me. Thus being well asfured that these are your Enemies, who have only taken your Name to carry on their own ill Defigns, I exert my felf, and do all I can to destroy them. I don't neglect the least Advantage I can get over them; and because I see plainly, that they look out sharp for Seconds and Backs in their Quarrels, and Interest every Evil Custom, Stupid Bashfulness, and False Glory to be of their Party: As they gave the first Example, I form Alliances with, and procure Foreign Aids from the Senses and Pleasures, who have lov'd me so long, and are one another's inseparable Friends. Thus I go fore-warn'd and fore-arm'd to the Combat; and am always pretty well affur'd of a Conquest, before I begin the Attack. I put to Flight those Enemies, who, without wearing your Habit, pretend to be Forces of your's, and to give me Battle under false Colours. This is the Way, Madam, that I take to revenge your Quarrel as well as my own. trains on Line applica

REASON.

You are witty, and ready enough at an Excuse, but then your Excuses are weak enough of all Conscience. How can you tell the Enemies you contend with, are not of my List, since you don't know my Colours, and belike don't know me my own self, who am always at the Head of what you call a Parcel of salfe Maxims, prejudicial Opinions, and ridiculous Abuses? But you are a wild young Thing, that sall on like any Mad, without knowing what you do, and consider neither Honour, nor Duty, nor Justice, but make all things your Enemies that oppose your Pleasures.

ireits a Forsel it fifth Maximis, its rejustant to

LOVE.

SINCE when I contend with you, 'tis when I don't know you, you who know me, ought not to shew me any Ill-will. It is possible, Madam, that that should be you, which I always see at the Head of so many false Maxims, that break in upon, interrupt, and thwart my Defigns? Upon my Faith, I never was the least upon my Guard, for fear of being deceiv'd to that degree. After having learnt that you were the Person of all the World the best made, the most regularly form'd, and the most reasonable, I should never have known you while I liv'd, under the Countenance of a Quarrelsome Old Woman, that is for ever peevish and out of Humour, that is eternally holding forth against Pleasures, and is all Nature's Enemy, as much as mine. I should, Madam, very eafily know you again, if I was to fee you with a Countenance a little more upon the Gay? If you did but sweeten a little those Sharpnesses of Humour; if you would meet half way, and come to, as we call it, as far as you should, on your Side, with Nature and me, and furnish us with all Advices that are proper to carry on our Designs with Success.

REASON.

Now I understand you, you little Wheedler, you, I must needs, it seems, be ill at Odds with my own self to keep well and even with you; or rather I must cease to be what I am, to patch up a Peace with you. But you need not trouble your Head much about that, my Dear, don't feed your self with any such Fancies, or believe that I shall ever stoop to such a base Compliance. More just is it, by a great deal, that Love should conform to Reason, than that Reason should conform to Love. And I would have you to know that there is no manner of Comparison between a blind Thing as thou art, and one of a quick

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clear Sight as I am; between a little thing made up of Passion, and one whose very being is Prudence. If I run thus in Quest after you, 'tis because I am naturally good, the avow'd Enemy of Disorder, and always ready to put in between the Passion and the Person, that no Body may harm himself. But, as for you, you don't deserve my Bounty, you are unworthy of it, a little Sturdy, Obstinate, Blind, Deaf Thing, that won't see when one tries to do you a Service, nor hearken to the Counsel that one gives you for your own Good.

LOVE.

PRAY, good Madam, why all this? Here are you a blaming me for falling into Heats and Passions, and fall that very Moment into those Faults which you blame. You load me with Injuries, you throw your self into, and are within an Ace of making Reason her self appear unreasonable. I see plainly, Madam, that I must this very Day make you eat your own Words, I must take you down a little, and make you openly consess, that my passionate Temper (as you call it) is worth more than your Prudence. To make to a Conclusion, I would have you have done with these general Complaints, and begin with your Particulars, and you shall see Pil satisfy you in every Article, and make you find that Love has his Reasons, and those such as are even more valuable than the Reasons that are given by Reason herself.



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Nº 683. Friday, June 20.

Et nos cedamus Amori.

ROE AS ON THE THE

Begin to have better Hopes of you; because I perceive that you have at least a Design of giving me some Satisfaction; it is no small Point gain'd, to have reduc'd Love to any manner of Reasoning: Altho' his Reasons are but very indifferent at the best, 'tis still making a Convert of him, in some Measure; because to this very Day, he hath been the utter Enemy of every Thing that ever did so much as go by the Name of Reason. Let us therefore take you while you are in the Humour, and make the best on't, good Mr. Reasonable Love, for at the present you will deserve that Title. Let us see what particular Reasons. you can give to every particular Complaint I shall make against you. I am going to begin with one, that I fancy, will be pretty difficult for you to answer. Prithee-now tell me a little; how it comes to pass, that when I have made my self Mistress of the Soul of a young Body, and brought it to submit to the Will of a Father, that has laid his Commands upon her to like one certain Man, and to regard him as her future Spouse; you frequently do all that in you lies, to make her fall in Love with another, in openBreach of that Obedience, which she owes to her Father? Why do you take a Pleasure in making her find a Thousand Faults with the Man proposed to her for a Husband, and a Million of Perfections in the Lover, that you have

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fet her Fancy agog upon? And what's your Reason for Chasing me, when I put her in Mind of her Duty? Or can't Obedience due to Parents, which seems reasonable to every thing in Nature besides, pass for a Reason with you? If you were reasonable, as you would willingly have me to believe, would you not make her love what her Father would have her love? Would not you place your self on the Side of Duty? And would not you give her the same Advice as I? But 'tis enough, that I advise her any thing, to make you advise quite and clean the contrary; you would think it a Dishonour to you, to come into any Sentiments whatsoever, that are conformable to Reason.

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ALTHO' the thing you complain of does not happen every Day, I must own, I make it fall out so sometimes on purpose. But even then, tis not I, but the Father, that is wanting to Reason. If he had but taken care to advise with me, before he had imposed Commands of that Nature on his Child, he would never find me raising Tumults, Mutinies and Revolts against him. If he had any Reason in him, he would not undertake to do, what it is my Business alone to work in the Heart of his Daughter; I am jealous of my Rights, and of my Power. When any Body undertakes any thing that shocks them in the least, I look upon it as a very fair Piece of Justice, that I should draw down upon his Head all the Vengeance I can. I know the Obedience due to Parents is a very reasonable Thing; that ceases to be so, as soon as ever it grows to be any ways prejudicial to my Authority. The Obedience that is owing to me. ought to go in the first Rank. When a Father's Advices and mine are different, Reason would rather have us follow the Counsels of a God, than the Counsels of a Man. Moreover, my Counsels being conformable to the Taste of my Clients, that they have no other End

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but a Place in a true Repose, that Soul which follows them, and the Advices of a Father, that are set up in Opposition to mine, cause always in the Hearts of those that receive them a kind of Civil, Domestick, and Intestine War. Thus it being the Will of Reason that one should prefer Peace to War, she must necessarily be on my Side, and give her Vote, that all my Fair Clients ought to follow my Counsels, though never so directly opposite to those of their Fathers.

REASON.

THERE is some Colour and Appearance of Reason in your Excuse; but let's hear your Answer, and know how you go about to justify that Malignant Pleasure which you take in making a Person below'd by several Rivals. If you had but the least Reason in you, you would not wound many Hearts with a Dart from the same Eye; you would allot but one Mistress to a Lover, nor above one Lover to a Mistress. By this Means you would hinder the difmal Effects which fealoufy daily and hourly produces, and you would not be the Cause of a Thousand Duels and Murders that we see every Moment fall out between those that are the Rivals of one another: For you can't tell how to deny that you are the Author of those Disorders I am now speaking of, because never would they come to pass, if you would but content your felf to make only one happy Man fall in Love with one beautiful Woman.

LOVE.

It is not so hard as you think for, to make it clear to you that Reason is again on my Side, though you are pleas'd to be so severe and tart in your Accusations against me; full well I know, that it is shocking to common Sense, to pretend to pass off that as reasonable, which stands condemn'd by Reason. But, Madam,

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it is very proper I should tell you one thing which I ought indeed to have told you as foon as you began complaining to me, and that is, that you are a Being which no Body yet well understood. You show your felf to different Persons under different Faces, and yet every one of these different Faces would pass for Reafon; you give various Counsels according to the different Persons you are to advise; among those whose Actions run directly counter, each of them maintains, that Reafon advis'd him to his Way of Acting. Thus it is that many Suiters fall in Love with the same Mistress, because finding her all lovely, they say that Reason advis'd them all to love her, although they did not feem to be Reasonable Men to those who were not blinded with the like Passion. Thus it is that a Rival follows the Advice of Reason, when by Force of Arms he defeats a Rival, who is an Obstacle to him in the Pursuit of that which he loves. Thus it is, in fine, that those Ringleaders of Tumult and Disorder, that you blame fo mightily, believe that they have strictly followed your Advice, when after they have engag'd themselves in Broils and Quarrels, and committed the blackeft Murders, because you advis'd those who are in Love, to do, undertake, and go through with every thing that may procure to them the Possession of what they love; notwithstanding those, who might not be in Love at that Time, would say that Reason teaches, that all which other People do, is entirely unreasonable. And all this, as I told you before, is because you give such different Advices to the different Persons that come to you for Counsel.



Nº 683. Monday, June 23.

Omnia vincis Amor, & nos cedamus Amori. Virgil.

REASON.

F there is no great matter of Solidity, there is at least some Spirit in the Reasons you have been giving me. But what Expedient will you find out, to make appear that you are reasonable, when you hunt and chase away all Reason out of the Head of an old Fellow, when you bring him to renounce his Wildom and Senses, and to fall in Love with some little Miss or another, to whom, by his Years, he is more fit to be a Father, or perhaps a Grandfather? I can readily enough forgive you, when you can be fatisfy'd to make young Folks the Subjects of your Reign, because, as they have little or no Acquaintance with me, I can stand by without much Regret, and see 'em list themselves Voluntiers to you. But what can I do but complain of you, when you have been just Kidnapping my most faithful, trusty, well-beloved, and Leige Subjects. who have paid me Homage for fo long a While, whose Heads are not only grown Grey, but perfectly White, and have been as it were bleach'd under my Conduct: For 'tis this, that you're about, when you steal yourfelf into the Heart of one of my Veterans, and infuse into him strange Notions, Freaks, and Whimsies, directly opposite to the noble Sentiments with which I inspire him. Is it not doing me a cruel Injury; and being violently outragious against me, to turn topsey turvy, in the twinkling of an Eye, the Understanding of any Body that I have taken such a world of Pains to

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fix and settle? Do you think it must not make me angry, to see an old Dotard, by you perverted, quit me to follow you; grow Brisk, Gay, Airy, and Modish in his old Days; Patch, Paint, Strut along with a prodigious Muss, and yet open-breasted, turn Slave to the Fashion, read over, even with a pair of Spectacles, those things that your young Folks call Billetdeaux and Love-Verses; fall a smugling every Girl that comes a-nigh him; run up and down to the Ball, the Comedy, and all forts of Publick Entertainments; and play over all the Fooleries and Fopperies that I can't without much ado excuse, even in Youth? Why?

LOVE.

IF I was not to interrupt you, I believe you would run on for ever with these Complaints, and all upon that fingle Article of an old doating Fellow. However, If I had no other Answer to make you, but only that I use the Right of Reprizals, when I steal my self, as you call it, into the Heart of one of your Veterans, I don't see why that wouldn't be an Answer reasonable enough in all Conscience: For altho' I am not at prefent in a Humour of complaining, you don't fail every now and then to Spirit away some of my Subjects, as well as you say that I Kidnap your's. Very often, when I fancy my self Mistress of a youthy Heart, you are cunning enough to catch it napping, and nick it at a Time when 'tis put out of Temper by some Coldness, or Disdain, or some Distaste or other; and then made prevalent by that Occasion, away you scour me with the highest Severity, and the utmost Contempt. Thus you give me good Reason to watch the old Fellow's Waters; and when they are in a Humour of Deferting, to strike 'em with a Glance, or sudden Lightning of an Eye, and boil a second time the Blood that is frozen in their Veins, and warm 'em into Youth. I own, 'tis making your own Subjects revolt against you; but don't you use me after the same rate, when you make the Youth rife up and mutiny against me. This may feem, perhaps, but a poor Reason; but I am pretty fure the other, that I am going to give you, will admit of no Reply. All your great manner of Complaint is, that I fometimes make old Men fall in Love with young Women, and you pretend that this is very unreasonable. I, on the other hand, affirm there is nothing more reasonable: For the Result of all you'vebeen faying, is, That is, a Man, the older he grows, should grow the wifer; from whence I draw this Consequence, That he ought to Love most, that which according to Reason is the most aimable. Now, what in all Reason can be more lovely than Beauty and Youth intermingled? Would it be the least Sign of Reason in an old Fellow to fall in Love with a Woman of his own Years, in whom there is no Beauty, no Charm, in whom there is no Fire to warm his Heart, nor Light and Lustre to please his Eyes? And is nt it far more reasonable for him to love a young Virgin, who can re-in-youth him, if I may be allow'd the Expression, and whose good Humour and kind Embraces will, in a manner, in spight of the Decays of Nature, excite him to Joy and Pleasure, transport with Raptures his Heart, and with Extafies his Soul? Moreover, think it not strange at all, that in all his Actions, and in his manner of Dress, he minds the Gallantries of Youth, because, as old as he is, he grows to be a young Man the very Moment he grows to be a Lover. What, the he subjects himself to the Fathion? What, tho' he does over the foolish Fopperies of Youth, and all that? Still he has very good Reason for what he does, because he is a Lover; 'tis his Bufiness to please his Mistress, and all his Endeavours ought to lie that way. And full well he knows, that to please young People, he must live as young People do, shew forth the same Desires, and pretend to the Same Inclinations. Would he, d'ye think, be very welcome to his young Mistress, to fall gravely a preaching, and haranguing in form, upon the Troublesomemels, Caprice, and Inconstancy of Mode, to cry and

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roar out against a Ball, and hold forth most learnedly against all the gay Diversions and Pleasantries of Youth? Would n't that be a fine way of introducing himself? Would n't he be counted a very odd-conceited merry Courtier; and to talk seriously, is not he in the Right, and much to be commended, for taking the contrary Method?

REASON.

You are always very fubtle at your Answers: But what have you to fay in Justification of those Crimes, which you commit, when you make a marry'd woman like another Man better than her Husband? And why do you force and ravish away her Heart from him, who is its Lord and Master, and present it to a Stranger, who has no manner of Pretentions to it? Why must you be parting what the Laws have joyn'd, and be joyning two others together, that Virtue commands to live separate? Do you take your self to be more reasonable than the Law it self?

LOVE.

Y E S Madam, I do take my felf to have more Reafon in me than the Law, for that does not confult
Reafon only: Have those Marriages so much as a
Shadow of Reason in 'em, which are generally the
meer Works of Hazard, or the pure Effects of Ambition, that do sometimes mingle together Fire and
Water, by tacking together Persons that have not the
least Disposition to love one another? and when a
Woman finds her self beslav'd in that Manner, had n't
she better turn her Heart toward her Gallant, who
loves her, than towards a horrid unworthy Brute of a
Husband, that hates and loaths, and detests the very
Sight of her? to a Gallant delicately made of Body, and
elegantly fram'd of Soul, whose whole Thought and
Study

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Study runs upon nothing else but pleasing her, than to a fanciful capricious Husband, that is the Tempest of the House wherein he lives, and turns the Abode, that was meant for her Quiet, into eternal Din and Torment, and all manner of Uneasiness?

REASON.

Well, but prithee now tell me how thou can't be so different from thy self, so very reasonable at sometimes, and so little so at others? I allow you to act reasonably, when you joyn People, but then can you be so when you are parting the very same People? If Thyrsis had reason to love Phillis, can he have any when he gives over loving her? What can he say for quieting his Phillis, and taking Calista to his Arms? What Excuse can you find for his Inconstancy? If his Love is agreeable to Reason, which way can you prove his changing to be so? Is there any Reason in hating what one has esteem'd, and in overthrowing those very Altars upon which one has facrific'd, in order to facrifice upon new ones?

LOVE.

'Tis very true, that some Lovers happen to be inconstant; but their Inconstancy is not, however, entirely without its Reasons; as long as any Objects seem to them amiable, they have very good Reason to like 'em, and be in Love with 'em; but as soon as they cease to be lovely in their Eyes, the Reason of loving them ceases too. Thyrsis had Reason to be in Love with Phillis, because he had then some Hopes of meeting with a suitable Return; and he had Reason to have all the tender Care of her, and to shew her all those little Offices of Kindness, that are due to a Person of Merit: But he had every Jot as good Reason to leave her off, and give her over, as soon as ever he

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found his tenderest Cares were fruitless, and that there was no longer any room for Hope. Besides, is n't there good Reasons for quitting the worse for the better, and for leaving Phillis, who, all-charming as she is, falls infinitely short of Calista? Thus it comes to pass, that all Lovers may be allow'd to be reasonably inconstant, altho' they have no other Reason for ceafing to love them, but that they cease to be amiable and lovely in their Eyes.

REASON.

THO' I an't thoroughly convinc'd of all you've been saying, I will not throw away Time upon fending and proving any further, as to that Point, because I have another thing to ask you, that touches me nearer, and goes more to my Heart than all the relt. How come you, cruel and unjust Love, how come you so often to steal in between Persons of unequal Rank and Condition, and that fo very unequal too, that fometimes by your Justice, Princes are seen to fall in Love with Waiting-Women, and Queens with Slaves? I can very willingly pardon you, when you join together Persons that are equal; nay, more, I then approve your Conduct, I come into your Measures, and give you the Advantage of my Name and Authority. But how can you think I will ever fuffer, that a Lady of Quality shall sometimes prefer a great brawny broad-back'd ill-favour'd Clown, to the best made Gentleman that can be? How can I help complaining, when a Prince, or some great Lord, chuses in the midst of a vast Number of Women, as confiderable for their Beauty as their Birth, the Daughter of a Cit, or some Waiting-Woman, that has in her nothing taking, nothing fine, but what you put into the Head of that Prince or Lord, and abuse and affront his Imagination with? May'nt one condemn your Irregularity on the like Occasion? May'nt one justly accuse you of breaking thro' your own Principles, fince Sympathy, which ought

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to be the Principle of all your Actions, has no hand in Amours of this kind; for what Sympathy can there be between a *Prince* and a *Waiting-Woman*, a *Queen* and a *Slave?* Yet have we many of these Examples, that convince the World, that you are entirely my Enemy.

LOVE.

I never did what you reproach me for. I know Princes have sometimes lov'd their Slaves; but it follows not at all from thence, that I have join'd Persons that are unequal. When I kindle up in their Souls an unequal Flame, I either raise the Slave to the Princess, or bring down the Princess to the Slave. And I always put them upon a Level, in regard to my felf, tho' they don't appear so to the Eyes of those who are ignorant of my powerful and mysterious Ways of Acting. I always strictly observe that Sympathy, which you accuse me of renouncing: For Sympathy does not confift, as you feem to imagine, in a Parity of Condition, Wealth and Honour; but it confilts in a Similitude of Birth, of being under the same Constellation, having the same Temper, and the fame Inclinations. And mayn't there be fuch a Conformity as this between two Persons, whom Condition, Riches and Honours may have put upon an unequal Footing? I can explain and clear up this Matter to you, that this Sympathy is sufficient to put all the World upon a Level; but this is a Knowledge that I referve to my own felf; and Policy teaches me, for the Good of my Empire, that it ought still to remain a Secret, and undiscover'd to Reason. That Sympathy, that hidden Equality, those secret Springs of Pasfion, those unseen Rivers, that join together the Hearts and Souls of different Sexes, are the Foundations on which all my Power subsists: Or rather, all those things put together, am I my own felf in the Abstract, who love to appear in my Effects, and to hide their Cause. This is what constitutes a substantial Difference between your Empire and mine: For you can't give out your

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Orders like an Absolute Mistress, because you're bound to give a Reason for every thing you do: And indeed, to tell you the Truth of the Matter, 'tis a Maxim establish'd in my Dominions, That one who reasoneth well, must be a weak Lover; and one who well and truly loveth, must be but a bad Reasoner.

REASON.

I can see plainly, by the last Words that came out of your Mouth (ill-natur'd Adversary of mine!) that my Conversation begins to be troublesome to you. You have not been accustom'd to Reason for so long together: 'Tis a Violence done upon your Temper, to hold you in Discourse upon this Point, though I have a great many things to ask you: I will have done, because it will offend you. Besides, I know 'tis Time lost, and that we shall never be able to come to any End in a Treaty of Peace. I had it once in my Head, that by our meeting together in the Wise and Beautiful SI M-PLICIA, we should have contracted such an Union as never was seen between us; and that in the Presence of so charming a Lady, I might have brought Love to Reason.

LOVE.

COMFORT your self, good Madam, as to that Point; it has happen'd much better than you design'd: If Reason hath not brought Love to be reasonable, I am willing to believe, that in the Presence of SIMPLICIA, Love has brought Reason to be a Lover.

B.

Friday,

Nº 684. Friday June 27.

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Et vera incessu patuit Dea - Virg.

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Y own Passion comes upon me apace, and whilft I am promoting Wedlock for the Happiness of others; which shews that, tho' I am an old Fellow, I have a true Relish for that kind of Felicity, and I should be guilty of an unpardonable Injury to my felf, if I totally neglect my own Concerns in that Way. If I am old, it is Simplicia's Praise, that she could, as it were, new create me, and recal me into Youth. And I defire no more Persons to praise her Power, than what shall be convinced by the Character I give of her, that the deserves it all; because I am convinc'd my own self, that as many as shall read this Character, will join in her Applause, and the more after having affured them that the beauty of her Character had infinitely fuffer'd under my Hands, if in any other Particular, I had offered to omit, or pretended to add to the Truth. For I will own, as much a Lover as I am, that I am not become one of those gay Coxcombs of Fire, whose Reason is melted away in the raging Heats of Passion. What I write, shall be pretty Simplicia her own felf; and what better Entertainment can my Countrymen defire for one Day, than to hear the real Character of a young Blooming Beauty, who is the Ornament of the Country wherein the lives.

NOTHING furely, in Nature, can exceed those Eyes that glitter in so fine a Face; that Shape, in the Comparison of which, the Grecian Mould of Venus would perhaps seem not so exact and regular; that Mein, that M 5

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Air, in Brightness, Comeliness, Delicacy of Proportion, in Grace and Majesty, in fine, in an overcoming Vivacity; but the inferior Beauties and Virtues of her Mind, which can be equall'd by nothing but that Wit which is bestow'd on her to make her alone perfect, and to render some of her Perfections more Communicable to that Sex, of which she is the Pride, the Boast

and the Glory.

SHE never valued her Beauty, as the chief Confideration on which she desired to be valued, but looks upon that so liable to Accident, that it is commonly but a bad Security, and indifferent Insurance, for any more than a short-liv'd Regard; and she looks on those Women as justly served by Mankind, who cease to be admired, when they lose those Features, that Bloom of Complexion, that Set of Teeth, and Tincture of the Skin, for which alone they admired and loved themselves.

SHE is however sensible, that what she possesses is the Gift of Heaven, and is very Thankful and Grateful for it, inafmuch as Men of Sense and Merit, who have Eyes as well as others, may be by that first allured, and put upon the fearch to find out her more intrinsick Worth. And when a Man of Sense hath been with her a Moment or two, he will presently find that she is gifted with that kind of Conversation, in the Enjoyment of which it would be the most agreeable thing to him in the World, to pass his whole bife. For in Matters that are ferious, there are few Ladies that can thew a stock of good Sense, and so exquisite a Judgment; and in things of lefs Importance, that are only the meer Subjects of Discourse, no Body has that Vivacity of Thought, and that polite and dexterous Turn of Words, which makes her the very Mistress of that Character which Mr. Dryden gives to Wit, viz.

Propriety in Word and Thought.

AND what is more admirable, this is in her no borrow'd Beauty, she does not gather and collect it out

of Books; but all the witty Phrases she utters, are the pure Marks of her natural Genius, and not the Effects of her Memory. For with all the Wit she has, she has no more than a Woman ought to have, and it is of that very sort, which distinguishes the fine Gentlewoman. She has so much Civil Art, that with wonderful Address she will espouse the Sentiments of those who are in Discourse with her, in such a manner, as to be able to ship and steal her own into them, with undiscover'd Facility, and by that Means render her Companions knowing, as it were, without their own Knowledge. Then to finish all, every little Word and Action is plainly the Consequence of some Virtue, that happens to reign within her, at the Time of that Word and that Action. To use the Words of an excellent Author,

Shines out in every Thing She fpeaks and does.

That Soul of her's is Great, Good, and Elevated. As all her Sentiments are Generous, Free and Liberal, so all her Inclinations are Laudable; and it is out of her Power to do, or to think a little Thing. All her Passions are moderate, and are under the Government of her Reason; her Love is, I don't doubt, one of that Number, that she can regulate as well as the rest, and

there's my Hopes.

Thus she seems to me to be the living Image of Eloquence; for as that first moves the Passions, then persuades the Will, and lastly convinces the Understanding; so would her Beauty move, her Wit persuade, and her Virtue confirm and convince the Wifest Man alive, that in her alone, Reason and Love have met together the most agreeably, and that she can add Pleasure to a Life intended to be spent in the pursuit of Virtue, and the Study of Wisdom. She was certainly made for the Censor of Great Britain.

Bur now I shall be extravagant in the Eye of the World, that understands not Love; and they will only

bear the harder upon me, for that Old Age that has hitherto procur'd me so much Reverence, I wish it would procure me Love. I do not know ever to have wish'd before that I was Younger. To express my Passion, I must speak in the Words of Milton, and say to her, what he there makes Eve say to Adam:

With Thee Conversing I forget all Time, All Seasons, and their Change, all please alikes Sweet is the Breath o'th' Morn, her Rising sweet; With Charm of Earliest Birds. Pleasant the Sun, When first on this Delightful Land he spreads His orient Beams on Herb, Tree, Fruit and Flowers, Glistring with Dew, Fragrant as Fertile Earth' After soft Showers, and sweet the coming on Of Grateful Evening, Mild the Silent Night, With this her Solemn Bird, and this fair Moon, And these, the Gems of Meaven, her Starry Train: But neither Breath of Morn, when she ascends With Joy of Earliest Bird, or Rising Sun In this Delightful Land, nor Herb, Fruit, Flowers, Glistring with Dew, nor Fragrance after Showers, Nor Grateful Evening Mild, nor Silent Night, With this her Solemn Bird, nor Walk by Moon, Or Glittering Star-light, without Thee is fweet,

B.



Nº 685. Monday, June 30.

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Nunc redit & Virgo - - -

Gentleman, whose great Wit and Ingenuity is the Spirit and Life of every Company that enjoys him, and with whom I have spent the most agreeable Hours of my Life, took a Walk with me, the other Day, over a Parcel of Grounds, out of which I had figur'd and carv'd out to my self, what I call my Health-Walk.

Towards the latter End of this Walk of mine, there is an odd Lane, set pretty thick with Trees, which leads the Way out from a fine large and open Green, into a sort of little Coppice, which is succeeded afterwards by the Ascent of a high Hill, up which to walk is a noble Exercise to the Body, and to the Mind of any one that is what we call a Pleasure-man that

When arriv'd to the Top of it, he looks back, and takes in at one View all the Ground he had traced, and all the living Varieties of pleasant Scenes, that sprung up to give him new Pleasure and Amusement every Step he took. When we were gotten into this Lane, My old Friend, said he to me, I find I have been in your Walks before now, and am proud to let you know that I made so good a Choice, as to pitch upon this for a Reading-Place, out of which you pick'd and gather'd up frequently Matters of Speculation, which you enjoy over again in your Mind, as soon as you are sagely seated in your Elbow Chair, and make out of them the most delicate Pieces of Reading in the World.

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THIS Lane, says he, leads me into the Remembrance of a Story, which I will tell you, when we get to your

resting-place on the Top of the Hill.

I just knew what he said, and that was all, but made him no manner of Answer, which it is my Custom never to do, when I am in the act of walking, whatever Companion I have along with me: For I am then exercising my Spectatorical Faculty, I am then my whole self, I am in the deepest Taciturnity in Nature, I throw about my short Face to every Side, and I am as much all Eye in a Field, as a Musician is all Ear in a Consort.

WHEN we had climb'd up the Way to our high Stand, which I find preserves to me very much the Activity and Strength of my Joints, and a Longness of Breath; after I had humour'd my Eye with as many Minutes of looking and gazing about, as I used to do always before I reposed my self, I faced about to my Friend, and requested the Entertainment of the little

History he had promised me.

In that very Lane, fail he, where I first mentioned it, I met a Creature of extraordinary Mien, that was dress'd like a Woman, at whom, when I first removed my Eyes off a Book I was reading, to observe her, I was startled, and I shiver'd with a Suddenness of Surprise: She was perfectly terrible to behold, and appear'd to me to be the very Image of Wild Despair. Her Walk and Pace were diforder'd, and shew'd a Trouble; infomuch, that turning back to follow her, I went further and further into the Anxiety of her Heart, every Step she led me; at last I called to her, she turned back, and came up to me. Her Eyes, and every Feature of her Face, which I could perceive had been once fine and delicate, were differted with Convulfions and Agonies; her Mouth open'd with difficulty, and spoke in a Sound that was hollow and dismal; and when she ceas'd, it seem'd as if Hunger and Thirst had stop'd her Tongue, and closed her Lips fromthe Power of any thing but delivering her last Breath

in a Groan; and if ever any thing was, she was Wretchedness in the Abstract.

I did not speak to her again of a good while, till at

last we arriv'd to this very Mount.

I began and asked her how she came to this mise-rable Condition? Alas, Sir, said she, with a great Sigh, and thus she did proceed, pointing with a white whither'd Arm and Hand, that with Pain she listed up for want of Strength, do you behold yander glorious Field, which looks so green and gay, and is brighten'd with the Reslexion of the Sun, 'tis on the other side of the

Coppice and the Lane?

I see it, said I. The first part of my Life, continued she, was like that, a Scene of Pleasantry and Serenity, till a false, flattering, base, deluding Man sirst courted me to leave it, and afterwards himself left me, when he had stole my Honour from me: Then, like that gloomy Lane, was my next Life, I sinned with every Passenger, and that led me into a large Wood, and Wilderness of solitary Woe and melancholy Sadness; and now I am, going to the darkest Place of it, the Emblem of my Wretchedness, to weep off Life as fast as e'er I can, and burst my self with sighing; there I shall fall unknown, and not die a still more horrid Scandal than I have hiv'd.

I urg'd it to her, to depend on Providence; that I perceiv'd in the bottom of her Heart some Good remaining, that might secure his Mercy, and call for his Protection. Yet may your latter part of Life be happy as the first, and you may rise in Life, since you compared it, after this Wilderness of Misery, as we have done, after a dark middle Way up to this Hill. I then gave her a Crown, and told her, Heaven would provide for her if she'd be good. That keen kind of Transport which she shew'd at the Gift, gave me, if possible, a greater seeling for her, than any thing that passed between us before. I wish'd her well, she thank'd me, and departed.

ABOUT a Year afterwards, going into a Church in the City by chance, to do my Morning Devotions, I

found

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found there in a Pew just before me, one of the most beautiful Women I ever saw; and as devout as she was beautiful. In this praying Posture, with that Face she look'd like an Angel. Methoughts 'twas some sort of a Devotion to keep my Eyes upon her for Edification sake.

As foon as she happened to cast her Eye towards me, when Prayers were over, for all the Time of them they were incessantly upon her Book, I observed her Colour to come and go, and she looked as one ready to faint away: At that Time of her Fainting, I fancy'd strongly I had seen her Face, tho' I could not tell when or where, and so resolv'd to speak to her

when she was out of the Church.

I accordingly took my Opportunity, and begg'd to wait upon her Home; she easily granted it; I wonder'd at it. When we came to a very noble large House, she turn'd, drop'd a Curtely, and said she was at Home; I civilly made a Leg, and was departing; the called me back, and ask'd me to walk up Stairs. I began to suspect her Virtue a little; but as a Man is not in much danger of Ravishing, I ventur'd up. She entertained me even to Magnificence: All the best Eating, and the best Wine she gave me, that London could afford; and all her Discourie was witty, instructive, and diverting. Just when it grew Evening, and before the would let me take Leave of her, the opened herself to me in the following Manner. Don't you Sir, faid she, with Tears in her Eyes, remember such a Walk, and what a sad Spectacle of human Nature you once saw there, to whom you bountifully gave a Crown? Oh! reply'd I, well I remember it: But how should you hear of that? Look at me, Sir, pray do not be surpriz'd, for I am that very Wretch, now alter'd to this State by your Munificence and good Advice.

With that one Crown I got my felf refresh'd and very clean: I had the Wickedness to borrow then (with Shame I tell it now) the Gown of a fair Partiner in Sin, and going in the Street, on purpose to be pick'd up, a Merchant that was drunk litt upon me;

I went

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· I went to a Tavern with him, there I consider'd of his being Drunk, and let him fall to Sleep, as he was ' inclined. Out of his Pocket I got his Gold Watch, about some threescore Guineas, and some Letters, by the Direction of which I knew his Name, and where · he lived. I order'd him afterwards a Coach, and bad it fet him Home. With all this Money of the Mer-chant's about me, I confider'd your Words, that one Act of Honesty in a Needy Body raised more Compassion in a Generous Person, than a thousand Misfortunes. I went next Day to the same Tavern, sent for the Gentleman thither, gave him back his Money and his Watch, and with it good Advice, worth all his Gold. He gratified me largely, enquired where I lived: He came and visited me often, made me frequently great Presents, but at length would have had me for his Mistress; a Sense of Honour had return'd upon me, and the Need he deliver'd me from, freed me from giving my Consent to so generous a Benefactor. He liked me better for it, continued to me his Benevolence, delighted in my Conversation; I living well and contended, grew handsomer every Day, he grew in Love at last, and married me; and all this I owe to you. My Joy, my Rapture, was as great as her's at the

My Joy, my Rapture, was as great as her's at the Change of her Fortunes. What a Fortune is here raised from a Crown! What a Virtuous Woman from one

Word of good Advice!

B,



Nº 686. Friday, July 4.

Quid dulcius bominum generi à Natura datum est quam sui cuique Liberi?

Improbe amor, quidnon mortalia pectora cogis?
Virg.

--- In Amore hac funt Mala Bellum, Pax rurfum ---

--- Adde Cruorem

Stultitia, atque ignem gladio scrutare; modo (inquam)

Hellade percussà Marius quum precipitat se

Celitus fuit? An Commota crimine mentis

Absolves Hominem, & Sceleris damnabis eundem,

Ex mere Imponens cognata Vocabula rebus?

Hor.

Preservation, is the Primary Law of Nature; the Care of our Children (not to carry the Speculation higher) is certainly the Second: I say (not to carry the Speculation higher) because, perhaps if I did, it would bear arguing upon, very justly. For really the frequent Instances to be produed from History, and to be given in our present Times, not only of Fathers and Mothers, but also of many Animals, and those Savage too, who have not only risqued, but willingly lost their Lives in Defence of their Offspring, would form a good Moral Argument, that those Parents are Unnatural and Inhuman, who do not even preser the Sasety and Welfare of their Young Ones to their own. And yet, without straining the Duty of Parents to such a Pitch, how many

many do we daily find bury'd in a blinded Self-Love, who have more Wealth than they can make use of to compleat the Happiness of their own Desires, miserably heard up the Overplus from those, whom not only the Law of God, and the inward Law of Nature, but the written Law of all Nations, adjudges to be Legal Claimers and Heirs of it, as it has been often remark'd by many Writers? That it is a strange thing that so many, who call themselves Men of Honour, will so often deferve the Name of Lyars, that would at the same time dare any Man to thrust the Point of his Sword into their Hearts and Bowels, that they wou'd endure to live under the Ignominy of that infamous Appellation; fo it amazes me, that some Mothers will, by the barbarous Usage of their Children, deserve to be called by the Name of that Animal which devours its own Litter; a Name that hath wounded my Ears; a Name that I have been startled at, when I have heard it put upon a common Wench, by the very Scum and Offal of a Mob, as I have passed along the Street. Upon this Subject I cannot write without Fire and Indignation, because the I am an old single Man, yet have I often confider'd my felf as the Father of many Children, and the Feelings so inexpressibly tender, that have suddenly sprung up in a Moment within my very Bowels, from that bare Imagination, have made me an implacable Enemy to these savage Procreators, by the strongest and siercest Antipathy in Nature. My Children would, methinks, be dearer to me than my felf, infomuch as their Composition arises partly from my own, and partly from my Fair Partner's Bed, without the Participation of whose Being, my own had been uneafy, even in that very Moment she gave to me the highest Proof of Joy, that she loved me above all Mankind.

THUS are they, by their sweet Consideration, something more endeared to us, than if they were only our second selves.

THO' I am old enough to be a Grandfather, I must take the part of the young People so far, as to say,

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that their Misfortunes too commonly owe their Rife, either to the ill Humours and harsh Disposition, or to the Avarice and covetous niggardly Temper of their Parents. But in the treating of this Subject, as I am avowedly a Batchelor, it may be my Age may not be any great Protection to me, from the Cavils and Cenfures of marry'd People, especially of those who have Children, and more especially still, of those who treat them ill, and would do it on all their Life-times, by their good-Will, without any manner of Controul. I shall therefore cover my self with the Authority of the Wise Monsieur Montaign, who was himself a marry'd Person, as you will find by these his following Words, upon this very Subject.

A Father is very miserable, that has no other Hold of his Childrens Affection, than the Need they have of his Assistance; if that can be called Assection, he must render himself worthy to be respected by his Virtue and Wissom, and belov'd by his Bounty, and the sweetness of his Manners. Even the very Asses of a rich Matter have their Value, and we are wont to have the Bones and Reliques of worthy Men in Regard and Reverence. No old Age can be so ruinous and offensive in a Man who has past his Life in Honour, but it must be venerable, especially

to his Children; the Soul of which he must have train'd up to their Duty, by Reason, and not by Necessity, and the need they have of him, nor by Rough-

ness and Force.

—— Et errat longe, mea quidem sententia, Qui imperium credat esse gravius aut stabilius, Vi quod sit, quam illud quod amicitia adjungitur, Ter. Adelph. Act 1. Sc. 1.

And he does mainly vary from my Sense, Who thinks the Empire gain'd by Violence, More absolute and durable, than that Which Gentleness and Friendship do create.

'I condemn all Violence in the Education of a tender Soul, that is defign'd for Honour and Liberty. There is I know not what of Servile in Rigour and Reltraint; and I am of Opinion, that what is not to be done by Reason, Prudence and Address, is never to be effected by Force. I my felf was brought up after that Manner; and they tell me, that in my first 'Age, I never felt the Rod but twice, and then very eafily. I would have practifed the same Method with my Children, who all of them dy'd at Nurse; but Leonora, my only Daughter, is arriv'd to the Age of Six Years and upward, without other Correction for her childish Faults (her Mother's Indulgence eafily concurring) than Words only, and those very gentle, in which kind of Proceeding, tho' my End ' should be frustrated, there are Causes enough to lay the Fault on, without blaming my Discipline, which · I know to be natural and just; and I should in this have yet been more religious towards the Males, as born to less Subjection and more Free; and I should have made it my Business to swell their Hearts with · Ingenuity and Freedom. I have never observ'd other · Effects of whipping, unless to render them more cowardly, or more wilful and obstinate. Do we defire to be belov'd of our Children,? will we remove from them all Occasion of wishing our Death (though no Occasion of so horrid a Wish can either be just or excusable, Nullum sceius rationem habet?) e let us reasonably accommodate their Lives with what is in our Power.

But of all the Injuries cruelly inflicted by Parents on their Children, none, in my Judgment, equals that enormous Sin, which they are put upon by the most fordid Avarice imaginable, of witholding from their Sons such a Settlement as their Years seem to demand, and is absolutely necessary for their marrying well in the World; and from their Daughters that Portion, which is required for the well-disposing of them to good, and worthy, and proper Men for Husbands, with whom they may lead all the Days of their Lives with

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with Ease, Content, and Satisfaction. A Dismal Instance, how unhappy the Effects are of this fordid and
damnable Vice in Parents, is plentifully set forth in a
Letter, which comes from a Person of Virtue, who
had his Information of the Fact, from a Miserable
Wretch, who now lies chain'd in Prison at St. Edmundsbury, for the distracted Doings of disappointed Love.
A Matter so fresh, and so cruel, touches me with that
inward Grief, that I am not able to express my Mind,
till I have had a Day or two's Time to recover in.
And I therefore refer you entirely to the Letter of my
Correspondent, who closes his, with as entertaining and
instructive Reslections, as would bear mentioning after so forrrowful a Subject.

where his built source.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Erhaps you will not take it amiss to inform the good People of Great Britain of a strange and dismal Catastrophe that happened in Cambridge-· thire, within fix Miles of New Market: One John · Leach of Gesely, and Eise Davis of Iselham, at fix · Miles distance, both discreet and good natur'd Per-fons, had for some Years entertain'd for each other a fincere Affection, which about four Years ago grew up to a mutual and very passionate Love. But her Parents, who were able to give her a little Fortune, thinking his Circumstances not answerable to what they might expect, for a great while refuled their Consent. At length, a little before Christmas last, * they were persuaded to suffer the Bans of Marriage between the two joyful Lovers to be publish'd thrice in the Church; but, upon some new Disgust, they afterwards disapproved of their Daughter's Choice. She readily told them, that her Affections were unalterably fix'd, but that she would not Marry without their Leave; and thus the Marriage was put off, to the great Mortification of both Parties. He roved up and down the Country, feeking Employment, but could fix no where, and was observed to be a little disorder'd in his Mind. She lamented at home, her 'Friend's

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Friend's unhappy Fate, and freely told her Mother, that it were better to Die than Live in such Discontent; which mov'd the Mother's Compassion, the Father scontinued in flevible

'On the the 20th Instant, after an Absence of some Months, John Leech made his Mistress a Visit at Iselham. She, full of Joy, accompany'd him to a Friend's House in the Neighbourhood, where they spent the Evening together. About Twelve in the Night, they went, as was supposed, to her Father's House; but having agreed to walk into the Fields, when they were at some Distance from the Houses, he ask'd her, If she thought it might yet be a Match between them? She answer'd, Of that there is now but very little Likelyhood. Then, said he, we must part; and immediately he shot her through the Cheek, with a Pocket Pistol, which he had bought for the Purpose. She falling to the Ground, unhappily discover'd that she was not Dead, by saying, What, John, would you kill me? He made no Answer, but with a Piece of

Cord strangled her to Death. 'NEXT Morning he went to St. Edmondsbury, distant about fourteen Miles from the Place where the Fact was committed. Else Davis's Parents having fent a Person thither to enquire of him where their Daughter was, and, if possible, to prevent the Mar-' riage, which they took to be the Meaning of her Abfence. This John Leeth immediately told him, Her Soul is, I hope, in Heaven, and her Body is in such a Ditch, where I hid it, after that I had murder'd her. And having voluntarily offer'd to go before a Justice of the Peace, he desir'd Leave to give upon Oath a full Account of the Matter. He is now in Goal at St. Edmundsbury, neither expecting nor defiring any * thing else, but to satisfy Justice, by suffering such a Death as the Law shall inflict. The poor Wretch now declares, that he found his Torments fo great, that he could not live without her; and that he would have " dispatch'd himself, had he not thought that either the Resemblance of him would have made her Life bit-

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ter as long as she should have surviv'd him, or else that the might have forgotten him, and married another, which Imagination fill'd him with Horrour. He therefore deliberately resolv'd that both should die;

and he fays, that if he had not loft his Piftol, he would have kill'd himself upon the Spot. He now

feems sensible of the Atrocity of his Crime, and begs of these about him, to suffer no Instrument to fall in-

to his Hands, by which he may become his own Ex-

This Story may instruct the Lovers in Great Britain, not to suffer their Passions to rise to too great a Height, before they are sure of Success, and to beware of long Courtships, which very often end in Distraction, or some Fatal Disaster. But alas! how easily does Love triumph over the Wifest Resolu-

tions? I would therefore hope, that it may also touch fome hard-hearted Parents, who would rather fend their Children to Bedlam, or to the Grave, nay, which is worse, to Hell, than that they should be Happy in their own Choice, it, when their Fortunes are weigh'd in the Ballance, one of the Scales be found a little lighter than the other. If I did know Avaro to be void of Humanity, I would expect that it should move him to have Compassion on his Daughter, the incomparable Mirabella, and the generous, good-natur'd, wife, valiant Engenio, who now languish and. despair, because they know him resolv'd, that his Daughter shall marry an Old Usurer, worth half a Plumb. What does the Miser mean? Mirabella can ree lish the Pleasures of Friendship and Love, and has no Notion of that only Delight, which he takes, in viewing musty Bags full of Silver and Gold. But I fear

out giving any Fortune.
AND I know not, but that it may be worth our Legislature's while, to establish some Matrimonial-Laws; for it would seem reasonable, either that Sons and Daughters

that that Wretch will even envy the Happiness of Elfe Davis's Parents, who are quit of their Daughter, with-

Daughters be disposed of, as in the Eastern Countries, by the fole Pleasure of their Parents; or else that Parents, when once they have allowed of a Courtship, be, as in Holland, obliged by the Civil Magistrates to consent to the Marriage, unless they can make some · Legal Objection against it. Matrimony is what all wife Nations have thought fit to encourage; but I am perswaded, that in this Island many die Batchelors and Maids, who are not very fond of Celibacy; because in this Affair, both Parents and Children have Power to break off the Match, and neither of them to conclude it without the other's Approbation. Poor Ce-· lia is unhappy, though admired by Thousands, and opossessed of every Charm. She has had no less than a dozen of Profess'd Lovers, fix of which were fine Gentlemen, and therefore her Father's, and as many of them Old Misers, and therefore her Aversion; and ' she must want a Husband, until one offer, of whom ' Youth and Old Age, Love and Avarice shall approve.

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

S



ences. The Lord in the control of the financial and the control of

Nº 687. Monday, July 7.

____Amor non talia curat.

Virgil.

HE Story of the Amours of the brave Colonel Ravelin, and the no less lovely and agreeable Cecilia, is not without its moving Ten-dernesses; though perhaps not enough to gratify the Taste of one Order of Lovers. These kind of Sectaries in Cupid's Religion, resolve all their Devotion into Fanaticism, and imagine the Reality of that Passion, to confist in Distress, and Romantick Extravagance. But the happy Pair, whose History I intend to relate, had agreed to preferve their Conduct and Prudence untainted throughout the whole Novel of their Affair. The Dart that smote the Hero, never grew up to a Sword, nor indeed fo much as a Dagger; and the Amazon's Cruelty produc'd no other Effects than the Preservation of her own Dominions, in a Jointure of about 2000 Pounds per Annum. The Catastrophe may therefore be not the less furprizing, because it is Instructive, and ends with a Moral much to the Honour and Advantage of the Fair Sex.

On a Day in the Month of April, the Sun was far advanc'd on the other fide of Buckingham-House, when Colonel Ravelin turn'd short by Rosamond's Pond, and was then revolving in his Breast all the Grand Affairs of Europe; the different Turns of Peace and War, the Nature and Duration of Establishments, by the Dates and Æra's of Commissions, and his own unavoidable and calamitous Reduction to Half-Pay; in the Room of this Melancholly Prospect, a thousand more enga-

ging

ging Images crouded into his Soul, and disputed there Precedency with Ambition, which had reigned there so long without a Competitor. The Result was, a firm Resolution in our Hero, to end his Days in some pleasant Country-Seat, with a rich Widow or Heires: and in the very Criss of his Resolution, just as the Matter was settled, a Hackney Coach set him down at Drury-Lane Play-house, the Moment the Second Act of

The Soldier's Fortune came upon the Stage.

CECICIA was that Night in one of the Front-Boxes: A Lady, who during her Nonage, had been kept in all the Obscurity of a great Fortune reserv'd for Sale to the very Day of her Marriage, and had tasted no more of that State, than what the gayest and most Volatile Spirits might relish with extream Plefure and Transport: No Husband could have been cloy'd with a much longer Possession of Cecilia. She came out of her Weeds with a thousand warmer Hopes of Conquest, than unknowing and inaccessable Fifteen could possibly be acquainted with; she was then in the fecond Year of her Widowhood, and the Twenty fecond of her Age. The Colonel had hardly brush'd his Eyes over one half of the Female Audience, before he made an unexpected Stand at the Beauty of Cecilia. He gaz'd on the Lustre of her Eyes, and the Number and Richness of her Jewels. Plenty seem'd to smile upon him from her Cheeks and Forehead, and the Majesty and Promptitude of her Mein, with a Look divided between the Careless and Aspiring, and every now and then a negligent Loll, and a difregardful Glance at the whole Circle of Fellows in the Pit, at once proclaim'd her most adorably Wealthy and Fortunate. He now reflected, of how much Use an Evenings Meditation in the Park, might be to Men of his gay Genius, and resolv'd to stake his Heart upon the Credit of his Eyes, as if they had already perus'd the Deeds and Writings of her Estate. Her Name and Quality soon flew about the adjacent Bences. A Citt on the right Hand, cry'd out, a Plumb; and a Brother-Officer to the left, gave the Word for a Ninety Thousand Pounder. N 2 There

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There being always a Creature or two on these Occasions, whose sole Business it is to keep up a good Intelligence between the distant Quarters of every publick Assembly. After the Play, the Colonel was the first to lead her out, when the Appearance of Links, Liveries, and a gilt Chair, made him bow excessive low, and quit her Hand with a fensible Reluctance. That Night he pour'd down her Name with every Bumper of Burgundy; Waller was put to Bed to him: He faunter'd all the next Morning by her Lodgings; knew perfectly well by Noon, where she bought China; took down her Woman's Name in his Pocket-Book, and bought fix Cravats of her Milliner. Not long after he consulted an eminent Match-Maker, who shew'd him her Name high upon the Lists; he took care to utter some of his best Raptures in a Family or two where the vilited; her first Footman and his Valet were made acquainted; and by all these subtle Degrees, the redoubtable Ravelin became the profes'd Adorer of the charming Cecilia.

MEN of Martial Dispositions, are apt to carry their abundance of Fire and Promptitude for Action, into every Business and Circumstance of Life. Cecilia soon faw him at her Feet, and if the permitted him there, the at least allow'd him no nearer Approaches. There was all the gay World before her; and her Humour led her to rove thro' every delicate Scene of it, till a second Marriage should come to be the most desirable Variety. The Autumnal Season was spent at Bath, where her Lover was constantly upon Duty, and indefatigable in his Applications. By this time her Train of Admirers confiderably increas'd, and the Colonel kept his Post, only as being the oldest Officer in the Ser-The Affair became publick enough at that Place; and my Intelligence fays, our disastrous Adventurer fuffer'd not a little on account of two Lines that had been put into Punch's Mouth, in a Prologue for the first Night of Mr. Cowel's Alexander the Great.

FROM Bath the Heroine return'd with fresh Lawrels to Town; and after much Laughter at the Opera. the Ring and the drawing-Room, grew Infolent with Success, and bent upon more Empire, resolv'd to passover to the Continent, and make the Four of France, take Epsome and Tunbridge in her Way. She formed this Resolution, during a short Retreat at her own fointure-Seat in the Country, near which the Colonel had his Head-Quarters. Those detestable Shades, and the Memory of past Pleasures, melted her a little at her first Arrival. Here the Colonel thought his Wishes at their Crisis, and new Transports thrill'd his very Soul, when he beheld the Plan of her Manors, survey'd her tall Woods, sine Sea, and beautiful Gardens, and muster'd the number of her Tenants. In that Solitude, he first read Milton.

Upon her landing on the other Shore, he always kept within a Day's March of the Enemy; at Bruffels he came up with her; and the Agent has own'd, that his Letters never spoke in so big a Stile, as when dated from thence. Through those very Plains, where he had so often fought with Success, was the willing Captive carry'd in Triumph to Paris. There she was perfectly lost in a Crowd of new Acquaintance: Unknown Lovers daily arriv'd: He saw every Avenue to her Favour shut up; his Hopes sensibly declin'd, and his every Billet eccho'd nothing but Complaints: Even her Menials look'd coldly on him: For what had he to offer, against Choice of sine Gentlemen, great Estates, Honours, Titles, Equipage, &c. In short, Paris was her last Retrenchment, and still he found the Heroine, to him at least, impregnable,

What confirm'd him in this Despair, was, that she had long complain'd of the Insolence of her Lovers, and pretended there was a Necessity of making some Examples. That she had manag'd so, as to charge all the Hopes he ever had, on his own Vanity, and to lay the Fault intirely upon the Stars and Destinies. The Colonel had nothing left for it, but a formal Treaty. The chief Article was, concerning the Charges of the War. His last Letter I shall not insert, it is so much upon the Dismal and Wretched. In general, he men-

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Love — Eternal Destruction. The Lady upon the Perusal smil'd, and frankly answer'd, by desiring him to bring a Bill of all the Charges of his Courtship, and leave the rest to her Generosity. The Account which prov'd to be the Foundation of the Treaty, signed and ratified at Paris, stood as follows.

CECILIA's Bill.

		4	
OR Cloaths, Equipage, Baggage, &c. spent extraordinary on this	753	18	0
In Fees and Presents to your Women -	238	10	0
Ditto, to your other Servants -		17	6
Charge of 14 Balls, and 8 Masquerades -	56		0
Spent extraordinary on Plays, Opera's 2	1 777		31
Puppet-shews, &c. — — — 5	17	9	0
For fix and forty Serenades	111	12	0
For composing and translating 150 ->			
Letters and 37 Songs, 9 whereof	18	13	6
were set to Musick. — — >		. 5	
More for Cloaths, &c. when I dress'd a-	1 (0)	i t	
gainst the French Marquis, who	58	19	. 0
courted you at Paris. — — —			
My Expence in travelling —	132	IO	. 0
Charge of my Correspondence with your?			
Friends in England.	27	11	0
For putting you into 3 feveral Lampoons		8	^
To Porters, Waiters, Pew-keepers, Gen-		ď	
tlemen-Ushers, &c. for the Sight of		8	
you at feveral Times,	9	•	0
For Loss of fifteen Months of my Time, ?		1	
being sum'd of Things	150	1.0	0
being turn'd of Thirty,		13 5	di
For securing my Retreat into England -	25	0	.0
To a Priest, a Ship-Captain, and his		441	
Crew; and for other Preparations,	20	9	•
when I attempted to run away with	30	У	•
you to Calais.			
The second secon		1	or
나는 그들은 사람들이 많아 아니라 살아 없었다. 이 아이를 하는 것이 없는 것이다.		A TOTAL OF	

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For Demolishing of Windows, and o- ther Damages in my Grand Attack at Bruffels,	1 19 30 9	94	0.
To one of my Lieutenants, to enable him to Court your Cousin Bridget,	. 50	ó	0
For a Sable Tippet, two Blacks, four little Dogs, and one Monkey,	128	1 1	Ö
Monkey, when he was lost at St. Demis; and for other Charges in quest of him,) 10	19	0
Sum Total.	1787	16	0

DISCOUNT.

A Llow'd for my Experience	150	0	0
A Llow'd for my Experience - For Improvement in Travel and }	50	0	0
Ditto, in Poetry,	5	0	0
For a Snuff-box, which I fnatch'd, and \ -you afterwards gave me,	33	10	0
For the Use of your Picture, which I &	5	0	0
In an Intrigue with a French Countess, during my Fortnight's Banishment at Paris, Creditor,	26	10	a
For Recommending me to another Rich & Widow in England,	53	15	ó
For procuring me my Arrears by your }	20	0	10
For prompt Payment of this my Bill -	128	16	0
Sum Total-			0
Remains in Ballance——			0

Sign'd RAVELIN.

balance to an order or de-

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This Account was perus'd, allow'd, and punctually paid at Sight, by the Generous Unkind. Mutual Acquittances were exchang'd, and the Gentle Teresa of the Vale has since taken to her Arms the Desponding Ravelin, much to his Comfort and Advantage, and without any the least Uneasiness in the Generous Cecilia.

H.

Nº 688. Friday, July 111.

Hec scripsi, non otii abundantia, sed amoris erga te.
Tull. Epist.

My very Venerable Brother,

Discovery I have lately made, hath been to me a Matter of Consternation; and as it beareth a near Relation of Guardianship, I thought it highly behov'd me to disclose it as early as I could to you, who are in a more especial manner regarded as the Censor of our Society. There is one of my Fair · Wards, who is a very great Reader, and I us'd often to make it my Business to peep over her Shoulder with that kind Familiarity which she ever seem'd to take as inoffensive or uncivil to her, that I might see what fhe read: I was wont to be wonderfully delighted to find always in her Hands fome well-chosen Book, that was likely to improve and mature in her those Seeds of Virtue and Knowledge, of which Nature had made her a promising Proprietor. Whipping on my Spectacles, and peeping more flily and unawares than ordinary the other Day, which, as it was more sudden, us'd to please her the best; (for 'tis an agreeable Surprize to

be catch'd in the wholsome Exercise of Virtue) I was Aruck to find her reading over the Letters of Sylvia and Philander. She happen'd to be call'd away, and in a Hurry threw down her Book, and left it behind her-I took the Liberty to look in it, and found the following Words on the Title-page, written by her own Hand, Presented to me by my Uncle. This Uncle was: a very pretty young Gentleman, about five Years elder than her, whom, as so near a Relation, and seeming as conspicuous as her self for Virtue, I always, not having the least Shadow of Suspicion, admitted gladly to entertain and keep her Company. Upon farther Inspection, I found some Places doubled down, that were larded with alluring, itching, and deceitful Peices of Rhetorick, to alleviate the Heinousness of Incest; turning over a few Leaves more, I found a Letter of his, testifying the same Affection for his Niece, as is in the Book, from a Brother to a Sifter; where he gives a luscious Description of a Place in my Garden, where he appointed the happy Meeting. I felt all the Resentment of a cheated injur'd Parent against the Young Man; and mourn'd for my once pretty and virtuous, but now half seduc'd, and half-deform'd Ward; in the Anguish of a Father, I laid down the Book, writ a Letter to the young Gentleman's Father, or call him, if you please, her Grandfather, and discover'd. to him the whole Intrigue. 'Twas the Youth that had fent for my Ward away in that Hurry that caused the Discovery, and I made him further his own Discoverer, by defiring him to deliver my Letter, that held his Miscarriages, to his Father, with his own Hand. When he was gone with it, I took my Ward to walk with me in my Garden, to the very Place that was appointed for her Ruin. I talk'd with her along while upon indifferent Matters, and concealed my Temper as well as I could, but groan'd inwards, thinking that I perceiv'd in her Countenance an Uncafiness of being with me, which she never us'd to have, and a Wish for her Uncle in my stead. After some Silence, in which I took time to furvey her, my Child, fays I, No

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do you never read any News-Papers? She told me smiling, that she did but very seldom. Here is, said I, a strange Accident has happen'd at the Tuillery Garden; and then I made her read the Paragraph which contains the Relation of an unfortunate Lady, who ruin'd her Reputation there lately in the most infamous and publick Manner, Tis, said she, an ugly Account to read: That Book that you were reading, said I, is ten Times worse, for that adds Incest to the Crime. My Heart was e'en broken, to see her only just blush, and then take upon her to defend it. Oh! Mr. Spectator, what does a Man feel in breeding up his Daughter, if it is more (and more Nature says it must be) than I do to this adopted Child? Pray speak of this your Sentiment for the Good of all, and

Your Brother in Guardianship,

Tenero-comes.

I know of no better way of complying with my Brother Guardian's Defires, than in fetting down the following History delivered to us among the Writings of Mr. Perkins. It runs thus:

A Gentleweman of great Note, being left a Widow, had her Son train'd up in her House, who now being come to an Age of Maturity, grew up, as in Stature, so in wanton Desires, earnestly soliciting her Chamber-Maid to comply with his Inclinations; she had the Grace, not only to repel his Offers, but wearied out with his wicked Importunities, to complain to her Mistress, of her young Master's Irregularities in Behaviour towards her: The Mother, out of a Purpose to repress this wild Humour in her Son, bids the Maid, out of a seeming Compliance, make Appointment the Night following with him, and that the would change Beds with the Maid, and task the

young Gentleman to some purpose. This being done in pursuance to her Orders, - - - is such a horrid Story to be told? - - - The Devil tempted the Mother; and as terrible as it is to hear, instead of chastizing him, she suffer'd herself to be embraced in his Arms, and by him conceiv'd a Daughter. Finding herfelf grow big, weigh'd down with inward Shame, tohinder it from appearing, the fecretly retired to a difrant Part of the Country, and left the Child there to be Educated with all Care and Secreey. In some Years ' she thought proper to bring home the concealed Infant as a Kinswoman, and treated her like the Child of a Friend. The Young Virgin grew up to fuch a Degree of Comeliness in Person and Behaviour, that the Son, still a fingle Man, and now of about one or two and thirty, fell passionately in Love with her; and in thort, ignorantly married his own Daughter. They lived together very lovingly and comfortably, and were the Parents of many Children. But the Mother, who knew it all, had, as it were, a whole: " Hell in her Bosom; stung one Day more than ordinary with Remorfe, and bitterly gnaw'd with the Worm of Conscience, she slew to the learned Divine who wrote this Story, and was an eminent Casuilt for Relief, and ask'd the good Man's Advice, whether fhe should not put an End to that Course of Sin, by revealing the Matter: The Divine was of Opinion, that as they lived innocently in there Ignorance, the fhould repent in Secret, and conceal the Business.

For what Horror must they have at the Sight of those very Children, who were before the Pledges of Conjugal Love, and the strongest Ties of Reciprocal Affection? How much more must it be so, with those who knowingly are guilty of an incessuous Marriage? It is so black and difinal a Subject, that I know not how to speak any further my own Thoughts upon the Matter. Neither do I think, after this Story, is there any need of it to any one who hath the less than the sent instance.

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Remains of Conscience, Christianity, or Nature, I rather think the foregoing Relation so deeply Tragical, that it requires some Tale that borders upon the Farce, and hath a Moral to our purpose, to follow it, that my Reader may have an easy and pleasant Conclusion.

I remember to have read formewhere a Tale, wherein one of the Kings of France, upon hearing of the Beauty of a Marchioness, the Wife to one of his Generals, then forced to be in the Holy Land, fell passionately in Love with her, and fent her Word he would come and Dine with her. She suspecting the King would not, in her Husband's Absence, have done her that Honour, without some Design, after consulting with every Body how to entertain him, took her own Way at last, and bought up all the Hens that were to be had for Love or Money, and order'd the Cook, to make feveral Diffies of them, without adding any thing more. His Majesty was furpriz'd with her Beauty; but when he was at Dinner, he was also surpriz'd to see that there was but one Dish at a Time, and each of them confifting of nothing but Hens dress'd different Ways, when he knew 'twas a plentiful Country, where she might have had Venison, Wild-Fowl, and all Rarities. He turn'd to her, and with a pleasant Countenance, he faid, Have you only Hens, and no Cocks in this Country, Madam? The Lady reply'd, No, my Lord, but the Women are the same here as in other Places, tho' they may be distinguish'd by Habits and Titles. The King took the Hint, and despairing of Success, rewarded the Marchioness at his Departure for the Hen-Treat.



Nº 689. Monday, July 14.

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Westrum jam Consilium est, non solum meum, quid sit vobis faciendum.

Tulk in Epist.

in high whom I have being the light and the

Man that can fit unconcern'd amidst the pres fent Posture of Astairs, and remain Dumb and Speechless as to all that relates to the Publick. deserves to be look'd upon as one that hath for his best and dearest Parent, his Country, no Bowels of Affection. But while that excellent Author, The Englishman, employs his Hours so preciously, so wisely, and zealoufly in the Publick Service of his Fellow-Countrymen, he stands in need of no Coadjuter, but is himfelf alone equal to so great a Labour, and so arduous an Undertaking. In the mean Time, I shall think my felf no small Contributor to the Publick Good, If I peruse the Duties of my Office as Censor, in the Ludicrous Manner that I have begun. For while The Englishman is busying and toiling himself for the Good of others, and vigilant and assiduous in instructing the Male Part of our Species, how they are to act, it will, methinks, be no unprofitable Office, if I entertain the Female. Part, and teach them how they are to Behave, and Comfort themselves in the midst of Apprehensions, by detaining their Minds with Histories of Pleasantry and Humour, from entring into the Heats and Furies of Party-Rage, and the impending Tempest of the Times, which, tho' it concerns those Beauties not at all, may be apt to break in upon that Quiet, and interrupt with Dread and Horror, that Rest, in which, amidst all the Buftles of the World, a good-natur'd and well-bred Man, ought to the utmost of his Power, to maintain the Minds

Minds of that tender Sex well guarded and secure. The little Diversion, which I shall from Time to Time contime to administer unto them, will be, if recited by their pretty Mouths, a fort of an unbending to the Minds of their Fathers, Husbands and Brothers, when they shall return home toil'd and fatigu'd with the Bufiness of the Day, and be to them like Rest after Labour; whereas by the Womens being inquisitive, the Cares of Men are at fuch Times augmented, and their Homes will, by fuch Female Curiofity, be render'd to them more uneafy than the Time that they are abroad in Duty and Service. However, I can't but admire the Zeal of some single Woman, I can't tell who, living in the City, that having a Masculine Courage, and being every Inch of her an Amazon, hath, as I hear, bought herself a huge pair of Jack-Boots, and a broad Sabre, and is fully refolv'd to go a dragooning, and in spite of Rochester's Satyr, to be herself the Artemisia that shall ride astride and Fight: However, I think this ought to be no manner of Precedent to the rest of the Fair Sex, who need not be ashamed of being no braver than Uhffes, and so wear their Petticoats still, and keep to their Needles and their Distass. I would not at this Time, if I may continue their Adviser, have them trouble their Heads about News, but leave that to their Male Relations. And if they have a mind not to feem inactive, I will engage, that our well-known very good Friend, Mrs. Fames, shall both write and speak enough for them all together, and by chusing her as their Mouth, they will put an End to a Civil War of Tongues, and to what we may call Confusion upon Confusion.

I have received feveral Letters, importing, that my spectatorial Authority is shamefully difregarded, Gloucester-Street is as full of Gazers as ever; they play at Hampflead still, the Count goes on with his Rally Polly, and Nigroalbus continues to strut about the Town, behind a double Chin, with the Face and Head of a Lion, feeking whom he may devour; looks out fharp, without the fear of being surprized at the Sight of a Ghost, and grows montroufly Fatter and Flatter every Day upon

new Prey. What can a Man fay to, or do with those Incorrigibles? This censorial Dignity of mine will be at this Rate a mere empty Name, and I shall be call? Censor, as one fam'd Person hight Sir John, was call'd Knite o' the Peak. Because I am grown antient, the young Maids will mind nothing that I say, but turn round and ogle their young Fellows, and sall a giggling at my Advice; the Gamesters and Sharpers, whom I have at first terrify'd, use me now no better than an old Putt; and Nigronlbus slights me, as if I had no more to do in the World than a Ghost. But, as superannuated as they take me to be, I will shew 'em that I am young enough to correct them, and make brisk

Work among 'em yet.

I have already taken my Survey of the Batteries in Gloucester-Street, from whence the Ladies fire upon all young Gentleman that are Paffengers. Taking a View of one whole Side at once, it feems to me like the moving and fpeaking Picture of a Wall with three long Rows of Windows, one higher than the other, and a numerous Set of Doors all wide open, as if the Proverb was to be fulfilled, and the House to be thrown out of Window. In the Doors, at the Bottom of this moving Picture, are to be seen whole Lengths drawn to the Life, of Black-a-moors, Livery-men, and robust termagent Women, who thunder at you with a Clownish Peal as you pass, and laugh like the Noise of a Cannon. In the Row of Windows above this, are the finest Half-lengths, with the prettiest Faces, and finest Eyes one could see, if the Features were not swell'd and made big by boldness, and that fweetness of the Eye render'd wild and favage by too much staring. And these second and back the Peal below, with an harmonious kind of tittering, that is like Musick in a Battle; after which pop again from a Row above, there appear'd a parcel of Heads, that gave an aukward Tithee in base, with Head-dresses of an Inch long, upon a Face of a Foot Diameter, and fiddling about their Pinners, with Hands and Arms, that might help a Butcher to knock down an Ox; these, I suppose, are Chambermaids, that with finical Rusticity, are for apeing the genteel Eafiness of their Ladies Comportment. With this triple Salvo of Artillery was I receiv'd into this Street of Sound and Appearance. And as I am an old Fellow that drefs out of the ordinary Way, it lasted three Minutes longer upon me, than it would have done upon another. However, I went thro with my Survey, and with four Engineers, (called Painters) I intend to take the Place. I have got an Italian to draw the whole Building, one fide upon one Canvas, and the other upon another. After this Ground-work is finish'd, I have got a Dutch Man that is famous for drawing a Wake, or his Country Boors at a Merry-making, to undertake their odd Personages, who fill up the Doors with their Presence. A French Man who can draw a pretty Face, and a fine Body, shall do the half Lengths, that have their Faces stand for their Pictures in the Row of Windows over their Heads; because he has a good Hand at mingling with good English Features, a French Assurance, and at covering the finest Shape in the World, with a Garment that hangs wantonly loose about them. The Row over this I have get an ingenious Indian to draw, who was the Man that drew, with his own Hand, most of those grotesque Figures, which are so much in Request among our Modern Houshold-stuff. Thus I do intend to take the Place, fide after fide, and then hire a good lufty. Porter, to carry away the Inhabitants, Street and all, upon his Shoulders, to the Court of Requests, where they shall be hung up among others, and expos'd to Sale. And perhaps, some Country Gentleman may be glad to buy a London-Street to walk backwards and forwards in, when he is in the Country. However, if they will yield themselves up Prisoners at Honour and Discretion, I will be contented with confining them no closer to their Rooms, than the best and freest, and modestest part of Woman-kind have ever chosen to be of their own Accord. The Ladies at Hampstead, and their fair Diversion-table, are to expece the same fair Play; and then the Count, who does

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not care for being exposed, will fall o'course: As tor Nigrealbus, a Friend of mine, a Sea-Captain, who tells me, that Fat Body was served so once before, will take him to Sea with him now, with the Purpose of being made in Time his Boatswain, if before that Time he does not happen to be made a Ghost of himself. And thus I think I shall be pretty even with all those who make a Jest of my Authority.

I expect that this SPECTATOR be read at all the Tea-Tables round the Cities of London and Westmin-ster.

B.



is been on Towns. I have the Mills, rivile as the Revole keep of Towns. I have the through the bearingly also a seed Corporation, the Grafo of her arealating Albad, and the trope Compate of Diversity arounds, and that the hall and as there are the troping to the seed and are the particular.

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Nº 690. Friday, July, 18.

Eternity, thou pleasing dreadful Horror!

Addison's Cato,

S nothing is more refreshing and delightful to the Reasonable Soul, or tends more to elevate, enlarge and fatisfy its Noble Faculties, than the Views of boundless Eternity, and the stedfalt Apprehension of its future everlalting Existence; so 'tis admirable to consider the Influence of this Heavenly Prospect, in giving it the Ascendant over all the Charms of a sensible World, and the most exquisite Trials and Calamities of Life. When the Heaven-born Soul stretches her Immortal Powers, and under the Conduct of a Divine and Heavenly Guide, foars away, and visits the invisible Creation! When she rises upon the Wings of Faith and Hope, above the cloudy Region of this World, gets beyond the Starry Sphere, and breathes the pure Native Air of Celestial Paradise! when the bathes her Thoughts in the Meditation of the Life to come, and confiders the Diffolution of her Body, but as introducing the Perfection of her Being, and the compleat Felicity and Contentment of her intellectual Capacities! When the fees herfelf passing to an Immortal State, and all things combining to ripen her for that glorious Change, which terminates every Evil, and issues in a Scene of inviolable Bliss, swift as the Revolutions of Time! When the furveys her heavenly Make and Constitution, the Grasp of her everlasting Mind, and the noble Compass of Divine Enjoyments, she shall tread and traverse to Eternity. How does she out-soar the Miseries of the present World, and taste the Pleasures of a happy Immortality! When she thinks on the Time

that she shall dislodge from this Tenement of Clay, and on the Wings of Victory, and in the Arms of Cherubs, mount to the Empirean Heaven. Immediately upon her Entrance! into whose blissful Regions, she shall be welcom'd by an enthron'd Redeemer! emparadis'd in the Bosom of the Deity! Array'd with her Robe, her Crown and her Palm! Seated on a shining Throne! And embrac'd in the Arms of Millions of celestial Companions! When she remembers she is shortly to be clad with the Capacities of an Angel, to vie with the Services, and share the Entertainments of glorious Seraphims! To stand for ever in the open immediate View of all divine Perfections! and behold all the Beauty, Magnificence and Glory, even of that perfect and exalted State, shining with an infinite superior Excellency in our own blessed Being! When she knows that part of her delign'd Felicity, will be to look into, and contemplate the Counfels and Decrees of Eternity! To refearch and furvey, with more elevated Underflanding, more exquisite Delight, the wond'rous Volumes of Nature, Providence and Grace! To celebrate the Perfections of her Maker, display'd in erecting this excellent Frame of the Universe! Disposing all its Scenes, Apartments and Furniture, in such beautiful Variety, Usefulness and harmonious Order! To adore the Power of his almighty Arm, and the Depth of his infinite Understanding, in sustaining and governing the mighty Fabrick he had rear'd! Over-ruling the darkest and most inexplicable Events, all the feeming Contrarities, mysterious Conduct, and trackless Paths of Providence, to subserve the wisest and the greatest Purposes! And manage the whole Compass of Nature, Animate, Inanimate. Human and Angelick Beings, to accomplish that admirable, that exquisite System, formed in his eternal Mind! but above all, to fing the Wonders and the Mysteries, the infinite unutterable Endearments of incarnate Deity and redeeming Love! That the Glorious JESUS, effentially Divine, possessing the Honours of the Deity! Attended by Myriads of Angels, Arch-Angels, and flaming Cherubims! Adorned by all ace material

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the heavenly Powers! Enthrown'd with equal Splender and Majesty with his eternal Father! Should quit that Incomprehensible Glory, and veil his Godhead in an infinitely inferior Nature! Submit to the Inconveniencies (afhonishing Condescention! Stupendous Love!) of Hunger, Weariness, Pain, Poverty, and vilest Disgrace! To be treated with the utmost Contempt by Creatures of his own forming! Endure the Reproaches, the ungrateful Reproaches of miscreant Man! The Infults of damned Angels, and the Wrath of his Almighty Father ! To be cradled in a Manger, and die upon a Cross! And all to regain the Happiness and Blifs of despicable Rebellious Worms, void of all Affection towards him! while the Soul is looking at these eternal Prospects, and mindful of her heavenly Defcent, with the Wings of Faith hovers on that Glorious World! Is it any Wonder on the one Hand, That the spurns the Diadem of Casar, and tramples upon all the Splendors of his Throne! Contemns the Pomp, the Glory, and the Grandeur, that glitters in the Courts of Princes; the most delicate Satisfactions, and refin'd Contentments of this fublunary World! Neglects the Pleasures, and disdains the Joys, that are so much beneath the Dignity of her Birth, and the Vastness of her immortal Hopes! Rifes with loftier and supernal Flight, above those fond and fluttering Amusements, so unequal to its noble Breathings; heavenly Tendency, and everlasting Frame! 'Tis through this Intercourse she maintains with the invisible World, and familiar Converse with a vast and endless Futurity, that she looks upon those Things that have their highest Value put upon them by the World, ador'd among Men, and pursu'd with the eagerest Ambition, with a noble and fincere Indifference! Pompous Titles, Posts of Honour, high Revenues, Flaming Chariots, and splendid Equipage! Stately Buildings, and delicious Gardens, purling Streams and shady Groves! The Charms of Beauty, and the Strains of Wit! and all the endearing, fort, enchanting Scenes in Nature. Yea, the Wildom of Philosophy, and the Depth of State, the Victories of Alexander.

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Alexander, and the Pleasures of ten Thousand Paradifes, are as nothing to the Joy, the Glory, and the Blifs, the knows is prepar'd and referv'd for her in the heavenly World! And on the other hand, what though for the present she may be held upon the Confines of Darkness, and cover'd wish the very Shades of Death! Converse with nothing but Storms and Tempests, Terror and Anguish, Tears and Groans! Fed continually with the Bread of Affliction, and the Wine of Aftonishment! Sustain the mighty and incessant Shocks of invisible Powers, and perhaps, many uneasy Self-Reflections, the Proofs of her Imperfection, and incident to her unglorified State. Should Friend, Love and Companion fail her, the Bosom intimate, the tender Relative, standing at a shy, a wounding Distance!

If she is afflicted in her Body, blasted in her Reputation, and lessen'd in the World; discarded the very Society of Mankind; and thrown out of their Thoughts as an Object of Scorn and Indignation; yet how doth the triumph with the joy of Variety, when the can look through all this horrid Gloom, to those pleasant and immortal Regions, where her present Tribulations will but raise her eternall Hallelujahs! How justly doth she smile with superior Greatness, when, conscious of her Innocence, the is arraign'd as Criminal at their Bar, who themselves must shortly be cited before a most just Tribunal! Knows they must make their Appearance with her, before that awful Throne, and stript of all Distinction, on the level Plain, wait their everlasting Doom. With what inward Exultations, celestial Rapture, and victorious Triumph, does she look upon all the Infults and Indignities that she receives from Fellow-Mortals, the most stinging Reproaches, Calumnies, and opprobrious Distractions, while the fees the dear Day always at Hand, when the shall be brought forth to the View of the whole Species of Angels and Men; and in the Presence of that vast united Confluence of all intellectual Creatures, be openly acquitted and embrac'd, by this one great universal Supream Being! And in publick Triumph, led up by

her Divine Creator, to a fair Mansion of immortal Joy, fashion'd by an infinite Architect, and pav'd with ever-

lasting Love!

ONLY it must be remembred, That the Consideration of ETERNITY, and the Thought of a FUTURE EXISTENCE, can yield none of these divine Refreshments and Supports to the Mind of a Man, in its Natural apostate State. Nor can the utmost Soar of mere moral philosophical Virtue, ever tower this Heavenly Height, raise the Soul to such Joyful and Glorious Views! There must be something of a more noble and divine Extract to produce this Fruit, this Flower of Paradife. 'Tis necessary there should be a great and universal Change, introduc'd upon all the Powers of the Soul, by Sovereign and Almighty Grace, to enable her to triumph in the Face of Eternity! Without which, the Thought of an Hereafter, will be the most uneasy and dreadful Companion, to a justly apprehensive intelligent and immortal BEING.

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Nº 691. Monday, July 21.

An Example, I fear, inimitable to all succeeding Wives!

Lee's Jun. Brutus.

Ontaigne, in his admirable Essays, tells us, that it us'd to be to him a Wonder, that thole Writers, who make it their Endeavour at once to instruct and entertain their Readers; with Relations like those which lie scatter'd here and there in my Papers, should put their Invention to the Rack, and coin new Fables, when they may very wifely fave themselves that Expence of Study, and pick out of good and ancient Authors, many fine and agreeable little Fragments of History, that may be as applicable to their Purposes, and more useful and diverting, than any thing that they can frame out of their own Heads. Nothing could have made me fo entirely of his Opinion, as those three Stories that he tells us in that very Place, of extraordinary Women, which he took from the Ancients, and which, though Realities, have in them more delicate Touches, than any other Fiction whatsoever amongst the Moderns. One of them is so very exquisite, that it must transport with Joy, and confirm in Virtue, the Soul of a good Wife, and convert the Minds of all bad Women that are in that State, unless they are too far gone and corrupted beyond all Cure. I shall therefore go so far into that wise Man's Sentiments in this Point, that I will be for once, even a fervile Imitator, and for the Benefit of my Female Readers, many of whom may have never yet known it, tell over again after him one of these antient Stories, with very little Alteration.

* Pompeia Paulina, a young and very noble Roman Lady, had married Seneca in his extream Old Age. This Wife and Good Old Gentleman receiv'd from her fuch Marks of Affection, that when his Soulwas in its most exalted State of Grandeur, he might · be faid not to live but in her. For though he was himself avowedly of a Stoical Disposition, and naturally regardless and disdainful of those little Receipts of Phylick made for Security of long Life, the too curious Search after which betrays in a Man the Fear of Death; nay, though his Stay in Life was at that time probably more unwelcome to his languine Temper, than Death is dreadful to a base, pusillani-' mous, and dastardly Spirit; yet he bravely ventur'd to · seem, in the Eyes of those of his own Sex, to be in Fear of Death, which was more cruel to him. · than the Agomes of Death it felf could be; because though he had liv'd long enough for his own, he had: onot liv'd long enough for the young Paulina's Satif-· faction. Therefore he condescended to look after his Health with this discreet, kind and amicable Confideration, that by so doing he preserv'd her in himfelf, and was over-joy'd to trudge on under the Load of Years, and the Calamities of Life, to make her pass merrily the Sunshiny Days of Youth, with all the Recreations and Pleasures, which only so fine a young Woman could have fo delicately enjoy'd and relish'd, in the Company of a Man of his Years The Instance of this their mutual and Gravity. Love and reciprocal Affection, is most Beautifully and Naturally set forth, in a Letter sent by him to Lucilius, when being feized with a Fever, he departed from Rome against his Wife's Advice; telling her (for Nero, his Pupil, was then exercising his ' infolent Triumphs of Cruelty, and gaining the Infamous Glory of being an uncontrollable Tyrant) that the Ague he was seized with was not a Fever of the

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Body, but of the Place. And thus Part of the Letter he wrote, was worded.

To Lucilius.

Paulina let me go, after giving me strict Charge of my Health. Now of my Health. Now 1, who know that her Life is involved in mine, begin to make much of my felf, that I may preserve her; and I lose the Privie lege my Age hath given me, of being more constant and resolute in many Things, when I call to mind, that in this old Fellow, there is a young Lady interefted in his Health. And fince I cannot perswade her to love me more couragiously, she makes me more follicitously love my self: For we must allow something to honest Affection; and sometimes, though Occafions importune us to the contrary, we must call back Life, even tho' it be with Torment: We must hold the Soul fast in our Teeth, since the Rule of Living among good Men, is not fo long as they pleafe, but as long as they ought: He that loves not his Wife and his Friend fo well as to prolong his Life for them, but will obstinately die, is foo delicate, and too effeminate: The Soul must impose this upon it self, when the Utility of our Friends doth so require: We must sometimes lend our selves to our Friends, and when we would die for our felves, must break that Resolution for them. 'Tis a Testimony of Grandeur of Courage to return to Life, for the Confideration of another, as many excellent Persons have done: And it is a Mark of fingular good Nature to pre-' ferve old Age (of which the greatest Convenience is the Indifferency of its Duration, and a more flout and disdainful Use of Life) when a Man perceives that his Office is pleafing, agreeable and ufeful to fome Person, by whom we are very much beloved. And a Man reaps by it a very pleasing Reward; for what can be more delightful than to be fo dear to his Wife, as that upon her Account he shall become

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dearer to himself? Thus has my Paulina loaded me, not only with her Fears but my own; it hath not

been sufficient to consider how resolutely I could die,

but I have also consider'd how irresolutely she would bear my Death. I am enforc'd to live, and sometimes

to live is Magnanimity.

Nero, his hopeful Pupil, fent his Guards to him to denounce the Sentence of Death. Seneca, with a calm and fleady Countenance, heard their Charge, and prefently called for Paper to write his Will; which be-' ing by the Captain deny'd, he turn'd himself towards his Friends, faying to them, Since I cannot leave you any other Acknowledgment of the Obligations I have to you, I leave you at least the best thing I have, and ' that is the Image of my Life and Manners, which I intreat you to keep in Memory of me; that so doing you may require the Glory of fincere and real Friends: And after he had for some Time endeavour'd to appease their Sorrows in the gentlest Words he could utter, and all in vain, he then rais'd his. Voice, and gave them this handsome Reproof: What, said he, are become of all our Philosophical Precepts? What is become of all the Provisions we have so many Years ' laid up against the Accidents of Fortune? Is Nero's Cruelty unknown to us? What could we expect from ' him, who had murder'd his Mother and his Brother, but that he should put his Governour to Death, who had nourish'd and bred him? After he had spoke ' these Words in general, he turn'd towards Paulina. Oh! What a Scene was there of Manly and Tender, Noble and Delicate, Philosophical and Elegant Behaviour in Affliction; he embrac'd her in his Arms ' as the best Friend that he took his Leave of before a ' long Journey.

'She sunk beneath the heavy Load of Woe; it was more than she could bear: She sigh'd as she were giving up the Ghost, and groan'd as if her Heart was bursting: He beg'd her to bear the Accident with

with Patience, to bear it for his Sake, that was now to prove the Power of his Studies by glorious Facts, not Words, and thus let Death be welcome, for he comes handlomely upon me. Wherefore, my dearest, faid he, do not dishonour it with thy Tears, as if thou lov'd'it thy self more than my Reputation. Moderate thy Grief, and comfort thy felf in the Knowledge thou hast had of me and my Actions, leading the remainder of thy Life in the fame virtuous Manner thou hast hitherto done. To which Paulina, having a little recover'd her Spirits, and warm'd her Magnanimity, with the Heat of a most generous Affection, reply'd, No, Seneca, said she, I am not a Woman to fuffer you to go alone in fuch a Necessity. I will not have you think that the virtuous Examples of your Life have not yet taught me how to die; and when can I ever better or more decently do it, or more to my own Defire, than with you! and therefore affure your felf, I will go along with you.

'My Paulina, reply'd the Sage, I have sufficiently instructed thee in what will serve thee happily to "live, but thou more covetest, I see, the Honour of 'dying; in truth, I will not grudge it thee: The 'Constancy and Resolution in our common End are the same, but the Beauty and Glory of thy Part is

much greater.

'I will not dwell upon the dismal Scene; their Chirurgeons open'd both their Veins, that they might bleed to death together. They could neither, though their own Pain was nothing, bear the ' Sight of each other. He prevail'd upon her, therefore, to withdraw to her Chamber. The old Man's Veins, being shrunk, did not bleed out Life fast enough; he therefore took from his Phylician, Statius Anneus, a Draught of Poison, but by too " much Effusion of Blood, the Passage was too cold to carry the Operation to his Heart he was therefore put in a Hot-Bath to hasten it, and washing his Head in the bloody Water, he expired with these " Words

The SPECTATOR. Nº 691.

Words in his Mouth. This Sacrifice I offer to thee,

O Jupiter,

In the mean time, Nero, having Notice of it, fent out of a political Fear to save Paulina. The Messenger found her half dead, but she ever wore the Mark of her Good-will in the Paleness of her

Complexion.

I am flruck with equal Admiration of both their Loves, when I fee an old Philosopher of his Humour bravely live for a young Wife, and when I behold a young Woman of a tender Heart, fo defirous to die, and dying for an old Husband. This is indeed an Example for the marry'd, but when will they follow

fore state, our feet it is Saily of Sec. Selburiat

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Friday,

Nº 692. Friday, July, 25.

the shoot a local had but take as a d

Dulce est Desipere in loco.

Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR.

AVING the Curiofity to visit the University of Cambridge, of which I was formerly a Member, to pay my last Respects to that once most beloved Place, the most famous for its antient and well-endow'd Foundations, and magnificent Structures, and most celebrated for the Education of many great Men, perhaps of any in the whole World: I was furpriz'd to find the Students, at their Hours of Diversion, which now are generally from twelve a-Clock to five in the Afternoon, besides the Evenings, and fometimes I believe almost all the Morning, using such ridiculous and childish Exercises, as they would have been asham'd of at School. In my Time you might meet them walking foberly in the Fields and Meadows; meditating on the Works of Providence, inspecting the Variety which appears in every Species of Flowers and Herbs, and observing their Qualities, whether delightful to the Eye, or pleasing to the Taste or Smell; or lastly, curiously enquiring into the Beauties of every particular Stone, its Colour, its Figure, its Properties; admiring in them the imperfect Productions of Nature, whilst she intimates in some, the Shells of Fishes, in others the Teeth of Beafts, in others Geometrical Figures, the Sphærical, the Triangular, &c. We had none of those which are now their favourite Sports, as Chuck-Farthing, Hat-Shilling, and Buffeting one another with their Gown-Sleeves, for which I think the Foni-

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ans are most eminent: You might see the grave Fellows, playing at Bowls, without twisting their agist Bodies into a Thousand antick Postures at every Determination of the Bowl; without any of those Exclamations, of sly, sly, rub, or any of those Hyperboles, which are used at every Cast, if the Bowl goes a little narrow, or short, or wide. In short, every Thing concurr'd, to my great Dissatisfaction, to warn me from that Delight which I once took there, and from envying any more their Case and Felicity,

Philo Cenforius.

Confess I am very much amazed to find these Complaints in a Letter from one who had formerly been a Member of that University; I know the Country People, who imagine that every one who wears a Gown, tho' he has not feen twenty Years, must be as grave and demure as their Country Parson, are often offended to see them so very wild, as they are pleased to call it, when they come to Sturbridge Fair, or any publick Commencement: And I am afraid this Gentleman has been so inur'd to an obsure sedentary Life, that he cannot relish any thing else, otherwise, perhaps, if he would look back into his past Life, he might find, that he himself had once eagerly promoted those childish Exercises he so much inveighs against; however it be, I am fure he may reasonably be accused of too much Severity. It is certain, the more one drinks of Folly, the more it intoxicateth; and it is as certain, that those Habits, which would difgrace our Manhood, are never too foon cast off: But seeing an old Head is rarely seen upon a young Pair of Shoulders, and the greatest Part of these Societies consists in Persons scarce come to Maturity, it is very reasonable to find some seeming Extravagancies of Youth, when the Blood is agitated in its circular Motion, with the greatest Violence, by a redundant Plenty of Spirits, playing in wild Dif-

order, scorning-all Resistance, like Vapours springing up from the teeming Earth, at the Diffusion of attractive Heat; besides, the Mind of Man requires some Intervals, some Intermissions, from its most difficult Tasks; for an uninterrupted Employment of our Intellectual Faculties in Intricate and Obscure Studies, is as great a Fatigue to the Soul, as inceffant Labour to the Body. What Course then must we take for the Refreshment of our Minds? To turn from the Contemplation of one Object to the Contemplation of another, may, by the Variety of our Thoughts, alleviate in some Measure, the Fatigue of Thinking, but not wholly remove it: Surely it is a much greater Pleasure to a Man, wearied out with Toil and Labour, to fit down, after the Body has perform'd its Duty, and exercise his Mind in Reading and Meditating, than to return again, though to a different Work, that requires the fame Bodily Pains; from whence we may conclude. that the Body and Soul are happily constituted for the Mutual Affistance of each other's Miseries, and consequently, one ought to be apply'd to for the Refreshment of the other: However, were it not fo, there would be no Necessity to lay that Restrain upon our Behaviour, as to be always guarded against every thing that is Jocofe, or Comical; or, in a Word, not Serious, and speak little, and that without an overbearing Austerity; let these Beggars in Knowledge use Tricks and Stratagems to maintain the Credit of their Sufficiency; let their Silence proclaim them wife, and their abrupt Paradoxes feem Mysteries in Philosophy. Where true Wisdom and sound Judgment are naturally implanted, a forc'd Severity savours too much of Popularity and the Defire of Applause, like putting a Veilover a modest Face. The Scipio's, the Scavola's, amidst all their Austerity and Reversedness of Temper, would sometimes resolve their contracted Brows, into the most pleasant courteous Aspect, and be as entertaining in their Conversation, as the gayest Wits of Rome. The Case, indeed, is somewhat alter'd, and every one that is conspicuous for Birth, or Learning, or Virtue, must be 0 4.

more grave, perhaps, than is necessary, to satisfy the World, which is grown more censorious, but very little wiser, in its declining Age, than it was in its Infancy: Hard Fate! that an Eminency in our Profession must exclude us from all Pretences to good Manners, or what they modestly call Breeding; that a careless Mien, and easy Address, should be at once accounted the distinguishing Character of a Gentleman, and forbidden to every one who desires to recommend himself to the World.

It may not, perhaps, be amiss to insert a Letter to the same purpose with the former, but very remarkable for its Simplicity, from a Grazier to his Son, a Student in the University of Cambridge.

Dear Son,

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Must tell you plainly, that we hear strange Things of you, Cambridge Scholars; how that you go to every Puppet-Show, and to every Posture-Master, or High-German Artist, that can shew you any Legerdemain Tricks; and that you strive more, who can throw the Barr farthest, or who can run fastest at Foot-Ball, than who can read most Books; one would think that you should have left off all such Fiddle-cum-faddle Tricks by now: I promise you, Boy, if I find you at these Sports, when I come to see you, you shall change your Quarters; for you may learn as much at Home, and save me many a Pound.

Farewel.

A.

Monday,

Nº 693. Monday, June 28.

Honos erit Huic quoque pomo

Virg.

EING the other Day with a young Nephew of mine, who hath at present intangled himself in a little Chancery Suit, and is fetting Matters right for his Marriage; his Advocate, who has Chambers in Simmon's-Inn, express'd his great Desires, when Business was over, to entertain and refresh us with a Glass of something or another, but he would have the old Gentleman name what it should be; and whether I lik'd French or Port the best, was the next Question. I told him, if there was any good Cyder neat, that a Glass of it would be more acceptable and relishing to me, and added, that I thought the Juice flowing from the Fruits which flourish in our own Climate, might be, tho' not quite fo wealthy, yet more healthful, and more adapted to the Constitution of the Inhabitants of this Island, than any thing of foreign Growth. He smiled, and told me, he was glad he could accommodate me belt, with what I lik'd best; he call'd in his Clerk, I who was by far a more Spruce-drest Gentleman than his Master. Tom, fays he, I know that as neat and as nice a Gentleman as you are, you never think much of being my Mefsenger into Chancery-Lane to the Hand and Apple; therefore step thither, and call hither your good Friend Mr. Davis, and bid him bring along with him the best Rough and Smooth he can recommend to us. The genteel Messenger made a Leg, adapted himself to his Bufiness, Buliness, put on directly the Air of one of your Drawers, that study to be engaging in their Way, and I could hear him scamper and rattle down Stairs just like them, with a great Nimbleness, and an obliging Swiftnels of Foot. Then his Master address'd himself to me, and as he does not want for a certain Gaiety of Mind, that is agreeable, he was pleased to rally himself. and those of his Protession in these Words. Sir, says he, this Mr. Davis keeps a Cellar, and we Brothers of the Quill, who are a kind of Terriers in any Gentleman's Grounds where we can get our Noses in, and where there is the least Scent of lawful Game to be at, refort thither very much, and make merry under Ground, and a Circle of our Miners think it a proper Place to regale in. We have got Musick there that very much vivifies and enlivens Conversation, fets aside the Horror of Mortality in the Vault, and puts us in Mind, that we are still in a Capacity of writing the last Will and Testament of many puny, sickly, consumptive Beaus, who are strutting carelesly over our Heads, and even of many of those hale, corpulent Mortals, your Traders, that are plodding above Ground, to make their Posterity enjoy other Peoples Fortunes, when they are laid low in the Grave. I think, Sir, continued he, you have been pleased to mention Mr. Davis, and this his Welch-Tavern in one of your Papers. Animated and fir'd, as it were, with so great an Applause, poor Perry, the Musician, is grown within a few Days to excel himself, and strikes bolder Stroaks upon his Harp than ever, to the Admiration of all his Hearers. Oh! - - - - and there's one Thing more I must tell you, and that is, that the other Day a Difpute arifing at a Tavern near this Place, between two Gentlemen, about calling for Party Tunes. a third that fat by Neuter, put an end to it immediately by Laughing, faying, Gentlemen, Don't you know how near you are to the SPECTATOR'S Mufick? If this Wrangle been't hush'd presently, I'll send for old Perry to you out of Hand. The Confequence was this, A Tune was play'd, the Words of which were written by that dexterous Lyrick, Mr. D'Urfey, which chides People for distinguishing themselves into Whig and Tory, which hath for its Burden, Here's a Health to all Honess Men.

By this time Mr. Davis had got his Liquids ready. and entered the Room with great Complaisance; after: telling us, that, Tho' he faid it, who should not say it; yet be would, and might justly say it, That no Cyder in London came in Competition with that which he had brought us. When this Ceremonial Preface was over, elevating, by Degrees, his Bottle-Hand above his Head, and lowering in the same manner his Glass-hand below the Pocket-Holes, he pour'd out with great Evenneis, as from an high and eminent Fountain, the foaming racy Liquor into three Crystal Rummers, which were to the Eye like so many transparent Cascades. During this Operation, I must needs say, his CYDER made his Words good, at its first Appearance, and recommending itself to our Lips, by smiling and sparkling so briskly in our Eyes; and I must further do it the Justice to add, that the Taste had no wrong Intelligence from the Eye; but that Gousty Sense receiv'd a Pleasure very much superior to that enjoy'd only by the Sense of Seeing. I ask'd Mr. Davis it my Musi-cian was below? He told me he was, and then busied in playing to Company; and fignified that Probould do him a great deal of Service by my Presence there: Now I, who love to do any Honest Man Good, of what Condition foever, though I put my felf to a little-Inconveniency in doing it, answer'd, that I would comply with his Request, if I was not a little too decrepid, too untrue of Foot for his pair of Stairs. I could peroeive he looked a little dejected at my Negative kind of Answer, and so I told him, if he would lead mehimself, and ensure me to carry me down, and bring me up again fafe and found in Wind and Limb, that I would venture. He undertook it with great Joy, and had a special Care of my Person. I did not indeed think to have met with fuch good Company, and fuch cleanly Accommodation, as I found in this Place. I fats 300 The SPECTATOR Nº 693

I sat above a Quarter of an Hour there, and then was led safe up. I could see him express in his Looks a Gratitude at my Departure, as if I had done him some great Favour. As soon as I got Home, and had clap'd myself down in my Elbow-Chair, my Servant told me, there was a little Hamper of CYDER sent by one Mr. Davis, upon which was this Inscription, Choice CYDER for the Spectators's own Drinking. I order'd it to be open'd, and a Pottle to be pour'd out into Half-Pottles, which is my Custom. I drank a whole Half-Pint by my self; and in my Fancy did not wonder that this Liquor should be a Fruitful Subject for so Excellent Poem, as that written by Mr. Philips, from whence I have taken these sollowing Lines.

TOW turn thine Eye to view Alcurian's Groves, The Pride of the Pheacean Isle, from whence Sailing the Spaces of the boundless Deep, To Ariconium Precious Fruits arriv'd: The Pippin burnish'd o'er with Gold, the Moile Of sweetest Honey'd Taste, the fair Permain Temper'd, like comlieft Nymph, with Red and White; Salopian Acres flourish with a Growth Peculiar stiled Ottley: See thou first This Apple to transplant, if to the Name Its Merit answers, no where shalt thou find A Wine more priz'd, or laudable of Taste. Nor does the Eliot least deserve thy Care, Nor Fohn-Apple, whose wither'd Rhine, intrench'd With many a Furrow aptly represents Decrepid Age; nor that from Harvey nam'd, Quick Relishing. Why should we sing the Thrift, Codling, or Pomroy, or of pimpled Coat The Ruffet, or the Cats-heads weighty Orb, Enormous in its Growth; for various Use, Tho' these are meet, that after full repast Are oft requir'd, and crown the Rich Defart?

What tho' the Pear-Tree rival not the worth Of Ariconian Products? Yet her Freight Is not contemn'd, and her wide branching Aems Belt screen thy Mansion from the fervent Dog, Adverse to Life; the Wintry Hurricans In vain imploy their Roar, her Trunk unmov'd Breaks the strong Onset, and controuls their Rage: Chiefly the Bosbury, whose large Increase Annual, in sumptuous Banquets claims Applause; Thrice acceptable Bev'rage! could but Art Subdue the Floating Lee, Pomana's felf Would dread thy Praise, and shun the dubious Strife. Be it thy Choice when Summer Heats annoy, To fit beneath her Leafy Canopy, Quaffing rich Liquids: Oh! how fweet t'enjoy At once her Fruits and hospitable Shade!

But how with equal Number shall we match -The Musick's surpassing Worth? That earliest gives Sure Hopes of racy Wine, and in its Youth, Its tender Nonage, loads the spreading Boughs With large and juicy Offspring, that defies The Vernal Nippings, and cold Syderial Blafts! Yet let her to the Redstreak yield, that once Was of the Sylvian kind, unciviliz'd, Of no regard, 'till Sendamore's skilful Hand' Improv'd her, and by courtly Discipline Taught her the Savage Nature to forget. Hence styl'd the Scudamorean Plant; whose Wine-Whoever tastes; let him with grateful Heart Respect that Loyal Antient House, and wish The Noble Peer, that now transcends our Hopes In early Worth, his Country's Justest Pride, Uninterrupted Joy, and Health entire,

In another Place he describes elegantly well, the different Tasses arising from this delicate Liquid.

THERE are that compounded Fluid drain'd From different Mixtures, Woodcock, Pippm, Moyle,

Rough

The SPECTATOR

Rough Eliot, sweet Permain, the blended Stream
(Each mutually correcting each) create A Pleasurable Medly, of what Taste Hardly diftinguish'd; As the show'ry Arch With lifted Colours gay, Or, Azure, Gules, Delights and puzzles the Beholder's Eye, That views the Watry Breed, with Thousand shews Of Painture vary'd, yet's unskill'd to tell Or where one Colour rifes or one faints.

Some CYDERS have, by Art or Age, unlearn'd Their Genuine Relish, and of fundry Vines Assum'd the Flavour: One fort counterfeits The Spanish Product: This to the Gauls has feem'd The Sparkling Nectar of Champaign; with that A German oft has swill'd his Throat, and sworn. Deluded, that Imperial Rhine bestow'd The Gen'rous Rummer, whilft the Owner pleas'd, Laughs only at his Guests, thus Entertain'd With Foreign Vintage from his CYDER-CASK.

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Friday,

Nº 694. Friday, July 31.

the sect Reales with Placed of Rivels du

In tenui Labor, at tenuis non Gloria.

M. Jan D. and how HE Camp in Hyde-Park hath, notwithstanding my Preadmonitions as to that Point, inspired the Souls of our BRITISH LADIES. with Thoughts of a warlike Turn, and their tender Dispositions are now grown Martial and Enterprizing. I fancy some of them take a cruel kind of Pleasure in their Imagination, and wish for a Skirmish, in which they can foretel the Victors Will, after all their Triumphs, yield themselves up the Slaves of their Beauty. I shall therefore present my Female Readers with a POEM, that I need not call excellent, because Originally written by Mr. Addison, and translated by a good Hand. The Subject is a Battle; the Catastrophe of which is not too Tragical to be read over without weeping, by a well-inclined, fruitful, and watry Eye. The Parties concern'd in this Hostility, are, that Diminutive Nation of Dwarfish little People called Pigmies, and a flying Army of Cranes, by which the Empire of the former was entirely over-thrown.

The Battle of the Pigmies and Cranes; from the Latin of Mr. Addison.

HE Miniature of Men and Arms I fing,
The Plumy-Host, and Fate of Pigmy-King.
My little Knights, ye Goddesses, array;
The Field and Order of the War display,

Bodkins

Bodkins and Beaks with Blood of Rivals dy'd, Deaths, Furies, Tumults, and a deal beside.

THE Valour of the first right-hardy Knights,
Trojan and Greek, their Ladies and their Fights;
These were a Theme, before old Chaucer's Time,
Drain'd to the Lees among the Sons of Rhime.
In Monuments as bright their Fames survive,
As lasting as the Brass they wore alive.
School-Boys can tell, what Podasokeus means,
Who Theseus, Jason, and his Greek Marines,
Eneas, Dido, and the Theban Pair,
By Statius maul'd, and Rompey, Lucan's Care,
Names better known, than Yeckly or the Czar.

The bold Attempter opens to the View,
Dwarfish Battalions posting o'er the Plains,
And rushing Clouds of military Cranes,

WHERE orient Phæbus vigorously streams, On India's happy Shores, his genial Beams, Deep in a Vale, well-cover'd with a Wood, The Pigmy-Empire, while an Empire, stood, Here Industry enjoy'd a lasting Reign, With all her Daughters, Pleasure, Health and Gain. Here variously the small Mechanicks wrought, The Merchants traded, and the Scholars taught. A Desolation now the Region lies. And Drops distil from the Beholder's Eyes, Perplexing Ruins of a State are found, And little Skulls and Bones obscure the Ground. Securely now th' Usurping Bird et Rest, Plays with the Spoil, and triumphs in the Nest. Less enterprizing in the Times of old, While Pigmy Garrisons possest the Hold. Then if the Sailors dare to make Descents, Or enter by Surprize the narrow Tents, The Pigmy-Monsieur, never unprepar'd, Repell'd the Storm, and stood upon his Guard; Th' Invader flain, born at his Back away, To Riot in the Belly of the Prey.

Nor

Nor always waited to receive the Bird,
But fally'd, when Occasion gave the Word.
Early'st in Action oft, and unpresag'd,
The slender Indians at Discretion rag'd,
Demolish'd Nests inimitably pil'd,
And massacred the Parent in the Child.
Here the rough-body'd Hussars you might see
Crushing the dangerous Posterity,
While there the Ravagers improve their Bulk
With Seminal Cranes, and glisten in the Yolk.

THESE mutual Infults, by Requital fed, Full grown Antipathies at length had bred: Bellona ripen'd from the fatal Feud, And Ruin of the Pigmy-State enfued.

Kinder th'Event, the Fury less extream,
Which, once the blind Maonian Laureat's Theme,
Mingled a Fight along the Fenny Grounds,
And shook the Muddy Cliffs with Martial Sounds,
Heaps of the Mice transfix'd (a rueful Sight)
Lay round, and kept th'inverted Reeds upright,
Dismember'd Frogs, in wretched Accents bray,
But cannot find their Legs to vault away.
Some crawl, some dive, some wallow, some expir
And scarce a Sooterkin remains entire.

Now dawn'd the Day, by Destinies assign'd
For Extirpation of the Pigmy-kind;
Too late convinc'd, how shallow the Device,
To rob a Roost, and pay the Sessions Price.
A ling'ring War the Birds no longer bore;
Their Foes, or they, were now to be no more.

From Strymon chill, and Mareotis wide,
From Ister, and Cayster's easy Tide,
And from the Lake which rapid Tanais feeds,
Cackling on high a mixt Militia speeds.

Bur first the Fowls, with Arms Offensive born, Prepar'd their Beaks, and fortify'd the Horn; Their Pinions prov'd, and in the Quarries ground Their Claws, assur'd to kill at ev'ry Wound; 306 The SPECTATOR. Nº 694.

Acted, in Prelude, all the bloody Fight,
And pamper'd with imagin'd Stroaks their Spite;
So Raving is Revenge, and such a keen Delight.
The Season calls; they mount, and from afar,
With Beat of Wing give Promise of the War.
A Host unnumber'd, in a crowded Flight,
Yet scarce, (at such a Distance) known to Sight.
Seas, Lands, and Clouds they crossing, left behind,
Russled the labring Air, and chopp'd the Wind.

Mean time the Prophets of the Peril warn'd, Marshal their Forces dreadfully adorn'd. Firm the Battalia stood in gather'd Ranks From Van to Rear, and lengthen'd at the Flanks.

ALONG the Front, with Dictatorial Grace, Mov'd the Prince Eugene of the Pigmy-Race: So tall, he view'd his Veterans below, His Length full half a Yard from Head to Toe. A grim, campaigning Phiz, the Monarch shew'd, All o'er in feamy Proofs of Valour plough'd; (With goodly Sculptures on his Breast below Grav'd by the Bills and Talons of the Foe:) Fixt from his Birth, eternal War to wage, And profecute an immemorial Rage. Sure to retaliate, when the Birds provoke With Fauchion of the Face; or spar a stroak. When'er he tugg'd Toledo from the Sheath, What Wounds he dealt! O! what a Scene of Death! Wings, Legs, and Necks, he scatter'd as he pass'd, And left the Trunks to palpitate their last: Nor unfledg'd Innocency better sped, While Strymon's Shores complain'd and Waters bled.

Bur still the Reign of Violence and Pride Is Momentary, as our Hero try'd; For now the Voice of Arms descended near, And gath'ring Storms of Enemies appear, Grown Bulky by Approach; A stronger Host, Or better form'd, not Xerxes self could boast. Along the sluid Main they brush their way, 'Cumber the Sky, and intercept the Day.

A gloomy

Nº 694. The SPECTATOR.

A gloomy Barrier to the Pigmies Sight, 'Till his cold Iron introduc'd the Light, And thin'd the Horror of the Hostile Night. Here Dwarfs, ungovern'd, ere the fignal Sound, Bounce upward to the Fight a Foot from Ground; There, better taught, the Soldiers foaming stay, And th' Enemy's Postures eagerly survey. Not long! For now, with Neck and Body prone, The Birds, like those of fove, came rulling down, And charge the gladsome Elves; the shoutings rise, And wrecks of Plumes are wafted to the Skies. Full many a brave Strymonian lies uncas'd, Revives, remounts, and stoops with double Haste. Twas hard the Consequences to divine; Fate's Ballance kept a horizontal Line. Firm on his Pastern's walk'd a Crane of Note. And, whirling round his horny Whiniard, thot The long Excrescence thro' a Col'nel's Throat; The stagg'ring Wight, with pointed Steel replies, And probes the Vultur's Breast, he rowls his Eyes, He falls, he gathers up his Claws, and dies. While Purple from the Pigmy-Chevalier Scarce trickling, foon obstructs his jugular; He gulphs and springs, he bites and beats the Ground, And execrates the Tuck that gave the Wound. TUMULT and Dinn the Valleys overspread,

And streaming Rivers of the Vital red; Swords, Wings, Beaks, Hands, the dying and the dead.

WEDG'D in the Centre of the infesting Band,
Stern Casarillo back'd with either Hand,
Expiring Heaps behind him and before
He strow'd, and climb'd the dead, to mow down more.
Him nor the slopping Pinions can annoy,
Nor Outrage of united Beaks destroy.

WHERE'ER the dreaded Hector carv'd his way, Condens'd the War, and all the Burthen of the Day. When plunging from a long ethereal Height, A burley Crane, the Thunderbolt of Fate, Deep thro' the Warriers Sides his Pounces drove, Raiz'd the reluctant Prize, and fail'd above.

The SPECTATOR. Nº 694. Sad Spectacle, such Merit fo disgrac'd! A Champion skewr'd and dangling by the Waste! Airy Detachments, rendezvouze around The rifing Chief, and loud Ovations found. Shrill Parlies, Imprecations, Threats and Cries, The Pigmies urge, 'till their affiduous Eyes, No longer ken their King, absorpt in Skies. RENEW'D the Battle Ipreads; with founding Flight, The Cranes affail, to grapple, gore, and bite; Then rife and rush again; in vain pretend The Brats of Mars their Quarters to defend, And throw their Arms aloft, and fight on end. As when with Cliffs from deep Foundations riven, Long-side Briareus bombarded Heaven, play, And shook the Thund'rers Throne, Fork'd Lightnings And rend the Rocks encount ring on the way; Which burfting down, all Flaky and all red "Till by the Force of Jove's Direction sped, They strike the Prodigies, and scoreh them dead. Such the low Fight: A parallel Defeat Befel the little Giants and the great. The drooping Pugs a pannick Horror shakes! Some fue for Quarter, others fly to Brakes. The ftroddling Victor fcours the level Plain, Mangles the Fugitives, devours the Slain, And vows, not half a Pigmy shall remain. THUS, when from antient times it had prevail'd, Such Trophies rear'd, fuch wasting Woes entail'd On rival States, the Pigmy-Empire fail'd: To certain Periods doom'd, the Term once past, The powerful'st Monarchies no longer last. Affyria to, to Persia lost the Sway, So Rome herfelf submitted to Decay. Now rang'd to Battle, o'er Elysian Meads, Th' attenuated People proudly treads, Mingling with Manes tam'd for desperate Deeds. On, if the Cranes, what they relate can prove, Their Shapes are oft in Moon-shine seen to move. By Lethe from the fad Remembrance clear'd Of all the Smart they felt, and Foes they fear'd, While

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While Shepherds on their oaten Organs play,
They sport and dance the merry Night away,
All in a Ring, and, hand in hand, around
They frisk, distinguishing the Turf they crown'd.
Thus rescu'd from their Limbs, they rove at ease,
And Country-Dancers call them Pharises.

B.

Nº 695. Monday, August 3.

Throws on her despites with his had to allow

Pinguis amor, nimiumque potens, in tadia nobis Vertitur, & stomacho dulcis ut esca nocet.

biod enimpe to the Witter greeting Ovid.

Hac perinde funt, ut illius Animus qui ea possidet, Qui uti scit, ei bona, illi, qui non usitur reste, mala, Teren. Heaut

AVING already presented the Ladies a Battle-Piece, fuitable to their Temper in this Warlike Season, I have now given them for to Day, what I think a much more proper Entertainment, and that is a Pastoral, relating to the little Differences caused between true Lovers by groundless Jealousies. It is called the JEALOUS SHEPHERD, and was done from the French by a Person of Quality, who was in great Esteem for his Humanity and good Sense. As it was left in my Hands, and I have the Disposal of it, I have inscribed it to the beautiful Auflina, because Poetry that she likes must be Polite, and shew the Author so. There is a genteel Politeness in the Eclogue, which none but fuch a Person could have kept, without breaking thro, the Rules peculiar to that manner of Writing. really fired on the selve would The

The Eclogue, inscrib'd to Austina.

OOM to the youthful Spring, old Winter yields, Dress'd out in all the Colours of the Fields. Nature's Surveyor, from his gladen'd Eyes, Throws on her Beauties which he had to rife, Many a longing Look; and with his kindly Rays, To make the Pleasure more, protracts the Days. Now all Things lov'd, the Birds began to pair, Courtships went on in Earth, and Sea, and Air, All but poor Thyrfis, who despairing stood Upon the Margin of a lonely Flood, His Eyes all stedfast on the Water plac'd, Por'd on himself, and groan'd as 'twere his last; Still murm'ring to the Waters gurg'ling Noise, Sad Musick in a low and dying Voice; He bath'd himself in Tears, and did so mourn, He feem'd the Oozy God that kept the Urn: So sensible the Water's self was grown, It ran, for fear of list'ning to his Moan; And told its neighb'ring Rivers, as it flew, What cruel Fates did Thyrsis love pursue; A Rock in pain for him did fweat and weep, Stood on one Side, and then did Silence keep. Whilst Zephyrs whisper of him as they move, Trees tremble, conscious of his hopeless Love. His favourite Lamb pines without Food and dies, And bleats off moody Life in faithful Sighs.

MEAN while the Swain, to Thamir did impart
The Fears that made a Martyr of his Heart;
Did, from the Fulness of his Sorrow, find
One easy Minute's time to speak his Mind.
The good old Man, who saw with bitter Eyes,
Did what he could to heal his Jealousies.

O LET me beg you, fair Austina, you Who neither love, nor its dire Anguish know; Yet without knowing how to love, have prov'd, You know what 'tis to be by all belov'd.

Would

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Would in your tender Breast but entertain Pity, this once, for a most wretched Swain.

Austina, Good and Beauteous, Young and Wife, Suspend your Darts, and hold your killing Eyes. Lift from those Iw'ry * Steps your whiter Hands, And cease a Tune, which list ning Heav'n commends; Lay down your Lute, and for a Moment hear A jealous Lover utt'ring his Despair:
I know you, in your Sex's way, will smile To see him struggle in the Female Toil:
But mind, poor Soul, how the Young Lover grieves, And how much kind Advice the Old one gives.

* Note, Austina plays on the Harpsicord.

The Jealous Shepherd, An Eclogue. Done out of FRENCH, By a Person of Honour.

That change your Leaves and Fruits for new:
You Flowers, that yield us your Delights,
Only for fome few Days and Nights;
You Brooks, that run and never stay,
But find to change so swift a way;
The Lightness of my Daphne's Heart,
Out-changes you in every Part.

You solid Rocks, ordain'd to stand
So long as Sea remains, or Land;
Whose aged Heads hold in their Prime,
In Spight of all the waste of Time,
And their fix'd Temper still retain,
Whilst Change o'er all things else does reign:
My more firm Heart, compar'd to you,
Your selves would seem inconstant too.

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But what! shall I so constant prove To one so faithless in her Love? When I my Mistress changing see, May not I change as well as she? Since Floris now has Daphne's Heart, Mayn't I to Calia mine impart?

YES, Traytress: I'll thy Steps pursue,
My Love I'll change each Hour for new:
But can I from my Truth depart?
The Sovereign Virtue of my Heart.
No, tho' untrue, tho' false she be,
My Soul shall be all Constancy;
For thus she'll torture every Swain,
And find her Way to me again.

View thy felf, Daphne, and view me, My Truth, thy Infidelity; Blush, sweetest false One, that you show To all, what only one should know. Blush, and for ever be abasht, To like him best, who Courts thee last. Are these the Fruits of boasted Love? Is't thus you match the Turtle Dove?

THAMIR.

WITH Grief, dear Thyrsis, thy Complaints I hear, What is it wounds and touches thee so near? In hourly Sounds, each Place thy Woes impart, Like the last Groanings of a bursting Heart: Say, what's thy Ail, pray what has Daphne done? Does she some Rival like, and Thyrsis shun? You know you safely may, come tell the whole, And open all the Bottom of thy Soul.

THYRSIS.

IF I complain, 'tis with the justest Ground, Nor will I hide from thee my fest'ring Wound; But, to my Friend, lay open all my Breast, Griefs, by good Counsel, often are redrest.

Thou

THOU Thamir know'ft, and all our Town befide. How long I've been in Daphne's Fetters ty'd: Four Times the Sun rough Winter has fubdu'd. Four Times our Flocks their Fleeces have renew'd. Since Daphne's Eyes did first my Heart invade, And her first Sheep-hook I my Present made; Her Fifteenth Year but then began its Race, And Truth fat join'd with Beauty in her Face: Her Love, for two whole Years was free from blame, For my vast Love, she answer'd me the same: If her my Eyes each Moment long'd to fee, With no less Longing her Eyes sought for me. Our Hearts were link'd in such an equal Chain, That the felt all my Joys, and I her Pain: Our Griefs and Pleasures we alike did share, And the same Colours never fail'd to wear. Our Sheep, like us, together kept till Night, And never would lose one another's Sight: With fuch Content, they still did nearly move, As if that they had also been in Love. To separate at Night, how slow they were, And went away with all the Signs of Care? But Morning come, they went with such a Speed, As if apart they knew not how to feed, My Flock to Daphne's, did its Welcome pay, And feem'd the first to wish them a good Day; Then strait, with Joy, each fell to skip and play. When it grew hot, we drove to some cool Shade, Where, when we both were innocently laid, She fearless of the Wolf, and I of Care, With thousand Songs, inspir'd the Neighbouring Air. The ravish'd Ecchoes, that were round the Place, To learn our Songs, repeated 'em apace, And to the Wood-Nymps chanted o'er and o'er, All the Love-Strains, that we had tun'd before; Without a Rival then, of Joy possess, Alone I sway'd within my Daphne's Breast: My Love had yet cost me no Sighs nor Tears, And I enjoy'd all Pleasures freed from Fears.

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Bus finer. Ole Heavens! Oh! how is Fortune chang'd, To twenty Shepherds has falle Heart has rang'd: Sh'as lov'd fince that; also, 'tis too well known; And an't I handformer than Goydon? Nay, ugly Dalmon, and old Daymell? And many more, that I'd asham'd to tell?

THAMIR.

Arise not from thy Rivals, but thy Mind.

The Shepherd's nam'd, to whom thy Doubt extends.

Are none of Daphne's Lover's, but her Friends.

In her Good-will may share some civil Part,

But thou alone art seated in her Heart.

Learn, Thyrsis, that thy Fears too far advance,

To take for Love a little Gomplisance.

Must Love be all the Business we pursue?

And is there nothing due to Friendship too?

One Breast may hold both Amisy and Love,

And both, by being Neighbours, may improve.

THYRSIS.

In vain does your deserv'd Compassion aim, My Reason to deceive with Friendship's Name: Did you but know, alas! what Daphne's done, Into what Snares her fickle Heart has run: Th' Access sh'as granted to so many Men, You would not call her Love, her Friendship then,

THAMIR.

WHAT has this Fair One done? I prithee tells. Else own her Truth, or thou're an Infidel.

THYRSIS.

WHILST tending of our Flocks, one Day we fat, The Shepherd Floris toss'd to her his Hat, Matching

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Matching his Action with an am'rous Smile,
My Daphne catch'd up, and kept it a while,
Then tois'd it back, and in the very Way.
By Heavens! that the and I were wont to play:
Ye Gods! figh'd I, is this my Love, can the
Thus wonton it, with any Man but me?

THAMIR.

This was, indeed, a high fulpicious Thing:
Thus fealousy both feels and makes the Sting.
Now foolish Shepherd, hast thou never found,
For all thy Jealous Pangs, a firmer Ground?

THYRISTS.

Soon after this the took to my Differee,
A Lamb that Damen gave before my Pace;
In her fost Lap, made it menty Bed,
And deck'd it with the Roses from her Head;
By which, th' Ingrateful showed the did not care,
For one I had at home, ten times more Rare;
A young, brisk, loving Thing, of my own Kind,
A Present, which she know, I then design'd.

ONCE on a Beech's Bark, with much Surprize,"
Her well-known Characters from feiz'd my Eyes,
So close to Byndor's Name, was Daphne fet,
As flow'd their Hearts in the like Union met.

Anormen Time, at Chie's Naptial Peaft,
Daphne with twenty Shepherds danc'd at leaft,
E'er of unhappy Thyrfu, once the thought;
Judge Friend, how great the Trouble was this brought,
How far this Usage made my Bowels finant;
How oft I call d her Fulfe One in my Heart;
But when a wanton Shepherd, gayly dreft,
In Dancing, stuck a Nosegay in her Breast;
When Overdon her falling Garland eaught,
And his rude Hands up to her Temples brought?
What Madness was t that enter d not my Thought?

For with their Courtships she seem'd to comply: Yet, to my shame, a hundred Shepherds by, Who, from this Publick, must proclaim, That Dupline scorn'd poor Thyrs, and his Flame.

This is not all; another Time the Fair.
Whilst on my Oaten Pipe I play'd an Air,
With an old Cousin join'd her Voice to sing,
Although he meanly tun'd a different Thing.

So many Slights my Anger did awake,
And I'd protested, I'd the Nymph forsake:
But she, grown subtle, does with Vows profess
That she is mine, my only Shepherdess;
Accuses me of being too unkind,
In all her Actions Blemishes to find:
Then well, with charming Words, her self she clears,
And to convince me, second's them with Tears:
So that for doubting, I my self reprove,
And once more own'd her constant to her Love.
But soon, alas! her Tricking came in view,
My self I found abus'd, and her untrue:
For who is she can put on a Disguise?
Able to cheat a Jealous Lover's Eyes.

To this Time, I confess I had not found, For my Suspicions, any solid Ground:
But now, Judicious Thamir, mind me well,
See if I err, in what I go to tell.

As we two sat of late by the Brook-side,

Daphne with new-fram'd Oaths her Promise ty'd.

She would their Company no more frequent,

Or leave me the least Shadow for Complaint;

But by her Carriage so my Credit gain,

As should quite free me from my Jealous Pain;

But mark, good Thamir, the strange Chance befel,

That shew'd her Perjur'd, and as False as Hell.

Sylvander's Wolf-Dog, whilst she thus decoy'd,

His sierce and utmost Speed tow'rds us employ'd:

With slaming Eyes, and open'd Jaws he ran,

At which my Shepherdess look'd pale and wan;

With trembling Steps to me for Help did sty.

And gave a Shriek that eccho'd from the Sky;

Hasting

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Hafting to favelur from the Monther's Rage,
Of which, fome dire Effect one might prefage:
When he drew near ('twas my Amaze to fee't)
He crept, he cring'd, came favoring to her Fact:
She feeming than to overcome her Fright,
Fell strait to strock and cherish in my Sight,
My Rival's Mastiff, with a strange Delight;
Who jump'd, and play'd, and round about her stew,
Which made it plain, th' Acquaintance was not new.
The trusted Bog, shew'd by his Loving Mein,
Her with Sylvander inchadosten steen:
So, doubtless, she must in some secret Place,
That crafty Shepherd's Company embrace;
And Fears she feign'd, to make me drive away
This too true Witness, that she went astray.
Now, Thamir, judge how great must be my Smart?
How deep this Treachery must wound my Heart?

THAMER

Thy Tale has coff thee, Thyrfis, along Wind: Shall I be free with you, and speak my Mind? What thou hast told of each fantastick Wrong, Would fitly come into fome drolling Song, And cause much Laughter: But, Friend, as for me, I thy disorder'd Soul with Pity see: The Cheats of Jealouly, alas! I find, Too deeply work upon my fickly Mind. No Sign fo light, of Daphne's Change can chance, But thy nice Spirit finks into a Trance; A colder Look, good Humour that may fail, A stolen Sigh, a Cheek that looks but pale, Some Blufh, or Smile, not easy to divine, An Eyethat darts a Glance without Design: All this brings Fuel to thy quick Distrust, And blindfold Love counts thy Suspicions just A jealous Lover, ne'er can happy be: Possession from his Doubts can't set him free: He thinks he never holds his Mistress fast, And of her Kindness, Fear destroys the Taste:

P. 3

Each:

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Each Man his Rival is, and lays some Plot. He looks too far, and fees that which is not. Thus ill-befet, he his own Gealer proves And Tyrant to the Person whom he loves. He thinks all Hearts to hers attempt the Way, And would be counting of her Hairs each Day; Into the Bottom of her Soul would dive. To fee if there no other Lovers thrive. Then let his Mistress her best Talents use, Him will no Words, no Kindness disabuse : 10 10 10 17 The Thought he has, that the is not fincere, Makes all her Sweets a bitter Tafte to bear: Of all her Favours he a Poison makes, which was a line of the Wrongs Mistress, Friends, his Reason, by Mistakes... Re-starts at that should his Assurance raise, And a perpetual Fright attends his Days, Untimely still he his ill Humour shows, And never does his Spirit find Repose. Say, Friend, fee'ft thou not here truly defign'd? A Draught of all those Troubles wound thy Mind. I of these Matters, though a Swain I be; Am not unable to speak knowingly: So many. Love-fick Shepherds did of Old Unto my Trust their jealous Breasts unfold; And of this Frenzy, fuch Effects I faw, As make me skilful Jealousy to draw. Grown Grey by tending Flocks, I've feen with Pain The Plague through every Country Hamlet reign; Once my own Breaft took in its rude Alarms, Whilst it was sensible of Beauty's Charms; But Weariness and Pain, Prudence and Age, Forc'd me, at last, from the deluding Rage. I found its Strength out of our Weakness grows, Though still the Blame the Mistress undergoes. SINCE hence arise the Ills thy Soul oppress, Let me advise thee to a quick Redress. I've told thee how the Jealous Man is bent To fearch for what must feed his Discontent; A different Course take thou, and happy be, What's pleasing in thy Mistress only see;

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Pass over all, that may Suspicion breed, If other Men she seem too much to heed. From her good Manners, judge it may proceed. Let not a Smile or Look beget thy Care, In fuch flight Things the Heart has little Share; But to avoid some sudden ill Surprise, Confider still her Truth, and not her Eyes. Whatever the Appearances may be, Paint her within thy Breast all Constancy; And if thou feeft some Lover for her burn. Never believe the makes the least Return. Search not too deep into her private Ways, By such an Awe you poison'd all her Days: And of her Temper when you take a Sight. You must not place her in too great a Light.'
Start not at Toys, be pleas'd when she is free, Grant her an easy, handsome Liberty, Whate'er Men say, think that thou happy art, And against Slander always take her Part In acting thus, thy Heart will reap, with Speed. All the calm Bleffings, that a Heart can need.

The Counsels aged Thamir gave were these; Which Thyrsis' Troubles sweetly did appears:

And they produc'd that good Effect, he swore,
In all his Life he'd ne'er be jealous more.



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